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OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 1.

THE MUNSEY



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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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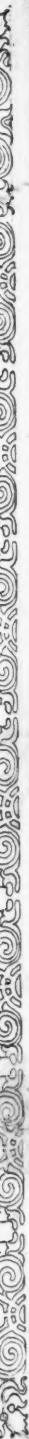
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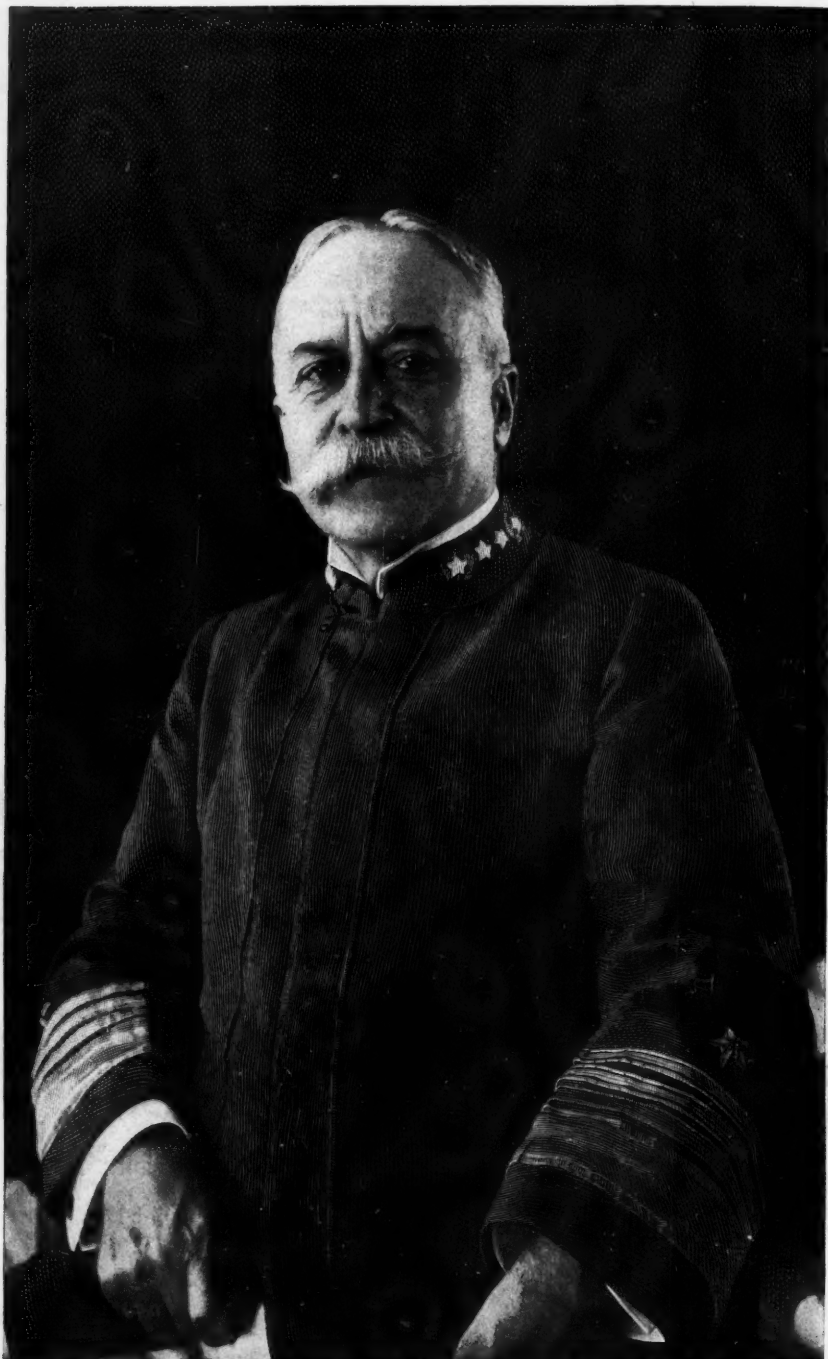
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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, UNITED STATES NAVY.

From a photograph taken on board the Olympia in August, during the admiral's visit to Naples — Copyright, 1899, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

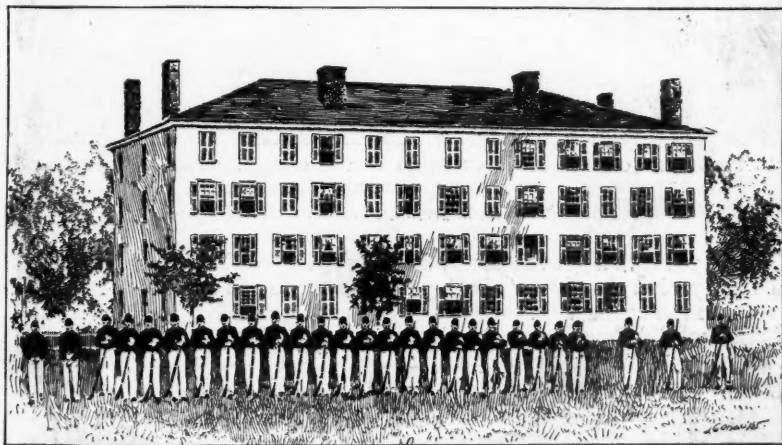
NOTES, IN TEXT AND PICTURE, ON THE MOST INTERESTING PERSONALITY OF THE DAY,
ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, AND ON OTHER MEN AND THINGS OF PRESENT IMPORTANCE.

THE HOME COMING OF DEWEY.

Admiral Dewey's return to his country from Manila may be said to introduce a new personality to the American people. During forty four years of service in the navy, as a cadet, as a junior officer, as a captain, and as a commodore, he was, to the general public, merely a unit in the great organization that upholds the dignity of our flag afloat. Since the day, seventeen months ago, when he achieved fame between midnight and noon, he has been on the other side of the globe, where even the ubiquitous interviewer and photographer found it difficult to reach him. He now comes home to let us make his acquaintance; and on his side, as a popu-

lar hero, he will have quite a new viewpoint from which to judge the American people. We expect to admire him tremendously, and we hope that he will like the way we treat him.

Of course the floating crop of stories about the admiral—some authentic, some doubtfully so—has been ample. His characteristics of self reliance, resolution, promptitude, and firmness have been so signally demonstrated by the test of war that it is not surprising to find that they have been displayed on lesser occasions. Other anecdotes illustrate his love of discipline and precision. He is said to be the best dressed officer in the navy. He is one of the most skilful fencers. At col-

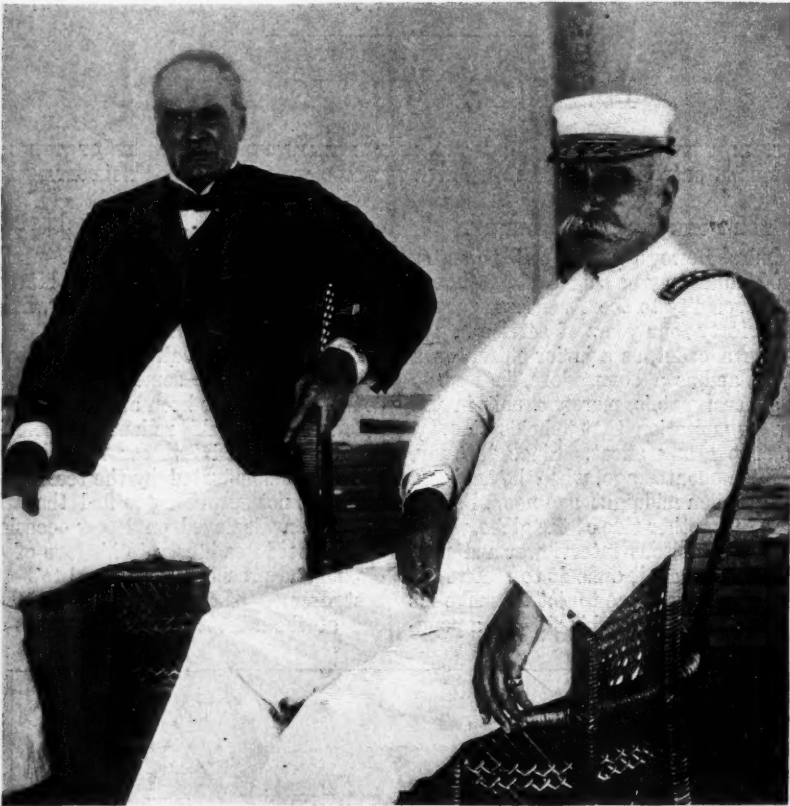


WHEN GEORGE DEWEY WAS AT COLLEGE—A DRESS PARADE AT NORWICH UNIVERSITY, NORTHFIELD, VERMONT, FORTY FIVE YEARS AGO.

From a photograph taken about the time of Admiral Dewey's appointment to Annapolis in 1854.

lege he was by no means a model student. Though he probably was never in serious trouble, it is stated that he was a pretty regular performer of the extra guard duty which was meted out to the Norwich cadets when they infringed a rule. One day a sympathetic elderly gentleman came up to him and said:

little Vermont college at which he was a student before he went to Annapolis forty five years ago. Norwich University—its assumption of so dignified a title seems to show an ambition and an enterprize beyond its limited size—is managed upon military lines, and it was there, as was said by one of the speakers at its



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND COLONEL DENBY ON BOARD OF THE OLYMPIA, WATCHING TARGET PRACTICE, SHORTLY BEFORE THE ADMIRAL LEFT MANILA.

From a photograph by J. Martin Miller.

"My son, you have a good face; why do you do things that cause you to be kept here on guard so continually?"

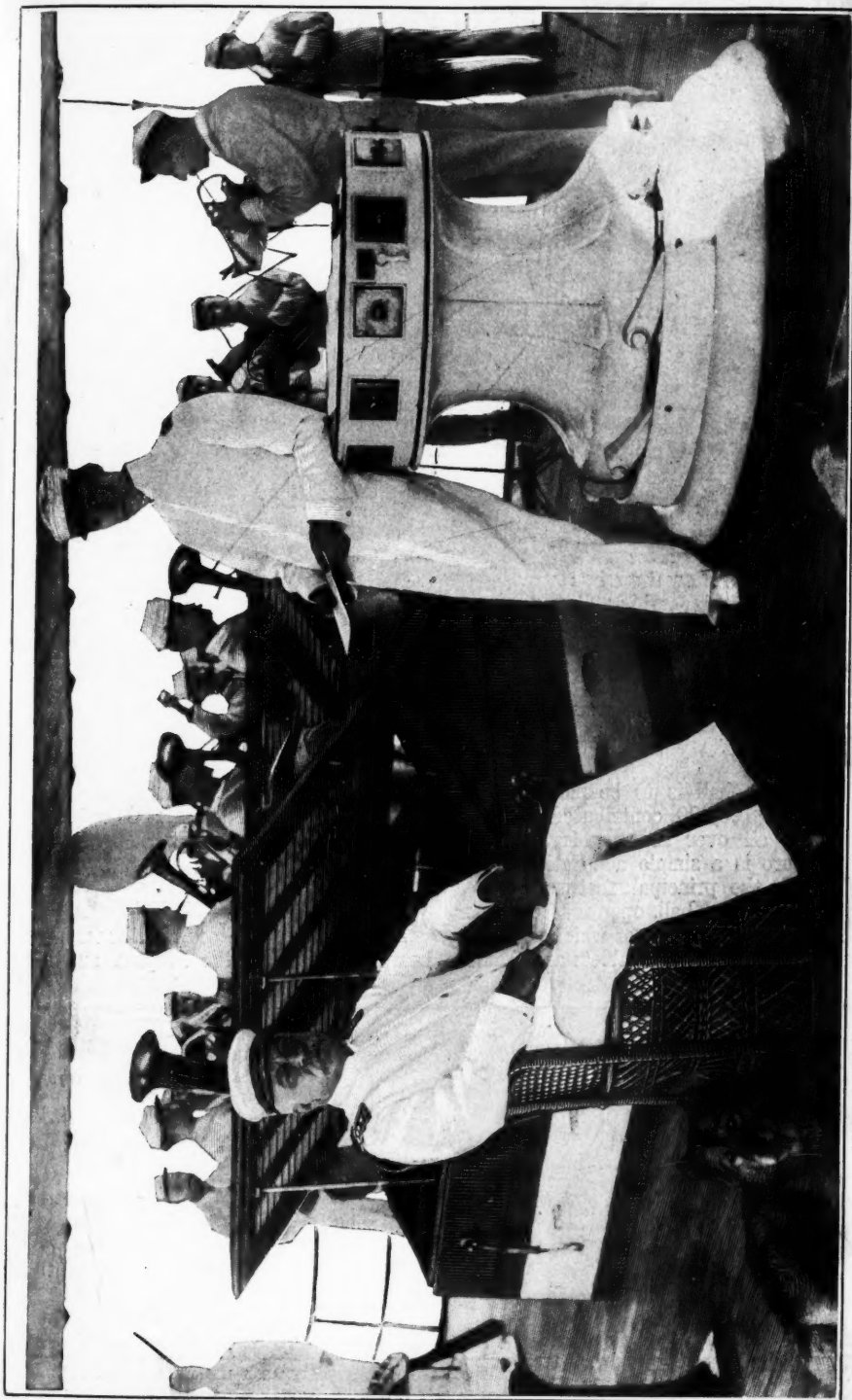
"I don't mind telling you, sir," replied Cadet Dewey, "that it's the only way I can get the exercise I need."

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S COLLEGE.

The renown of George Dewey has reflected an unwonted fame upon the

Dewey Day celebration last May, that the victor of Manila Bay learned his military alphabet.

On page 6 is an engraving of the new hall which is now being added to the buildings of the university as a tribute to its famous alumnus. Ground was broken on the 1st of May, the first spadeful of earth being turned by Captain Charles E. Clark, the war captain of the Oregon, who is also a native of the Green Mountain



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE DECK OF THE OLYMPIA IN THE BAY OF NAPLES, DURING AN AFTERNOON BAND CONCERT.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1890, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.



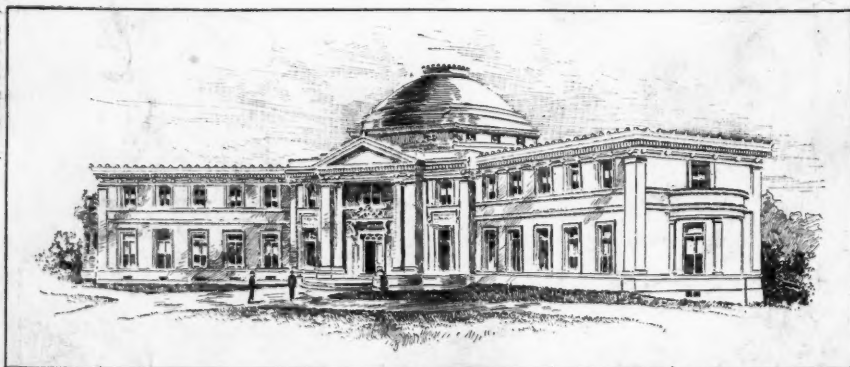
THE HOUSE IN MANILA OCCUPIED BY THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO THE PHILIPPINES,
92 CALLE REAL, MALATE.

State. The hall is to be paid for by a fund of \$100,000 contributed by Vermonters all over the country. Its architecture is a simple adaptation of the classical, the principal feature being a spacious central hall, open from the floor to the dome, the walls of which are to be reserved for memorial tablets and framed

documents of historical interest connected with the college. At the main entrance is to stand a statue of Admiral Dewey.

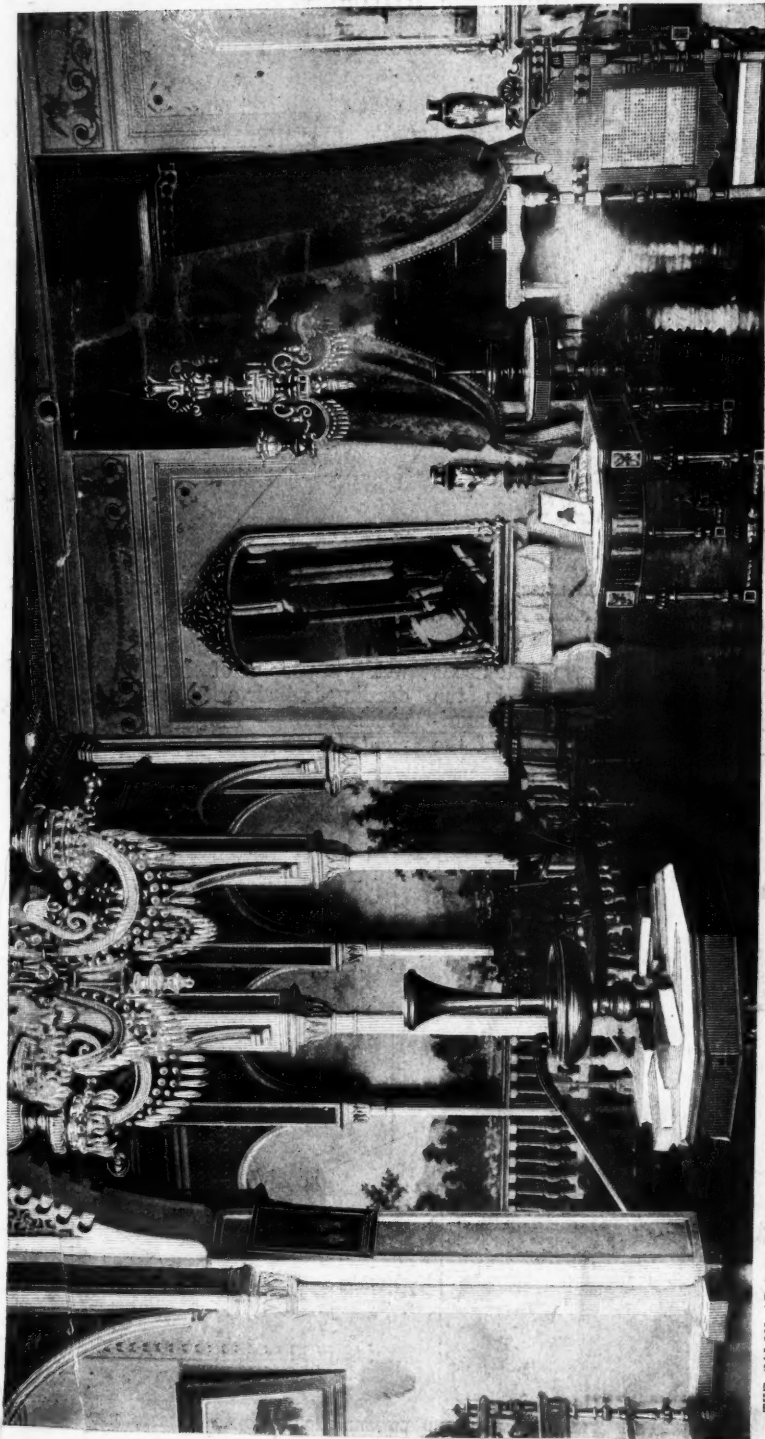
A MANILA MANSION.

During the past fifteen months we have heard much about the Filipino and his

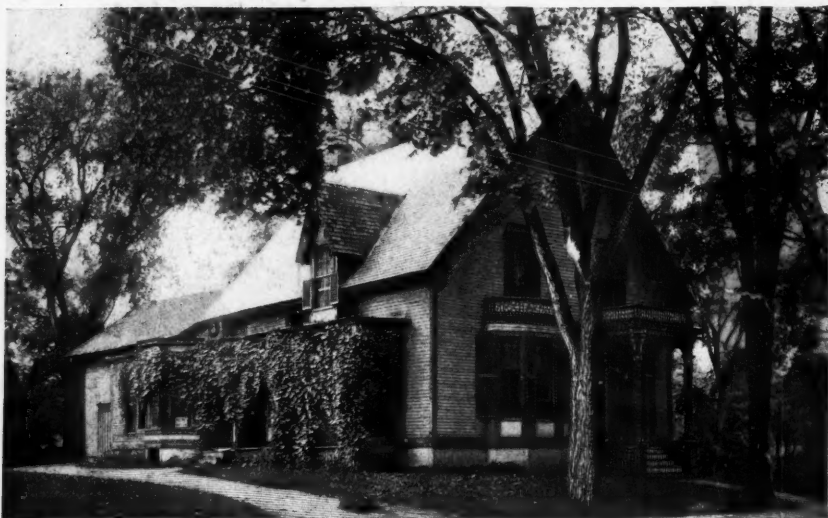


DEWEY HALL, THE NEW BUILDING PRESENTED TO NORWICH UNIVERSITY AS A MEMORIAL OF ITS FAMOUS
ALUMNUS, ADMIRAL DEWEY.

From a drawing by the architect, Bradford L. Gilbert, of New York.



THE SALON AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRWAY IN THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO THE PHILIPPINES—A CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMEN OF THE MANY FINE PRIVATE RESIDENCES OF MANILA.

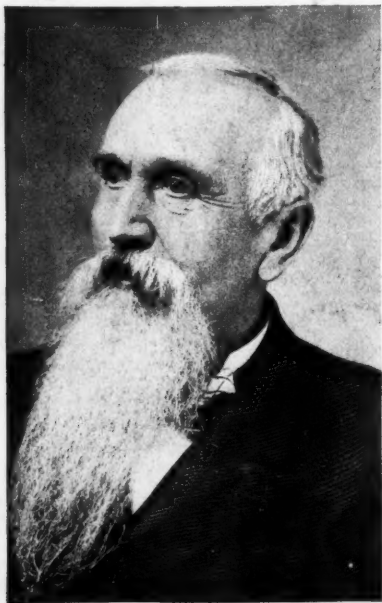


THE HOUSE IN MONTEPELIER, VERMONT, IN WHICH ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS BORN.

From a photograph by Blanchard, Montpelier.

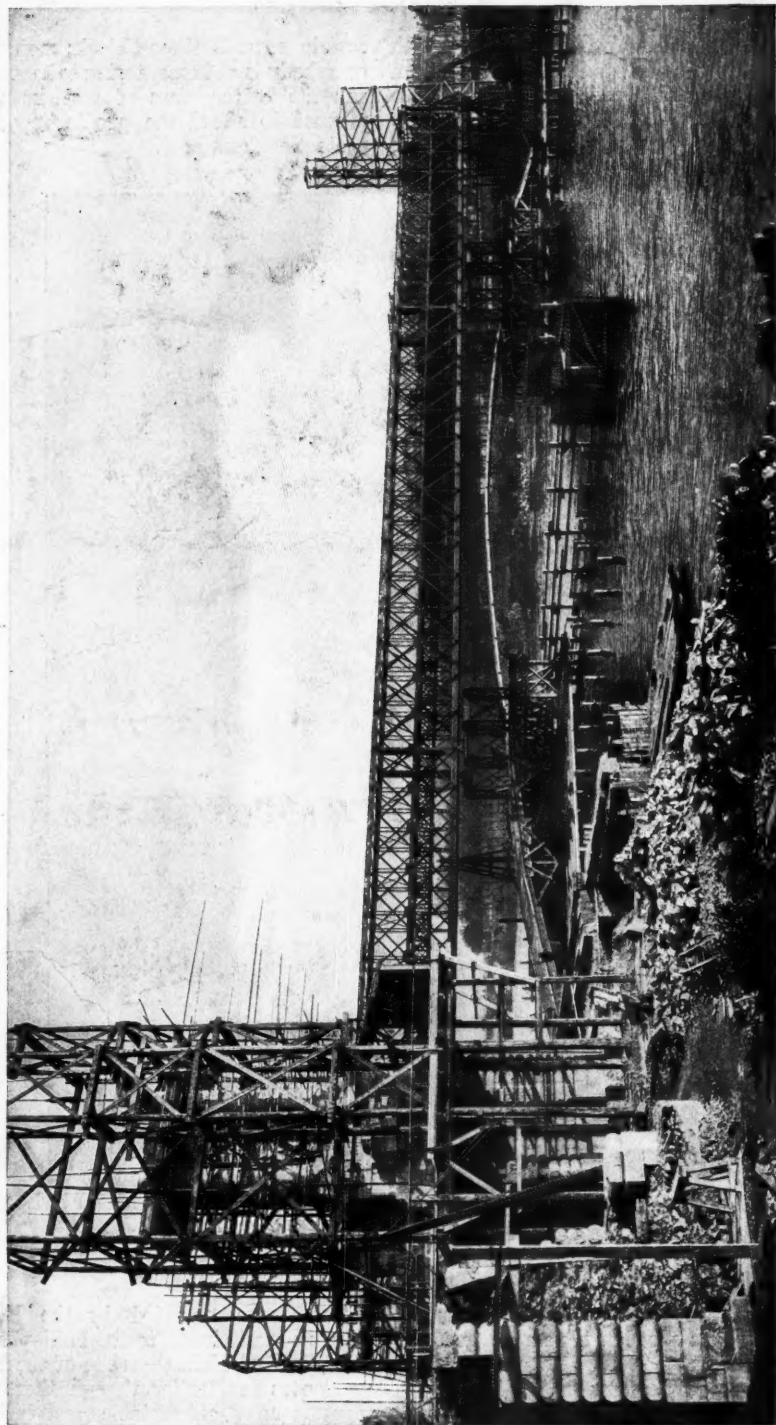
nipa hut, but little has been said about the better class of dwellings in the Philippines. It may surprise many Americans to learn that the residences of the

wealthy people of Manila are simply dazzling in their oriental splendor. Their grounds are generally spacious, and ornamented with a luxuriant tropical foliage;



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S BROTHERS, CHARLES AND EDWARD DEWEY OF MONTEPELIER, VERMONT.

From photographs by Blanchard, Montpelier.



THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT EXPOSITION OF NEXT YEAR IN PARIS—THE PONT ALEXANDRE TROIS, THE NEW BRIDGE WHICH IS BEING BUILT OVER THE SEINE.
From a recent photograph by Piron, Paris.

and at night, when they are illuminated with electric light, the effect produced is often nothing less than gorgeous. To avoid the sun's hot rays, fashionable Manila stays indoors during most of the daylight hours;

remain so until three o'clock; meanwhile everybody is at home, trying to keep cool; and the better class of residences are planned to afford the greatest possible protection from heat.



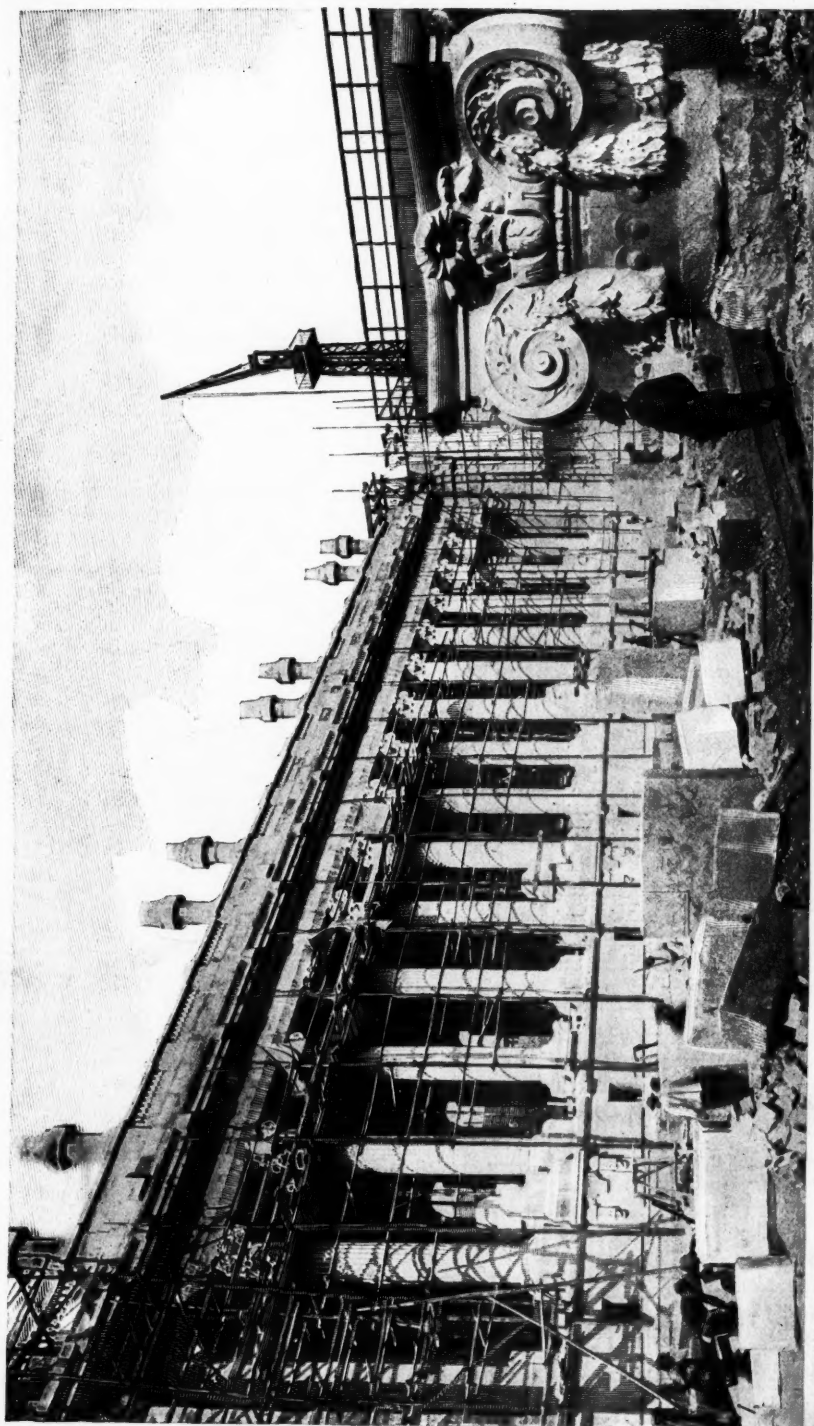
EX SENATOR JAMES W. BRADBURY, OF MAINE, AGED NINETY SEVEN, THE OLDEST LIVING VETERAN OF AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE—SEE ARTICLE BY JOSEPH H. MANLEY, PAGE 58.

From a photograph by Alman, Newport.

family gatherings and entertainments usually take place in the ample gardens, after sunset.

The wealthy classes in the Philippines are late to retire and late to arise. All places of business are closed at noon, and

The house occupied by the United States commissioners to the Philippines—92 Calle Real, Malate—is one of the finest residences in Manila, though there are many equally comfortable and rich in their furnishings and surroundings. It be-



THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT EXPOSITION OF NEXT YEAR IN PARIS—THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, WHICH IS BEING BUILT BETWEEN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES AND THE SEINE.

From a recent photograph by Pireux, Paris.

longs to a Spaniard, who returned to Barcelona in order to escape from the insurgents, for they had marked him, as they had marked most of the leading Spaniards, for assassination and spoliation.



PRINCE MICHAEL CANTACUZENE, A MEMBER OF A TITLED RUSSIAN FAMILY, AND A LIEUTENANT IN THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

The United States government has been paying him a good rental for the house, enough to keep him comfortable in Spain, and no doubt he has little fear about his property being well protected.

Like all of its class, the house is secluded from the street by a strong, high iron fence resting on a foundation of solid masonry. Entrance by carriage is made through a wide double gate, closely guarded, day and night, by two United States military policemen. Within, the first thing that meets the eye is a wide marble stairway, which is truly a model of simple elegance. Ascending, the visitor finds himself not in a hallway, but in a spacious reception room, floored with boards of native wood, twelve inches wide, the dark narra wood and the light gray marretto being laid in alternate strips. The material is so beautiful and ornamental that it seems like an extravagance to use such timber for flooring;

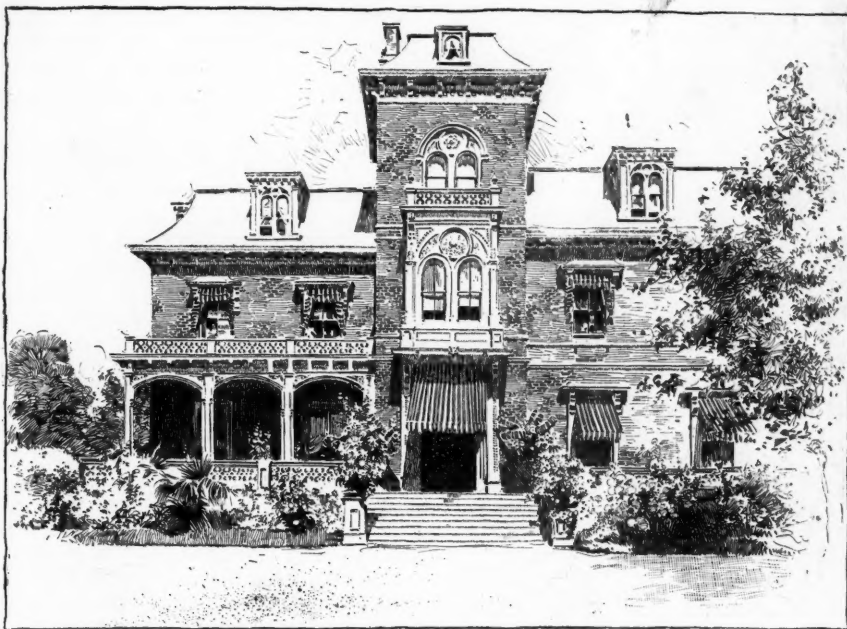
but the Philippines abound in these ornamental woods, some of which are said to be fully equal to mahogany or rosewood. The floor is finely polished, and there is neither carpet nor rug in the room.

All around the upper story of the house, along the outer wall, runs a passageway about three feet wide. Within this, opening into it with shaded windows and entrances, are the sleeping rooms. The outside hallway serves to keep off the heat of the sun, and in the rainy season makes it possible to admit air without



PRINCESS MICHAEL CANTACUZENE, FORMERLY MISS JULIA DENT GRANT, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.



THE FRONT AND MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE POTTER PALMER COTTAGE.



THE PIAZZA OF THE POTTER PALMER COTTAGE.

BEAULIEU, MRS. POTTER PALMER'S COTTAGE AT NEWPORT, THE SCENE OF THE MARRIAGE OF HER NIECE, MISS JULIA GRANT, TO PRINCE MICHAEL CANTACUZENE.

From photographs—Copyrighted, 1899, by George Grantham Bain.



THE LATE COLONEL A. L. HAWKINS OF THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, WHO DIED AT SEA ON HIS WAY HOME FROM MANILA.

danger of the tropical deluge flooding the inner apartments. Behind the house, the garden extends to the shores of Manila Bay. To facilitate the commissioners' daily dip in the cooling salt water, a wooden gallery was built out from the second floor, sloping down to the beach, and enabling them to don their bathing suits in their own rooms and run—or walk, if it suited their official dignity better—straight into the gentle surf of the bay.

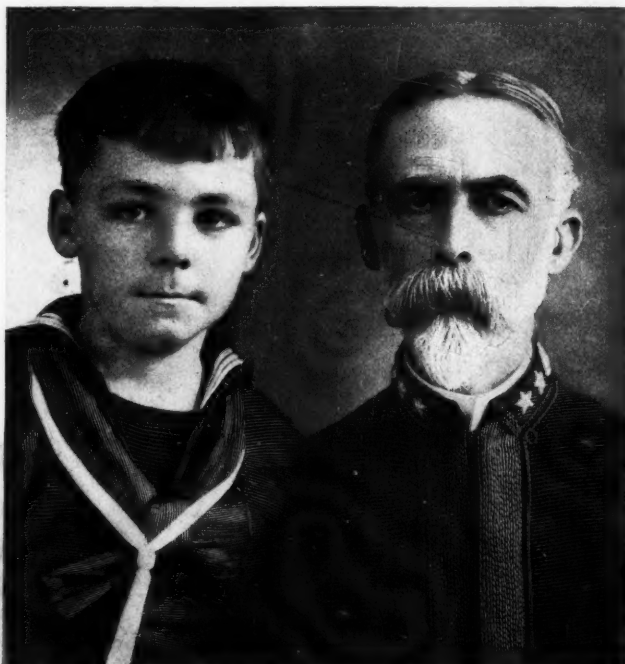
President Schur-

man's quarters were on the south side of the house—on the left, as it appears in the engraving on page 6; Professor Worcester's were in the opposite wing, while Colonel Denby's room was at the back, commanding a view over the bay. Before he left Manila, Admiral Dewey, being a member of the commission, was a frequent visitor, although he lived altogether on the Olympia, and it is not recorded that he spent a night ashore during his long stay on the scene of his great victory of May 1, 1898.

THE LATE COLONEL HAWKINS.

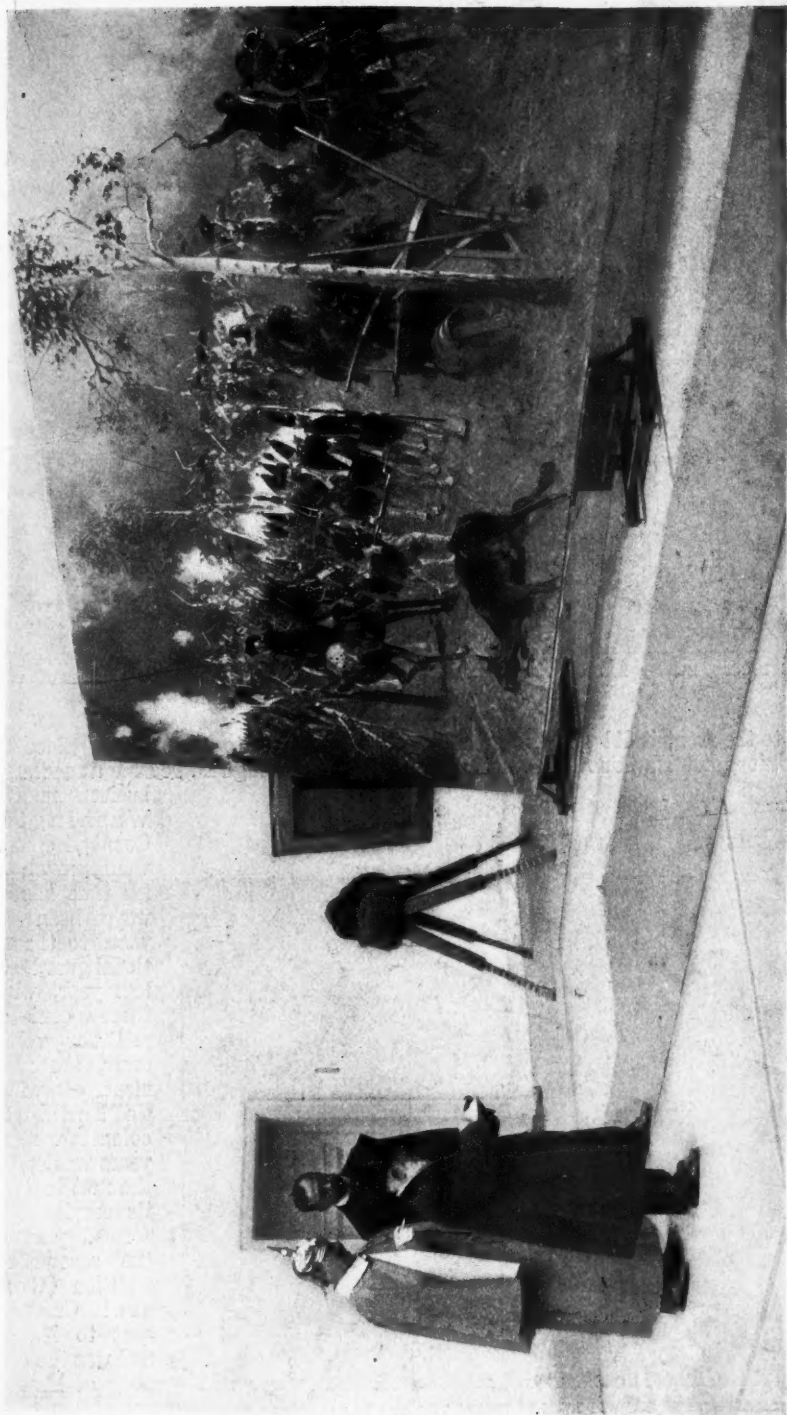
No American soldier deserves a higher place in the list of men who have given their lives for their country in the far east than does Alexander Leroy Hawkins, colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania, who died at sea, in July, on his way from Manila to San Francisco.

Colonel Hawkins' military record went back to 1862, when, as a boy of eighteen, he enlisted in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment. His company was nicknamed the "hayseed company," but when it



REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON AND HIS SON, MASTER RALPH SAMPSON.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1890, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.



WILHELM II AS A PATRON OF ART—THE KAISER AND THE VETERAN PAINTER MENZEL VISITING THE STUDIO IN THE PALACE OF MONBELOU WHICH HIS MAJESTY HAS ASSIGNED TO THE POLISH MILITARY PAINTER, VON KOSSAK.

From a photograph by Ziesler, Berlin.



PRINCE DANILO, ELDEST SON OF THE REIGNING PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO, AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY PRINCESS JUTTA OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ.

went to the front it did good service for the Union, and Hawkins won promotion from the ranks to a captaincy. Since the Civil War, though he became a successful

business man in Washington County, Pennsylvania, much of his time has always been devoted to the national guard, and last year, when there came a call for volunteers, the regiment of which he had been colonel for many years was one of the first to offer its services. It formed part of the second expedition (General Greene's) sent to Manila, and was the only body of Eastern volunteers, except the Astor Battery, that



MUCKROSS ABBEY, THE FAMOUS RUIN BETWEEN TWO OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, IN IRELAND, RECENTLY REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SOLD, WITH THE SURROUNDING ESTATE, TO AN AMERICAN PURCHASER.

took part in the capture of the Philippine capital. With Hawkins at its head, it did its full share of the fighting, holding the advanced trenches on the night of July 31, 1898, when the Spaniards made their first night attack, the most serious action of Merritt's campaign.

When the Tenth left Manila, on the 1st of last July, after a year's service in the most trying field in which American soldiers have ever had to fight and work, Colonel Hawkins was already smitten by a fatal disease, contracted from exposure to the hardships which he had unflinchingly shared with his men. It was hoped that he would live long enough to see his home once more, but he died at sea, two days out from Yokohama.

THE GERMAN SAILOR PRINCE.

If Prince Henry of Prussia goes home from China by way of San Francisco and New York, as it has been reported that he intends to do, he will be one of the most exalted personages that ever visited this land of democracy. It is not every day that we have an opportunity of gazing, respectfully or otherwise, upon the son of one emperor and the brother of another.

Prince Henry is a good specimen of royalty. He is an able and interesting fellow, with the strong physical and mental characteristics of the Hohenzollerns. The world would no doubt have heard more of him if he had not been overshadowed by the ubiquitous activity of his elder brother. He himself is well aware of the Kaiser's fondness for occupying not only the center of the stage but also most of the rest of it. Since Wilhelm II came to the throne, Henry has seldom been in Germany, spending nearly all his time afloat. This may be due solely to his devotion to his profession; or partly, as is popularly supposed, to the fact that the relations of the imperial brothers are most cordial when they are some distance apart.

As is more or less of a tradition with the second sons of many royal families, Prince Henry entered the navy as a boy, and in his twenty years' service he has worked his way up from midshipman to admiral. His present command is that of the East Asiatic station, where his tact and good sense have done much to

smooth away the ill feeling caused by Admiral Diedrichs' unfriendly attitude toward the American squadron in Manila Bay. He succeeded in making it entirely clear that no hostility to the United States would be countenanced by the German government. It was a service for which he deserves the thanks of both nations—nations that have so many reasons for amity and so few for enmity.

THE SAXE COBURG SUCCESSION.

The German duchy of Saxe Coburg is not a large state, but the question of the succession to its throne is of some political importance, besides its interest for those who care to follow the genealogical intricacies of European royalty.

Its close connection with the reigning dynasty of Britain began in 1840, when Prince Albert of Coburg, second son of the reigning duke, married Queen Victoria, resigning his possible prospect of inheriting his father's ducal crown to become the "prince consort" in England. Four years later his elder brother came to the Coburg throne, to reign as Duke Ernst II from 1844 to 1893, when he died childless. The succession then fell to his nephews, the sons of his younger brother. Now the eldest of these nephews, the Prince of Wales, was naturally unwilling, and indeed unable, to give up his place in England; and the vacant throne passed to his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, who became Duke of Coburg, and whose only son, Prince Alfred, was recognized as heir to the duchy.

Some months ago young Prince Alfred died, and once more the Coburg succession was unsettled. Next in line stood Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, and for a time it was expected that he would accept the heirship, either for himself—which would oblige him to resign his place in the British army—or, more probably, for his son, Prince Arthur, an Eton schoolboy. Prince Arthur went over to Coburg, and returned declaring that he would never leave England to become its sovereign. He is said to have been specially disgusted when, having been asked to play tennis with three German princes, he found that they had a squad of soldiers to field for them, and that the men came to "attention" and saluted whenever they handed a ball.

This, Prince Arthur told his schoolfellows, decided him to "chuck" the prospect of succeeding to his uncle's throne.

It is now understood that the young Duke of Albany, whose father was Victoria's fourth and youngest son, will be recognized as heir to the ducal crown.

When the intelligent foreigner locates Niagara on the Mississippi River, or identifies New York with the capital of the United States, we point the finger of scorn, and inquire why the common schools of Europe fail to dispel such hazy notions of American geography. And yet a leading American newspaper speaks of Prince Michael Cantacuzene, the young Russian lieutenant who is to marry General Grant's granddaughter on September 25, as intending to return at once to his paternal estate "near Moscow and Odessa." Now both Moscow and Odessa are large and well known towns—the chief cities, respectively, of central and southern Russia; they are about eight hundred miles apart; and if the little red American schoolhouse is as efficient as it is supposed to be, its every graduate should know that it is no less ridiculous to locate the Cantacuzene castle "near Moscow and Odessa" than to say that President McKinley lives "near Boston and Chicago."

Colonel Georges Picquart is indeed a man of penetration and originality. Not only was he the first French army official to discover that Dreyfus had been wrongfully condemned, but he has also devised a method of checkmating the ubiquitous and hitherto invincible camera fiend. During the Rennes courtmartial he was the favorite target of the army of amateur photographers until he perfected his scheme of defense. It consisted in watching the moment at which the executioner was in the act of pressing the button, and instantly puffing a cloud of cigarette smoke before his own face.

This is far less troublesome, and probably more effectual, than the plan which a camera victim at Newport was said to have tried last summer—that of a personal assault upon his persecutors.

Recently published returns show that during the five years from 1894 to 1898 England imported from foreign countries

goods worth \$882,000,000 more than the value of the goods she exported. At the same time she imported \$140,000,000 more gold than she exported. This is commonly called an "unfavorable" balance of trade, yet it is hard to see why a community should complain when it receives a billion dollars' worth of goods and money over and above what it gives in exchange.

An English historian having compiled a history of the Philippine Islands, Mr. Spencer Pratt, the United States consul at Singapore, sued the publishers of the book for libel, and recently obtained an order directing that no further copies of it should be sold without a suppression and a retraction of certain erroneous statements it contained. It seems that the chronicler—innocently, no doubt—had accepted as true some of the romances that have appeared in the American press as to Mr. Pratt's relations with Aguinaldo, of whom he may be said to have been the original discoverer.

It is but right, of course, that there should be a legal protection against slander; but a public man who undertook to compel the correction of every misstatement he saw in print would have his hands full.

The success of Miss Helen Keller—aged twenty, and blind, deaf, and dumb from infancy—in passing the entrance examination for Radcliffe College is a fact remarkable in more ways than one. It may be scored to the credit of the century just closing that it should show such an evidence of human progress. The last century saw those who lacked their five senses left to live in utter darkness, while the insane were chained and lashed to drive the demons out of their hapless bodies.

In the last four hundred years, according to recently published statistics, the Catholic church has canonized or beatified 416 persons—358 men and 58 women. Of these 76 were Italians, 66 Spaniards, and 37 Portuguese; fourteen were French, with only four Germans, and apparently not one Englishman or American. One would hardly have suspected that saintly virtue was so largely monopolized by the peoples of southern Europe.

SOPHIA.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. With this object in view, he lures the boy from Cambridge, where he is at college, to London. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the young girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance; but Sophia has accidentally learned of Tom's danger, and that, although they are aware of it, they have done nothing to save him, and she remains obdurate. Mrs. Northey thereupon harshly declares that she must go to Chalkhill, her shrewish Aunt Leah's home, where existence promises to be a burden to her. In sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; but afterwards discovers that before the appointed time arrives, she will have been sent away from London. She is sorely perplexed as to what to do, when Lady Betty Cochrane visits her, and on learning of her dilemma persuades her to exchange clothes with her, so that she may escape from her room, where she is locked in, and seek her lover. When she reaches her destination, she finds that the Irishman is not at home. She is grudgingly permitted to come in and wait for him, and in Hawkesworth's room she finds damning evidence of his perfidy. Before she can decide upon a course of action, she hears Hawkesworth's voice on the stairs. Unable to escape from the room, the girl takes refuge behind a high backed settle, where she overhears the conversation between the Irishman and his companion, who proves to be her brother Tom. After hearing enough to confirm her worst suspicions, Sophia confronts the two men and denounces Hawkesworth. Young Maitland is furious and attacks the Irishman fiercely, but is overpowered and forcibly ejected from the house. Tom thereupon takes his sister around to his own lodgings, at Grocott's. Here Sophia is dismayed to find that, despite the recent revelations, her brother still intends to be married. He indignantly refuses to listen to her when she remonstrates, and so, during his temporary absence, Sophia decides to go and appeal to the Northeys, to prevent the ceremony from taking place. Grocott, however, has suspected her intentions, and locks her in her room. In the mean time Sir Hervey, who has been notified of the girl's flight by Mr. Northey, sets out to look for her. He traces her to Grocott's, but is there thrown off the track. He has about decided to give up the search, when he encounters Tom Maitland, who discloses enough to arouse the older man's suspicions; for Tom acknowledges having taken Sophia to Grocott's the previous night, and there, but a few minutes before, they have denied all knowledge of her.

XI (Continued).

PRESENTLY Keith, the Mayfair parson, from whom Tom had just come after making the last arrangements, would be expecting both! Even now he ought to be at Grocott's; even now he ought to be starting to the chapel in Curzon Street. And Grocott's was in sight; from where he stood he could see the boy with the flowers and wedding favors waiting at the door. But Coke—Coke the inopportune—had hold of his elbow, and if he went to Grocott's, would wish to go with him—would wish to see his sister, and from her would hear all about the marriage. Aye, and hearing, would interfere!

The cup of Tantalus was a little thing beside this, and Tom's cheeks burned;

the wildest projects flashed through his brain. Should he take Sir Hervey to Grocott's, inveigle him into a bedroom, and lock him up till the wedding was over? Or should he turn that instant and take to his heels like any common pickpocket, without word or explanation, and so lead him from the place? He might do that, and return by coach himself, and——

Coke broke the tangled thread of thought. "There is something amiss here," he said with decision. "She is not at Grocott's. Or they lied to me."

"She's not?" Tom cried, with a sigh of relief. "You've been there? Then you may be sure she has gone to Arlington Street. That is it, you may be sure!"

"Aye, but they said at Grocott's that

she had not been there," Coke retorted, looking more closely at Tom, and beginning to discern something odd in his manner. "If she's been there at all, how do you explain that, my boy?"

"She's been there all right," Tom answered eagerly. "I'm bail she has! I tell you it is so! And you may be sure she has gone to Arlington Street. Go there and you'll find her."

"I don't know about that. You don't think that when your back was turned——"

"What?"

"She went off again?"

"With Hawkesworth? I tell you, she's found him out!" Tom cried impatiently. "He's poison to her! She's there, I tell you. Or, rather, she was."

"But Grocott denied her!"

"Oh, nonsense!" Tom said—he was as red as fire, asking himself whom Sir Hervey had seen. "Oh, nonsense!" he repeated hurriedly; he felt he could bear it no longer. "She was there, and she has gone, no doubt—to Arlington Street."

"Very good," Sir Hervey replied. "Then we'll ask again. The man at the house lied to me, and I'll have an explanation or I'll lay my cane across his shoulders, old as he is. There was some one I did see—— But come along! Come along! We'll look into this, Tom."

It was in vain Tom held back, feebly protesting that she had certainly gone—there was no doubt that she had gone to Arlington Street. Willy nilly, he was dragged along. A moment and the two, Coke swinging his cane ominously, were half way up the row. In the midst of his agony, Tom got a notion that his companion was taking sidelong looks at his clothes; and he grew hot and hotter, fearing what was to come. When they were within a few yards of the door, a hackney coach passed them, and, turning, came to a stand before the house.

"There! What did I say?" Sir Hervey muttered. "I take it we are only just in time!"

"Perhaps it's the coach that took her," Tom suggested, trying to restrain his companion. "Shall I go in—I know the people—and inquire? Yes, you'd better let me do that," he continued eagerly. "Perhaps they did not know you. I really think you had better leave it to me, Sir Hervey. I——"

"No, thank you," Coke answered. "There's a shorter way. Are you here to take up, my man?"

"To be sure, your honor," the coachman answered readily. "And long life to her."

"Eh?"

"Long life to the bride, your honor."

"Ah!" Sir Hervey said, his face growing dark. "I thought so. I think, my lad," he continued to Tom, as he knocked at the door, "she and somebody have made a fool of you!"

"No, no," Tom said distractedly. "It's—it's not for her."

"We shall soon learn," Coke answered, and he rapped again imperatively.

Tom tried to tell him the facts—as far as he knew them; but his throat was dry, his head whirled, he could not get out a word; and by and by Grocott's dragging steps were heard in the passage, the latch was raised, and the door opened.

"Now, sir," Coke cried, addressing him sharply, "what did you mean by lying to me just now? Here is the gentleman who brought Miss Maitland to your house. And if you don't tell me, and tell me quickly, where she is, I'll—I'll send for the constable."

Grocott was pale, but his face did not lose its sneering expression. "She's gone," he said.

"You said she had not been here."

"Well, it was her order. I suppose"—with a touch of insolence—"a lady, sir, can be private if she chooses."

"What time did she go?"

"Ten minutes gone."

Tom heaved a sigh of relief. "I told you so," he muttered. "She's gone to Arlington Street. It's what I told you."

"I don't believe it," Coke answered. "This coach is for her. It is here to take her to the rascal we know of; and I'll not leave till I've seen her. Why, man," he continued, incensed as well as perplexed by Tom's easiness, "have you no blood in your body that you're ready to stand by while your sister's fooled by a scoundrel?"

Tom smiled pitifully, and passed his tongue over his lips, looking guiltily at Grocott, and Grocott at him. The lad's face was on fire, the sweat stood in beads on Grocott's forehead. Neither knew with preciseness the other's position, nor

how much he had told. And while the two stood thus, Sir Hervey looking suspiciously from one to the other, the same dull sound Coke had before heard—a sound as of the drumming of heels on the floor—continued in the upper part of the house. The hackney coachman, an interested spectator of the scene, heard it, and looked at the higher windows in some annoyance. The sound drowned the speakers' words.

"Are you going to let me search?" Coke said at last.

Grocott shook his head. For his life he could not speak. He was wondering what they would call the offense at Hicks' Hall. He saw himself in the dock, with the tall spikes and bunches of herbs before him, and the gross crimson face of the Red Judge glowering at him through horn rimmed spectacles—glowering death. Should he confess and bring her down and with that put an end to his daughter's hopes? Or should he stand it out, defy them all, gain time, perhaps go scot free at last?

"Well," Coke repeated, "have you made up your mind? Am I to send for the constable?"

Still Grocott found no answer. His wits were so jumbled by fear and the predicament in which he found himself, that he could not decide what to do. And while he hesitated, gaping, the matter was taken out of his hands. The door behind him opened, and the lady Sir Hervey had seen before came out of the room.

She looked with a mixture of weariness and impatience at the group. "Is the gentleman not satisfied yet?" she said. "What is all this?"

"I am satisfied, madam," Sir Hervey retorted, "that I did not hear the truth before."

"Well, you are too late now," she answered, "for she is gone. She didn't wish to see you, and there's an end."

"I shall not believe, ma'am——"

"Not believe?" she cried, opening her eyes with sudden fire. "I thought you were a gentleman, sir. I supposed you would take a lady's word?"

"If the lady will tell me for whom the coach at the door is waiting?" Sir Hervey answered quietly; and as he spoke he made good his footing by crossing the threshold. He could not see the hot,

foolish face that followed him into the passage, or he might have been enlightened sooner.

"The coach?" she said. "It is for me."

"It is for a bride."

"I am the bride."

"And the bridegroom?"

Her eyes sparkled. "Come up!" she cried. "How is that your affair? I know that we poor women have impertinences enough to suffer on these occasions; but it is new to me that the questions of chance visitors are part of them! Room's more than company, sometimes," she added, tossing her head, her accent not quite so genteel as it had been when she was less moved. "And I'll be glad to see your back, sir."

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, ma'am," Coke replied, unmoved. "But I see no impertinence in my question—unless, indeed, you are ashamed of your bridegroom."

"That I'm not!" she cried. "That I'm not! And"—snapping her fingers in his face—"that for you. You are impertinent! Ashamed? No, sir, I am not!"

"And God forbid I should be ashamed of my bride!" cried a husky voice behind Sir Hervey, who turned as if he had been pinched. "No, I'll be silent no longer," Tom continued volubly, his face the color of a beet, while his eyes overflowed with love and devotion. "I've played coward too long!" he went on, stretching out his arms as if he were throwing off a weight. "Let go, man"—this to Grocott, as the latter stealthily plucked his sleeve. "Sir Hervey, I didn't tell you before, but it wasn't because I was ashamed of my bride. Not I!" poor Tom cried bravely. "It was because I—I thought you might do something to thwart me. This lady has done me the honor of entrusting her happiness to me, and before one o'clock we shall be married. Now you know."

"Indeed?" Sir Hervey said. And great as was his amazement, he managed to cloak it after a fashion. In the first burst of Tom's confession he glanced from him to the lady, and had surprised a black, a very black look. The same look he caught on Grocott's face; and in a wonderfully short space of time had drawn his conclusions. "Indeed?" he repeated. "And whom have I—perhaps

we might step into this room, we shall be more of a family party, eh?—whom have I to felicitate on the possession of Sir Thomas Maitland's heart?"

He bowed so low before madam at the last words that she was almost deceived. But not quite. She did not answer.

"Oriana, tell him!" Tom cried humbly. He *was* deceived. His eyes were shining with honest pride.

Coke caught at the name. "Oriana?" he repeated, bowing still lower. "Mistress Oriana——"

"Clark," she said drily. And then, "You are not much wiser now."

"My loss, ma'am," Sir Hervey answered politely. "One of Sir Robert Clark of Snailwell's charming daughters, perhaps? Until now I had only the pleasure of knowing the elder, but——"

"You know no more now!" she retorted, with an air of low breeding that must have opened any eyes but a lover's. "I don't know your Sir Robert."

"Indeed!" Sir Hervey said. "One of the Leicestershire Clarks—of Lawnd Abbey, perhaps?"

"No," madam answered sullenly; hating him more and more, yet not daring to show it. How she cursed her booby for his indiscretion!

"Then surely not a daughter of my old friend Dean Clark, of Salisbury? You don't say so?"

She bit her lip with mortification. "No," she said. "I don't say so. I ain't that either."

Tom intervened hurriedly. "You are under a misapprehension, Sir Hervey," he said. "Clark was Oriana's—her husband's name. Captain Clark of Sabine's Foot. He did not treat her well," poor Tom continued, leaning forward, his hands resting on the table—they were all in the room now—"but I hope to make the rest of her life more happy than the early part was."

"Oh, I beg pardon," Sir Hervey said, a trifle drily. "A widow! Your humble servant, ma'am, to command. You will excuse me, I am sure. You are waiting for Mrs. Northey, I suppose?" he continued, looking from one to the other in seeming innocence.

Tom's face flamed. It was in vain Grocott from the doorway made signs to him to be silent. "They don't know," he blurted out.

Sir Hervey looked grave. "I am sorry for that," he said. "I am sure this lady would not wish you, Sir Tom, to do anything—anything underhand. You have your guardians' consent, of course?"

"No," Tom said flatly; "and I am not going to ask for it."

Outwardly, Sir Hervey raised his eyebrows in mute protest; inwardly, he saw that argument would be thrown away, and wondered what on earth he should do. He had no authority over the boy, and it was not likely that Dr. Keith would pay heed to him. Madam Oriana, scared for a moment, discerned that he was at a loss, and smiled in triumph. "Well, sir, have you anything more to say?" she cried.

"Not to Tom," Sir Hervey answered.

"And to me?"

"Only, ma'am, that a marriage is not valid if a false name be used."

The shot was not fired quite at large, for he had surprised Grocott calling her not Oriana, but Bessie. And, fired at large or not, her face showed that it reached the mark. Whether Captain Clark of Sabine's Foot still lived, or there had never been a Clark; whether she had foreseen the difficulty and made up her mind to run the risk, or had not thought of it at all, her scowling, beautiful face betrayed dismay as well as rage.

"What have you to do with my name?" she hissed.

"Nothing," he said politely. "But my friend here much. I hope he knows it, and knows it correctly. That is all."

But Tom was at the end of his patience. "I do," he cried hotly. "I do know it! And I'll trouble you, Sir Hervey, to let it alone. Oriana! Don't think anything he can say can move me. I see, Sir Hervey, that you are no true friend to us. I might have known it," he continued bitterly. "You have lived all your life where—where marriage is a bargain, and women are sold, and—and you don't believe in anything else. You can't. You can't believe in anything else. But I am only sorry for you. It's natural, I suppose. Only—only you'll please to remember that this lady is as good as my wife, and I expect her to be treated as such. She'll not need a defender as long as I live," poor Tom continued gallantly, though his voice shook. "Come, Oriana, the coach is waiting. In a few minutes I

shall have a better right to protect you. And then let any one say a word!"

"Tom," Sir Hervey said, "don't do this."

Madam marked his altered tone and laughed derisively. "Now he's in his true colors!" she cried. "What will you do, Sir Thomas? La! they shall never say that I dragged a man to church against his will! I've more pride than that, though I may not be a dean's daughter."

Tom raised her hand and kissed it, his boyish face glowing with love. "Come, dear," he said. "What is his opinion to us? A little room, if you please, Sir Hervey. We are going."

"No," Coke answered. "I'll not have this on my head. Hear sense, boy. If this lady be one whom you may honestly make your wife, you cannot lose and she must gain by waiting to be married in a proper fashion."

"And at a nice expense, too!" she cried with a sneer.

"She is right," Tom said manfully. "I'm not going to waste my life waiting on the pleasure of a set of old fogies. Make way, Sir Hervey!"

"I shall not," Coke returned, maintaining his position between the two and the door. "And if you come near me, boy—"

"Don't push me too far!" Tom cried. From no one else in the world would he have endured so much. "Sir Hervey, make way!"

"If he does not, we will have him put out!" madam cried, pale with rage. "This is my room, sir. And I order you to leave it. If you are a gentleman, you will go."

"I shall not," Coke said—really at his wit's end to know what to do. "And if the boy comes near me I will knock him down and hold him. He's only fit for Bedlam."

Tom would have flown at his throat, but madam restrained him. "Grocott," she cried, "call in a couple of chairmen, and put this person out! Give them a guinea apiece, and let them throw him into the street."

Grocott hung a moment in the doorway, pale, perspiring, irresolute. He could not see the end of this.

"Do you hear, man?" madam repeated; and stamped her foot on the floor. "Call in two men. A guinea apiece, if they

turn him out. Go at once. I'll know whether the room is mine or his," she continued, in a fury.

"Yours, ma'am," Sir Hervey answered coolly, as Grocott shambled out. "I ask nothing better than to leave it, if Sir Thomas Maitland goes with me."

"You'll leave it without him!" she retorted contemptuously. And as Tom made a forward movement, "Sir Thomas, you'll not interfere in this. I've had to do with nasty rogues like him before," madam continued, with growing excitement and freedom, "and know the way. You're mighty fine, sir, and think to tread on me—oh, for all your bowing I saw you look at me when you came in as if I was so much dirt! But I'll not be put upon, and I'll let you know it! You are a jackanapes and a finicky fool, that's what you are! Aye, you are! But here they come. Now we'll see. Grocott!"

"They are coming," the clockmaker muttered, cringing in the doorway. The line of action adopted was too violent for his taste. "But I hope the gentleman will go out quietly," he continued. "He must see he has no right here."

It was no question of courage; Sir Hervey had plenty of that. But he had no stomach for a low brawl, and at this moment he wished very heartily that he had let the young scapegrace go his own way. He had put his foot down, however, wisely or unwisely; and he could not now retreat. "I shall not go," he said firmly. And as heavy, lumbering footsteps were heard coming along the passage, he turned to face the door.

"We'll see about that," Mrs. Clark cried spitefully. "Come in, men; come in! This is your gentleman."

XII.

COKE had spent a dozen seasons in London; and naturally to those who lived about town his figure was within a little as familiar as that of Sir Hanbury Williams, the beau of the last generation, or that of Lord Lincoln, the pride and hope of the golden youth of '42. The chairman who had never left the rank in St. James Street in obedience to his nod was as likely as not to ask the way to Mrs. Cornely's rooms; the hackney coachman who did not know his face and liveries was a stranger also to the front of

White's, and to the cry of "Who goes home?" that on foggy evenings drew a hundred link boys to New Palace Yard. In his present difficulty, his principal and almost his only hope of escaping from a degrading scuffle lay in this notoriety.

It bade fair to be justified. The two men who slouched into the room in obedience to Mrs. Clark's excited cry had no sooner crossed the threshold than they turned to him and grinned and the foremost made him a sort of bow. Sir Hervey stared, wondering where he had seen the men before; but in a twinkling this doubt, and the half smothered cry that at the same instant burst from madam's lips, were explained to the full.

"Mrs. Oriana Clark, otherwise Grocott," the foremost man muttered, and, stepping forward briskly, he laid a slip of paper on the table before her. "At suit of Margott's, of Paul's Churchyard, for forty seven, six, eight, debt and costs. Here's the capias. And there's a detainer lodged," he added. So much said, he seemed to feel the official part of his duty accomplished, and he turned with a wink to Grocott. "Much obliged to the old gentleman for letting us in. As pretty a capture as I ever made! Trigg, mind the door."

The miser who sees his hoard all sink beneath the waves; the leader who, in the flush of victory, falls into the deadly ambush and knows all lost; the bride widowed on her wedding morn—these may in some degree serve to image madam at that moment. White to the lips, her eyes staring, she plucked at the front of her dress with one hand, and, leaning with the other against the wall, seemed to struggle for speech.

It was Tom who stepped forward, Tom who instinctively, like the brave soul he was, screened her from their eyes. "What is it?" he said hoarsely. "Have a care, man, whom you speak to! What do you mean, and who are you?"

"Easy asked and soon answered," the fellow replied, civilly enough. "I'm a sworn bailiff; it's a capias forty seven, six, eight, debt and costs—that's what it is. And there's a detainer lodged, so it's no use to pay till you know where you are. The lady's here and I'm bound to take her."

"But there's a mistake," Tom muttered, his voice indistinct. "There's some mistake, man. What is the name?"

"Well, it's Clark, alias Grocott, on the writ; and it's Clark, alias Hawkesworth——"

"Hawkesworth?"

"Yes, Hawkesworth, on the detainer," the bailiff answered, smiling. "I don't take on myself to say which is right, but the old gentleman here should know."

At that word, the unhappy woman, thwarted in the moment of success, roused herself from the first stunning effects of the blow. With a cry she tore her handkerchief into two or three pieces, and, thrusting one end into her mouth, bit on it. Then, "Silence!" she shrieked. "Silence, you dirty dog!" she continued coarsely. "How dare you lay your tongue to me? Do you hear me?"

But Tom interfered. "No, one moment," he said grimly. That word "Hawkesworth" had chilled his blood. "Let us hear what he has to say. Listen to me, man. Why should the old gentleman know? Tell me."

The man hesitated. "Well, they say he's her father," he answered, looking from one to the other. "At any rate, he brought her up; that is, until—well, I suppose you know."

She shrieked out a denial, but Tom, without taking his eyes from the bailiff's face, put out his hand and, gripping her arm, held her back. "Yes, man, until what?" he said hoarsely. "Speak out. Until what?"

"Well, until she went to live with Hawkesworth, your honor."

"Ah!" Tom said, his face white; only that word. But, dropping his hand from her arm, he stood back.

She should have known that all was lost then; but, woman-like, she could not accept defeat. "It's a lie!" she shrieked. "A dirty, cowardly lie! It's not true! I swear it's not true! It's not true!" And breathless, panting, furious, she turned first to one, and then to another, stretching out her hands, heaping senseless denial on denial. At last, when she read no relenting in the boy's face, but only the quivering of pain as he winced under the lash of her loosened tongue, she cast the mask—that had already slipped—completely away, and turning on the old man, "You fool! oh, you fool!" she cried. "Have you nothing to say now you have ruined me? Pay the beast, do you hear? Pay him, or, by God, I'll ruin you!"

But the clockmaker, terrified as he was, clung sullenly to his money. "There's a detainer," he muttered. "It's no good; Bess. It's no good, I tell you."

"Well, pay the detainer. Pay that, too!" she retorted. "Pay it, you old skinflint, or I'll swear to you for gold clipping and you'll hang at Tyburn, as your old friend Jonathan Thomas did! Have a care, will you, or I'll do it, so help me!"

The old man screamed a palsied curse at her. Sir Hervey touched the lad's arm. "Come," he said sternly. And he turned to the door.

Tom shuddered, but followed as a beaten hound follows. The woman saw her last chance in the act of passing from her, sprang forward, and tried to seize his arm; tried to detain him, tried to gain his ear. But the bailiff interfered. "Softly, mistress, softly," he said. "You know the rules. Get the old 'un to pay, and you may do as you please."

So Tom was got out, dizzy and shaking, his eyes opened to the abyss from which he had been plucked back. Still, though Coke closed the door behind them, the woman's voice followed them, and shocked and horrified them with its shrill clamor. Tom shuddered at the dreadful sound; yet lingered.

"I must get something," he muttered. "It is up stairs."

"What is it?" Coke answered impatiently. And, anxious to get the lad out of hearing, he took his arm and urged him towards the street. "I'll send my man for it."

But Tom hung back. "No," he said piteously. "It's money. I must get it."

"For God's sake, don't stay now!" Sir Hervey remonstrated.

But Tom, instead of complying, averted his face. "I want to pay this," he muttered. "I shall never see her again. But I would rather she—she were not taken now. That's all."

Coke stared. "Oh, Lord!" he said; and he wondered. But he let Tom go up stairs; and waited himself in the passage to cover his retreat. He heard the lad go up and push open the door of the little three cornered room which had been his abode for a week; the little room where he had tasted to the full of anticipation, and whence he had gone aglow with fire and joy an hour before. Coke

heard him no farther, but "What is that?" he muttered, as he stood listening. A moment, and he followed his companion up the stairs. At the head of the flight he caught again the sound he had heard below, a muffled cry, deadened by distance and obstacles, but still almost articulate.

He looked after Tom, puzzled and perplexed; but the door of the room in which he had disappeared was half open. The sound did not come from there. Then he began to think it came from the room below; and he was on the point of turning when he saw a door close beside him in the angle of the stairs, and he listened at it. For the moment all was silent within, yet Sir Hervey had his doubts. The key was in the lock; he turned it softly, and stepped into the untidy little bedroom, sordid and dull, through which Sophia had been decoyed. He saw the door at the farther end, and was crossing the floor towards it, with an unpleasant light in his eyes—for he began to know what he should find—when the door of the room below opened, and a man came out, and came heavily up the stairs. Sir Hervey paused and looked back; another moment and Grocott reached the open door, and stood glaring in.

Sir Hervey spoke only one word. "Open!" he said; and he pointed with his cane to the door of the inner room. The key was not in the lock.

The clockmaker, cringing almost to the boards, crept across the floor, and producing the key from his pocket, set it in the lock. As he did so, Coke gripped him on a sudden by the nape of his neck, and irresistibly but silently forced him to his knees. And that was what Sophia saw when the door opened. Grocott kneeling, his dirty, flabby face quivering with fear, and Sir Hervey standing over him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and stepped back in amazement; but, so much given to herself, her next thought was for Tom. She had been a prisoner nearly two hours, in fear as well as in suspense, assailed at one time by the fancy that those who had snared her had left her to starve, at another by the dread of what might be done to her if they returned. But the affection for her brother which had roused her from her own troubles was still strong, and her second thought was of Tom.

"Oh!" she cried, seizing Sir Hervey's arm, "thank Heaven you have come! Did he send you? Where is he?"

"Tom? He is all right," Coke answered cheerily. "He is here."

"Here? And he is not married?"

"No, he is not married," Sir Hervey answered; "nor is he going to be yet a while."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. And then, as their eyes met, she remembered herself, and the blushes burned on her cheeks. She had not seen him since the evening at Vauxhall, when he had labored to open her eyes to Hawkesworth's true character. The things that had happened, the things she had done, since that evening, crowded into her mind; and she could have sunk into the floor for very shame. She did not know how much he knew, or how much worse than she was he might be thinking her; and in an agony of recollection she covered her face and shrank from him.

"Come, child, come, you are safe now," he said, understanding something of her feelings. "I suppose they locked you in here that you might not interfere? Eh, was that it?" he continued, seizing Grocott's ear, and twisting it, until the old rogue groveled on the floor. "Eh, was that it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" the clockmaker cried. "That was it! I'll beg the lady's pardon! I'll do anything! I'll——"

"You'll hang—some day!" Sir Hervey answered, releasing him with a final twist. "Begone for this time, and thank your stars I don't haul you to the nearest justice. And do you, child, come to your brother. He is in the next room."

But when Sophia had so far conquered her agitation as to be able to comply, they found no Tom there; only a scrap of paper, bearing a line or two of writing, lay on the table.

"I'm gone to enlist, or something, I don't care what. It doesn't matter," it ran. "Don't come after me, for I shan't come back. Let Sophy have my setter pup; it's at the hall. I see it now; it was a trap. If I meet H. I shall kill him.—T. M."

"He has found her out, then?" Sophia said tearfully.

"Yes," Sir Hervey answered, standing at the table, and drumming on it with his fingers, while he looked at her, and won-

dered what was to be done next. "He has found her out. In a year he will be none the worse and a little wiser."

"But if he enlists?" she murmured.

"We shall hear of it," Coke answered, "and can buy him out." And then there was silence again. And he wondered again what was to be done next.

Below, the house was quiet. Either the bailiffs had removed their prisoner, or she had been released, and she and they had gone their ways. Even Grocott, it would seem, terrified by the position in which he found himself, had taken himself off for a while, for not a sound save the measured ticking of clocks broke the silence of the house, above stairs or below. After a moment, as Sophia said nothing, Sir Hervey moved to the window and looked into the row. The coach that had waited so long was gone. A thin rain was beginning to fall, and through it a pastrycook's boy with a tray on his head was approaching the next house. Otherwise the street was empty.

"Did—did my sister send you?" she faltered at last.

"No."

"How did you find me?"

"I heard from your brother in law," he answered, his face still averted.

"What?"

"That you had gone to Davies Street."

"He knew?" she muttered.

"Yes."

She caught her breath. "Is it public?" she whispered. "I suppose everybody—knows."

"Well, some do, I've no doubt," he answered bluntly. "Women will mumble something, and, of course, there is a sort of a bone in it."

She shivered, humiliated by the necessity that she saw lay upon her. She must clear herself before him. It had come to this, she had brought it to this, that— that she must clear herself even in his eyes. "My brother was there," she said indistinctly, her face covered from his gaze.

"Yes, I know," he answered.

"Do they know?"

He understood that she meant the Northcys. "No," he answered. "Not yet."

She was silent a moment. Then, "What am I to do?" she asked faintly.

She had gone through so many things

that were strange in the last twenty four hours that this which should have seemed the strangest of all, that she should be consulting *him*, passed with her for ordinary. But not with Coke. He saw more clearly than before her friendlessness, her isolation, and they moved him deeply. He knew what the world would think of her escapade, he knew what sharp tongued gossips like Lady Harrington would make of it, what easy dames like Lady Walpole and Lady Townshend would proclaim her, and his heart was full of pity for her. He knew her innocent, he had the word of that other innocent, Tom, for it—but who would believe it? The Northeys had cast her off; perhaps when they knew all they would still cast her off. Her brother, her only witness, had taken himself away, and was a boy at most. Had he been older, he might have given the gossips the lie and forced the world to believe him—at the point of the small sword. As it was, she had no one. Her aunt's misfortune was being repeated in a later generation. The penalty must be the same.

Must it? In the silence Sir Hervey heard her sigh, and his heart beat quickly. Was there no way to save her? Yes, there was one. He saw it, and with the coolness of the old gamester he presently took it.

"What are you to do?" he repeated thoughtfully; and turning, he sat down, and looked at her across the table. "Well, it depends, child. I suppose you have no feeling left for—for that person?"

She shook her head, her face hidden.

"None at all?" he persisted, toying with his snuff box, while he looked at her keenly. "Pardon me, I wish to have this clear because—because it's important."

"I would rather die," she cried passionately, "than be his wife."

He nodded. "Good," he said. "It was to be expected. Well, we must make that clear, quite clear, and—and I can hardly think your sister will not receive you again."

Sophia started; her face flamed hotly. "Has she said—anything?" she muttered.

"Nothing," Coke answered. "But you left her yesterday—to join him; and you return today. Still—still, child, I think if we make all clear to her, quite clear—and to your brother Northey—they will

be willing to overlook the matter, and find you a home."

She shuddered. "You speak very plainly," she murmured faintly.

"I fear," he said, "you will hear plainer things from her. But," he continued, speaking slowly and in a different tone, "there is another way, child, if you are willing to take it. One other way. That way you need not see her unless you choose, you need see none of them, you need hear no plain truths. That way you may laugh at them, and what they say will be no concern of yours, nor need trouble you. But 'tisn't to be supposed that, with all this, you will take it."

"You mean I may go to Chalkhill?" she cried, rising impetuously. "I will, I will go gladly, I will go thankfully!"

"No," he said, rising also, so that only the table stood between them. "I did not mean that. There is still another way. But you are young, child, and it isn't to be supposed that you will take it."

"Young!" she exclaimed in bitter self contempt; and then, "What way is it?" she asked. "And why should I not take it, take it gladly, if I can escape—all that?"

"Because—I am not very young," he said grimly.

"You?" she exclaimed in astonishment. And then as her eyes met his across the table the color rose in her cheeks. She began to understand; and she began to tremble.

"Yes," he said bluntly; "I. It shocks you, does it? But courage, child; you understand a little, you do not understand all. Suppose for a moment that you return to Arlington Street today as Lady Coke; the demands of the most exacting will be satisfied. Lady Harrington herself will have nothing to say. You left yesterday, you return today—my wife. Those who have borne my mother's name have been wont to meet with respect; and, I doubt not, will continue to meet with it."

"And you—would do that?" she cried, aghast.

"I would."

"You would marry me?"

"I would."

"After all that has passed? Here? Today?"

"Here, today."

For a moment she was silent. Then, "And you imagine I could consent?" she cried. "You imagine I could do that? Never! Never! I think you good, I think you noble, I thank you for your offer, Sir Hervey; I believe it to be one the world would deem you mad to make, and me mad to refuse! But"—and suddenly she covered her face with her hands, as if his eyes burned her—"from what a height—you must look down on me."

"I look down?" he said lamely. "Not at all. I don't understand you."

"You do not understand?" she cried, dropping her hands and meeting his eyes as suddenly as she had avoided them. "You think it possible, then, that I, who yesterday left my home, poor fool that I was, to marry one man, can give myself a few hours later to another man? You think I hold love so light a thing I can take it and give it again as I take or give a kerchief or riband? You think I put so small a price on myself and on you? Oh, no, no, I do not. I see, if you do not, or will not, that your offer, noble, generous, as it is, is the sharpest taunt of all that you could fling at me."

"That," Sir Hervey said placidly, "is because you don't understand."

"It is impossible!" she repeated.

"What you have in your mind may be impossible," he retorted; "but not what I have in mine. I should have thought, child, that on your side, also, you had had enough of romance."

She looked at him in astonishment.

"While I," he continued, raising his eyebrows, "have outgrown it. There is no question, at least in my offer there was no question, of love. For one thing it is out of fashion, my dear; for another, at the age I have reached, not quite the age of Methuselah perhaps"—with a smile—"but an age, as you once reminded me, at which I might be your father, I need only a lady to sit at the head of my table, to see that the maids don't rob me, or burn the hall, and to show a pretty face to my guests when they come from town. My wife will have her own wing of the hall, I mine; we need meet only at meals. To the world we shall be husband and wife; to each other, I hope, good friends. Of course," Sir Hervey continued, with a slight yawn, "there was a time when I should not have thought this an ideal marriage; nor

should I have—you might almost call it—insulted you, *ma chère*, by proposing it. But I am old enough to be content with it; and you are in an awkward position from which my name will extricate you; while you have probably had enough of what children call love. So, in fine, what do you say?"

After a long pause, "Do you mean," she asked in a low voice, "that we should be only—friends?"

"Precisely," he said. "That is just what I do mean. And nothing more."

"But have you considered?" she asked, her tone still low, but her voice trembling with agitation. "Have you thought of—of yourself? Why should you be sacrificed to save me from the punishment of my folly? Why should you do out of pity what you may repent all your life? Oh, it cannot be, it cannot be!" she continued, more rapidly and with growing excitement. "I thank you, I thank you from my heart, Sir Hervey. I believe you mean it generously, nobly, but—"

"Let us consider the question—without fudge," he retorted, stolidly forestalling her. "Pity has vastly little to do with it. Your folly, child, has much; because, apart from it, I should not have made the suggestion. For the rest, put me out of the question. The point is, will it suit you? Of course, you might wish to marry some one else, to marry in fact and not in name—"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, shuddering; and, shaken by the cruel awakening through which she had gone, she fancied that she spoke the truth.

"You are sure?"

"Quite, quite sure."

"Then I think it lies between Chalkhill and Coke Hall," he said cheerfully. "Read that, child." And drawing from his pocket the letter in which Mr. Northey had announced her flight, he laid it before her. "If I thought you were returning to your sister, I would not show it to you," he continued, watching her as she read. And then, after an interval: "Well, shall it be Coke Hall?"

"Yes," she said, shivering under the cruel, heartless phrases of the letter as under a douche of cold water. "If you really are in earnest, if you mean what you say."

"I do."

"And you will be satisfied with—"

that?" she murmured, averting her eyes.

"With my friendship?"

"I will," he answered. "You have my word for it."

"Then I thank you," she muttered faintly.

And that was all—all. He opened the door, and in her sack and Lady Betty's Tuscan, as she stood—for she had no change to make—she passed down the stairs before him, and walked beside him through the rain across a corner of Shepherd's Market. Thence they passed along Curzon Street in the direction of the little chapel with the country church porch—over against Mayfair Chapel, and conveniently near the Hercules Pillars—in which the Rev. Alexander Keith held himself ready to marry all comers, at all hours, without notice or license.

It was the common dinner time, and the streets were quiet; they met no one whom they knew. Sophia, dazed and shaken, had scarcely power to think; she walked beside him mechanically, and could never remember in after days the way she went to be married, or whether she traveled the route on foot or in a chair. The famous Dr. Keith, balked of one couple and of one guinea—for that was his fee, and it included the clerk and a stamped certificate—welcomed the pair with effusion. Accustomed to unite at one hour a peer of the realm and a reigning toast, at another an apprentice and his master's daughter, he betrayed no surprise even when he recognized Sir Hervey Coke; but at once led the way to the chapel, set the kneelers, called the witnesses, and did his part. He wondered a little, it is true, when he noticed Sophia's pallor and strange dress; but the reasons people had for marrying were nothing to him, the fee was everything, and in ten minutes the tie was tied.

Then only, as they stood waiting in the parlor while the certificate was writing, fear seized her, and a great horror, and she knew what she had done. She turned to Sir Hervey, and held out her shaking hands to him. "You will be good to me?" she cried. "You will keep your word?"

"While I live," he said quietly. "Why not, child?"

But, calmly as he spoke, his face, as they went out together, wore the look it wore at White's when he played deep;

when, around the shaded candles, oaks, noted of old in Domesday, crashed down, and long descended halls shook, and the honor of great names hung on the turn of a die. For deep as he had played, much as he had risked, even to his home, even to his line, he had made today the maddest bet of all. And he knew it.

XIII.

"YOUR grace is very good to call," Mrs. Northey said, working her fan with a violence that betrayed something of the restraint she was putting on her feelings. "But, of course, the mischief is done now, the girl is gone, and——"

"I know, my dear, I know," the duchess answered soothingly. "Believe me, I am almost as sorry as if it were one of my own daughters."

"La, for the matter of that, it may be yet!" Mrs. Northey answered, unable to behave herself longer. "Begging your grace's pardon. Of course, I hope not," she continued sourly, "but, indeed, and in truth, young ladies who show the road are very apt to follow it themselves."

"Indeed, I fear that is so—too often," her grace answered patiently. "Too often!" She had come prepared to eat humble pie, and was not going to refuse the dish.

"I hope, at any rate, that the young lady will take the lesson to heart," Mrs. Northey continued, with a venomous glance at Lady Betty; who, much subdued, sat half sullen and half frightened on a stool beside and a little behind her mother. "I hope so for her own sake."

"It is for that reason I brought her," the duchess said, with dignity. "She has behaved naughtily, very naughtily. His grace is so angry that he will not see her. Tomorrow she goes into the country, where she will return to the schoolroom until we leave town. I hope that that and the scandal she has brought upon us may teach her to be more discreet in future."

"And more steady! And more steady! I trust it may," Mrs. Northey said, biting her lip and looking daggers at the culprit. "I am sure she has done mischief enough. But it is easier to do than to undo, as she would find to her sorrow if it were her own case."

"Very true! Very true, indeed! Do

you hear, miss," the duchess asked, turning, and sharply addressing her daughter.

"Yes, ma'am," Lady Betty whispered meekly. Quick of fence as she was with men or with girls of her own age, she knew better than to contradict her mother.

"Go and sit in the window, then. No, miss, with your back to it. And now," the duchess continued, when Lady Betty had withdrawn out of earshot, "tell me what you wish known, my dear. Anything I can do for the foolish child—she is very young, you know—I will do. And if I make the best of it, I've friends, my dear, and they will also make the best of it."

But Mrs. Northey's face was hard as stone. "There is no best to it," she said.

"Oh, but surely, in your sister's interest?" the duchess cried.

"Your grace was misinformed. I have no sister," Mrs. Northey replied, her voice a trifle high, and her thin nostrils more pinched than usual. "From the moment Miss Maitland left this house in such a way as to bring scandal on my husband's name, she ceased to be my sister. Lord Northey has claims upon us. We acknowledge them."

The duchess stared, but did not answer.

"My husband has claims upon me. I acknowledge them," Mrs. Northey continued, with majesty.

The duchess still stared; her manner showed that she was startled.

"Well, of course," she said at length, "that is what we all wish other people to do in these cases; for the sake of example, you know, and to warn the—the young. But, dear me!"—rubbing her nose reflectively with the corner of her snuff box—"it's very sad. I don't know, I really don't know, that I should have the courage to do it—in Betty's case, now. His grace would—would expect it, of course. But, really, I don't know."

"Your grace is the best judge in your own case," Mrs. Northey said, her breath coming a little quickly. "For our part," she added, looking upward with an air of self denial, "Mr. Northey and I have determined to give no sanction to a connection so discreditable."

The duchess had a vision of her own spoiled daughter lying ill in a six shilling lodging, of herself stealing to her under

cover of darkness, and in his grace's teeth, and of a tiny baby, the image of Betty at that age; and she clutched her snuff box tightly, "I suppose the man is—is a monster," she said impulsively.

"He is quite impossible."

"Mr. Northey has not seen him?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Northey exclaimed, with a virtuous shudder.

"But if she—if she were brought to see what she has done in its true light?" the duchess asked weakly; her motherly instinct still impelling her to fight the young thing's battle.

"Not even then," Mrs. Northey replied, with Roman firmness. "Under no circumstances, no circumstances whatever, could Mr. Northey and I countenance conduct such as hers."

"You are sure that there's—there's no mistake, my dear?"

"Not a shadow of a mistake!" madam answered, with acrimony. "We have traced her to the man's lodging. She reached it after dark, and under—the most disgraceful circumstances."

Mrs. Northey referred to the arrest by bailiffs, the news of which had reached Arlington Street through Lane, the mercer; but the duchess took her to mean something quite different; and her grace was shocked. "Dear, dear!" she said in a tone of horror; and looking instinctively at her daughter, she wished that Betty had not seen so much of the girl, wished still more fervently that she had not mixed herself up with her flight. "I am infinitely sorry to hear it," she said. "I confess I did not think her that kind of girl. My dear, you have indeed my sympathy."

Mrs. Northey—though she knew quite well what the duchess was thinking—pursed up her lips, as if she could add much more, but would not; and the duchess, her apologies made, rose to take leave; resolved to give her daughter such a wiggling by the way as that young lady had never experienced. But while they stood in the act of making their adieus, Mr. Northey entered; and his dolorous head shaking, which would have done credit to a father's funeral, detained her so long that she was still where he found her when an exclamation from Lady Betty, who had profited by her mother's engrossment to turn to the window, startled the party.

"Oh, la, ma'am, here she is!" the girl cried. "I vow and declare she is coming here!"

"Betty," her grace cried sharply, "remember yourself! What do you mean? Come, child, we must be going."

"But, ma'am, she's at the door," Lady Betty replied, with a giggle. And turning and thrusting her muff into her mouth—as one well understanding the crisis—she looked over it at the party, her eyes bright with mischief.

Mrs. Northey's face turned quite white. "If this—if your daughter means that the misguided girl is returning here," she cried, "I will not have it."

"It is not to be thought of," Mr. Northey chimed in. "She would not have the audacity," he added more pompously, "after her behavior." And he was moving to the window—while the kind hearted duchess wished herself anywhere else—when the door opened and the servant announced, "Sir Hervey Coke!"

The duchess gave vent to a sigh of relief, the Northeys looked daggers at Lady Betty, the author of this false alarm; and meanwhile Coke advanced, his hat under his arm. "I am really no more than an ambassador," he said gaily. "My principal is down stairs, waiting leave to ascend. Duchess, your humble servant! Lady Betty, yours—you grow prettier every day. Mrs. Northey, I have good news for you. You will be glad to hear that you were misinformed as to the object of your sister's departure from the house—about which you wrote to me."

"Misinformed!" Mrs. Northey exclaimed, with a freezing look. "I was?"

"Completely, at the time you wrote to me," Sir Hervey answered, smiling on the party—"as you will acknowledge in one moment."

"On whose authority, pray?"

"On mine," Coke replied. "That you wrote to me, of all people, was the oddest coincidence."

"Why, sir, pray?"

"Because," he began, and then broke off and turned to the duchess, who had made a movement as if she would withdraw—"no," he said, "I hope your grace will not go. The matter is not private."

"Private?" Mrs. Northey cried shrilly—she could control her feelings no longer. "The hussy has taken good care it shall not be that! Private, indeed! It is not

her fault if there is a man in the town who is ignorant of her disgrace!"

"Nay, ma'am, softly, if you please," Sir Hervey interposed, with the least touch of sternness in his tone. "You go too far."

Mrs. Northey glared at him; she was pale with anger. "What?" she cried. "Do you think I shall not say what I like about my own sister?"

"But not about my wife," he said firmly.

She stepped back as if he had aimed a blow at her, so great was her surprise. "What?" she shrieked. "Your wife?" While the others looked at him, thunderstruck, and Lady Betty, who, on the fringe of the group, was taking in all with childish dilated eyes, uttered a scream of delight.

"Your wife?" Mr. Northey gasped.

"Precisely," Coke answered. "My wife."

But Mrs. Northey could not, would not, believe it. She thought that he was lending himself to some cunning scheme; some plan for bringing about a reconciliation. "Your wife?" she repeated. "Do you mean that Sophia—"

"Preferred a quiet wedding *à deux*," he answered, helping himself to a pinch of snuff, and smiling slightly, as at the recollection. "Your grace will understand," he continued, turning with easy politeness to the duchess, "how it amused me to read Mrs. Northey's letter under the circumstances."

But Mrs. Northey was furious. "If this be true," she said hoarsely—"but I do not believe it is—why did you do it? Tell me that! Until I know that, I shall not believe it!"

Sir Hervey shrugged his shoulders. "Mr. Northey will believe it, I am sure," he said, with a look in that gentleman's direction. "For the rest, ma'am, it was rather Lady Coke's doing than mine. She heard that her brother was about to make a ruinous marriage, and discovered that he was actually in the company and under the influence of the Irishman, Hawkesworth, whom you know. There were those who should more properly have made the effort to save him; but these failed him, and in the result it was thanks to her he was saved. Thanks to her, and to her only," Sir Hervey repeated, with a look beneath which Mr. Northey quailed, and his wife turned green with rage,

"since, as I said, those who should have interfered did not. But this effected, and Keith, who should have married her brother, being in attendance—well, we thought it better to avail ourselves of his services. 'Twould have been a pity, your grace, to lose a guinea," Coke added, his eyes twinkling, as he turned to the duchess. "'Twas the best instance I've ever known of 'a guinea in time saves ninety!'"

The duchess laughed heartily. "'Twas cheap, at any rate, Sir Hervey," she said. "I am sure, for my part, I congratulate you."

"I don't!" Mrs. Northey cried, before he could answer. "She has behaved abominably! Abominably!" she repeated, her voice quivering with spite. For, strange human nature, here was the match made on making which she had set her heart; yet so far was she from being pleased or even satisfied, she could have cried with mortification. "She has behaved——"

"Tut, tut!" Sir Hervey cried.

But the angry woman was not to be silenced. "I shall say it," she persisted. "I think it, and I shall say it."

"Of Miss Maitland, as often as you please," he retorted, bowing. "Of Lady Coke, only at your husband's peril. Of course, if you do not wish to receive her, ma'am, that is another matter."

But on this Mr. Northey interposed. "No, no," he cried fussily. "Mrs. Northey is vexed, and, if I may say so, not unnaturally vexed, by the lack of confidence in her which Sophia has shown. But that—that is quite another thing from—from disowning her. No, no, let me be the first to wish you happiness, Coke!" And with an awkward effort at heartiness, and an automaton-like grin, he shook Sir Hervey by the hand. "I'll fetch her up," he continued, "I'll fetch her up! My dear—ahem!—congratulate Sir Hervey. It is what we wanted from the first, and though it has not come about quite as we expected, nothing could give us greater pleasure. It's an alliance welcome in every respect. Yes, yes, I'll bring her up."

He hurried out, while the duchess hastened to add a few words of further congratulation, and Mrs. Northey stood silent and waiting, her face now red, now pale, with ill temper. She had every rea-

son to be satisfied, for, except in the matter of Tom—and there Sophia had thwarted her selfish plans—all had turned out as she wished, but not through her, there was the rub! On the contrary, she had been duped, she felt it. She had been tricked into betraying how little heart she had, how little affection for her sister; and bitterly she resented the exposure.

But even her face cleared a little when Sophia appeared. As the girl moved forward on Sir Hervey's arm—who went gallantly to the door to meet her—she exhibited not the blushing pride of a woman vain of her conquest, glorying in the trick she had played the world, but the timid, frightened face of a shrinking child. Her eyes sought the floor nervously; her bearing was the farthest removed from exultation it was possible to conceive. So different, indeed, was she from all they had looked to see, that even Mrs. Northey found the cold reconciliation which her husband labored to bring about more feasible, the frigid kiss more possible, than she had thought; while to the duchess the bride's aspect seemed so unnatural that she drew Sir Hervey aside and questioned him keenly.

"What have you done to her?" she said. "That a runaway bride! Why, if she had been dragged to the altar and sold to a Jew broker, she could hardly look more downhearted! Sho, man, what is it?"

"She's troubled about her brother," Coke explained. "She saved him from a wretched match, but he's taken himself off, and we don't know where to look for him."

"Fudge!" the good natured duchess answered, striking him on the shoulder with her fan. "Her brother? I don't believe it."

"My dear duchess," Coke remonstrated, "half a dozen witnesses are prepared to—to swear to it."

"I don't believe it."

"Yet you think she's unhappy?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well," Sir Hervey answered, and for a moment a gleam which the duchess could not interpret shone in his eyes, "wait six months. If she is not happy then—I mean," he added, hastily correcting himself, "if she does not look happy then, I have made a mistake."

The duchess stared. "Or she?" she said.

"No, I," he answered, almost in a whisper; "I only, duchess."

She nodded, understanding somewhat; not all. "Oh!" she said; and looked him over, considering what kind of a lover she would have thought him in the old days when all men presented themselves in that capacity, and were measured by maiden eyes. She seemed to find him satisfactory enough. "What are your plans?" she said.

"I am going to Coke Hall tonight, to give the necessary orders. There are changes to be made."

"Quick work!" she said, smiling. "Leaving her?"

"Yes."

"You are not killing her with kindness, then, my friend?"

"She will follow in two or three days."

"In the mean time—she stays here?" she asked, with a glance round the room that said much.

"Well, no," Sir Hervey answered slowly, his face growing hard. "I don't quite know—it has all been very sudden, you know."

"I'll take her if you like," the duchess said impulsively.

Sir Hervey's face grew pink. "You

dear, good, great lady!" he said. "Will you do that?"

"For you I will," she said; "if it will help you."

"Will it not?" he cried; and, stooping over her hand, he kissed it after the fashion of the day, but a little more warmly—we were going to say, a little more warmly than the duke would have approved.

In the mean time, Mrs. Northey had left the room, to take order for "my lady's" packing; and Mr. Northey, who was dying for a word with her on the astonishing event, had followed, with a murmured apology and an indistinct word about a carriage. Sophia was thus left tête-à-tête with the one person in the room who had not approached her, who had not offered felicitation or compliment; but who now, after assuring herself by a hurried glance that the duchess was out of hearing, hastened to deliver her mind.

"Wait till you want to elope again, miss," Lady Betty hissed, in a fierce whisper, "and see if I'll help you! Oh, you deceitful cat, you! To trick me with a long story of your lover and your wrongs, and your dear, dear Irishman! And then to come back 'my lady' and we're all to bow down to you! Oh, you false, humdrum creature!"

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN SYLVIA SAUNTERS BY.

When Sylvia saunters by, my lad,
Upon her winsome way,
He who would mope or moon, egad,
Is but a dolt, I say!
For what's a tongue the maids among?
For what's a gallant eye?
My heart tunes up—"be young! be young!"
When Sylvia saunters by.

When Sylvia saunters by, my lad,
Oh, then the field path calls!
If groves erewhile were somber sad
They now ring madrigals.
To see such grace the leaves that lace
Above her peer and spy;
Each flower puts on a bridegroom face
When Sylvia saunters by.

When Sylvia saunters by, my lad,
Oh, then it's, Care, go to!
Gray votaress of the sour and sad,
My vows are not for you!
Be mine, be mine one constant shrine
Whereto my feet may fly,
And that—but, faith, you may divine
When Sylvia saunters by!

Clinton Scollard.

A LITTLE JOURNEY INTO BOHEMIA

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE DISCOURAGING EXPERIENCES THAT BEFELL AN EARNEST SEEKER AFTER A BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL REGION WHICH IS NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY MAP OF THESE UNITED STATES.



OR reasons which time has rendered even vaguer and more immaterial than they were in the beginning, Felicia in her youth was afflicted with a disdain of the well ordered comforts of domesticity and the Philistine pleasures of conventionality.

She resolved, therefore, to become a Bohemian, regardless of the warnings of wise men who, after many wearing quests

of Bohemia, now sat about the firesides of Philistia and proclaimed that the place and the people she sought did not exist within the boundaries of these free and equal States.

Felicia, being young and untried, knew better than these veterans of many explorations. She was not turned from her purpose by their croakings as they carved the family joints and trod the family body Brussels to which they had all come back. She saw in imagination the single chop of independence, eaten perhaps in company with other single chops of independence, and the bare floors and time dimmed rugs of her promised land. She smiled in happy unbelief upon the dismal tales.

"It would be as wise," they said, "to look for Arcady on Beacon Street or Madison Avenue."

Again Felicia smiled with the insolent ignorance of youth which knows so many things that are not true.

"Arcady," said she, "is in the very heart of Bohemia."

Then she went forth, and the things she found in her quest are here set down.

She soon learned that to many worthy

persons the whole theory and practice of Bohemianism consisted in eating indifferent food in restaurants not even indifferent. Though by day they were the veriest plodders, compounding panaceas, manufacturing buttons, selling hardware, or revising rent rolls, if night but found them drinking vinegary claret in a dingy diningroom, and smiling constantly to convey the impression of utter gaiety, they felt that they could read their title clear to position in Bohemia. As the restaurants patronized by these were set somewhat out of the track beaten for middle class feet, it was held to be almost valorous to journey to them, while to discover one placed a man in the front rank of heroes.

Felicia learned that there was everything in a name to a restaurant aspiring to this sort of discovery—and a reputation for Bohemianism is to a restaurant what a rumor of recently found gold is to a mining region, or carefully disseminated gossip concerning his dangerousness to an aging beau. Such a place must either proclaim itself "The Purple Pig" or "The Pink Parrot," or it must insist upon being known, tersely and memorably, by the Christian name of its proprietress. "Jennie's" was running "The Purple Pig" a close race for supremacy the season when Felicia entered upon her quest, and "Sophie's" was just sinking again, along with "The Crimson Canary," into the oblivion from which it had been dragged by the derrick-like vigor of the Bohemians the season before.

In the Purple Pig Felicia entered upon her novitiate. The Pig, as the initiated called it with airy intimacy, stood in a dark and evil smelling street illumined nightmarishly by lights from purple globes

above the restaurant door. Within there was a frieze in violet representing various scenes of porcine activity and idleness. Newcomers were expected to find this happy bit of decoration so mirth inspiring that a little dulness among the diners could be overlooked.

At the entrance to the Pig the squalid children of the neighborhood swarmed to watch the parties deposited from hansoms and hacks, to touch the soft dresses of the women, to beg unblushingly from mild and moon faced masculine Bohemians, or to try to sell papers to grimmer ones. The children assumed in their childish way that the evening's news might be a godsend to a diner at the Purple Pig.

Felicia was astonished at the display of carriages, but she learned before long that in the particular circle of Bohemia in which she was then moving, a slum restaurant is no more to be approached on foot than a journey through Chinatown is to be made without a guide and a detective. Thus she saw that the high ideal of the Cook's tourist had penetrated into the care free regions into which she was entering.

The food dispensed by the Purple Pig was not bad, but this did not impress Felicia overwhelmingly. She had dined well before she turned her back upon the large and lackeyed diningrooms of up town hotels; she had even dined well at home.

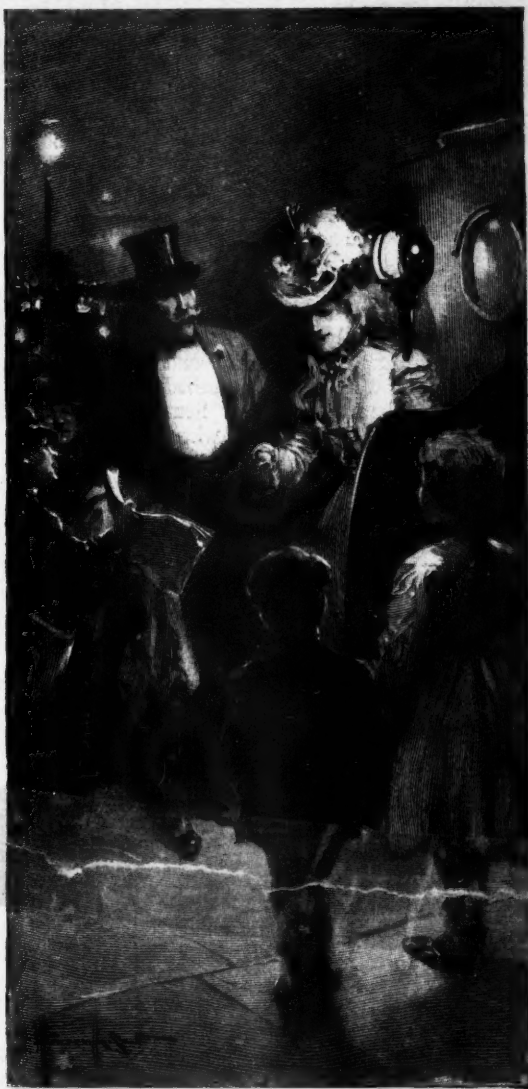
"See the men smoke!" cried Felicia's sponsor, observing that the neophyte was not swept off her feet by the glad abandon of the scene.

"I've seen men smoke before," said Felicia sternly, intending to impress her sponsor with the knowledge that no spurious Bohemia could be palmed off on her.

"Ah, but see the women drink!" cried

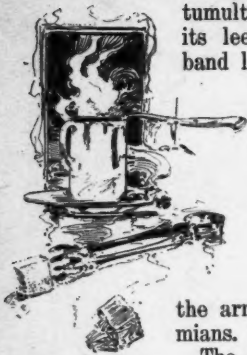
the sponsor in triumphant retort to the criticism in Felicia's tone.

The patrons of the Purple Pig in this



"AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PIG THE SQUALID CHILDREN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD SWARMED TO WATCH THE PARTIES DEPOSITED FROM HANSOMS AND HACKS."

time of its prosperity were of the class which does not discover, but which flocks with sheep-like unanimity wherever it is led. If the Pig had once had some characteristic worthy of note — some dish oddly seasoned, something wild and



tumultuous in the music its leering magician of a band leader produced each night, something characteristically foreign in the groups that had dawdled over their dinners and drinks—all that had been changed by the onslaught of the army of hansom Bohemians.

The master musician leered more than ever, but he played no other airs than those the hurdygurdy ground out harshly on the street. The Bohemians knew these airs and beat time to them with nodding, flushed faces or with forks and spoons. Sometimes they joined in the choruses when these were particularly to their liking, and the Purple Pig was a pandemonium with the braying of its band and the humming and the shouting of its guests and the hurrying and scrambling of its waiters.

The Bohemians, when they thus gave themselves up to the spirit of the occasion, smiled self consciously, as who should say: "Aren't we too free and easy for anything? Aren't we Bohemian, though?" But, until they reached this stage of brotherhood, the groups at each of the closely set little tables were wont to look upon those at the others with deeper doubts of their respectability and solvency apparent than is customary in resorts less Bohemian.

The doubts, by the way, were generally undeserved, for almost without exception the parties came from that eminently respectable class in society which boards because its women dislike domestic cares, and because "you can have so much better an address if you board than if you keep house."

"What do you think of them?" asked Felicia's sponsor, when the evening was drawing to a close. Felicia stirred her coffee, and answered with the bitterness of youth which has not learned to smile over the crumbling of its ideals:

"Bohemians! I've been in Monday morning bargain rushes with most of these women!"

And as it was impossible to persuade her that the true Bohemian was a bargain

seeker, much less a diligent and exact student of Sunday advertisements, it was impossible to convince her that the Purple Pig was worth revisiting.

Some of the Bohemians of Jennie's, who knew Felicia, rejoiced over her disdain for the Purple Pig.

"Aha!" they said. "Of course. What have we always said? The Pig's had a boom this season, it's bound to collapse. Why? Because there's no true Bohemianism at the Pig. Come to Jennie's some Saturday night and we'll show you! Just our own crowd—and any friends we choose to bring—writers, artists, wits, a politician or two; good dinner; Jennie herself looking in on us to see how everything goes. A toast or two—a song or two—everything informal and jolly. Come on down."

Felicia's cruelly shattered hopes began to piece themselves into a tidy whole again at this invitation; and to Jennie's she went the next Saturday night.

There were no hansoms at the door—an auspicious sign in itself. And in a back room a large table was spread, already half surrounded by the Bohemians. From chair to chair a pompous little man strutted, and at every place he was greeted with laughter.

"Who is he?" asked Felicia.

"He's Billy Buster—the writer, you know."

"I'm afraid I don't know," said Felicia humbly. "What has he written?"

"Oh, he doesn't write books," replied Felicia's host with easy contempt for such literature as finds its way between covers.

"He writes for the papers."

"I see," said Felicia, humbly again. And then, stung by curiosity, she added: "What paper?"

"Oh, any paper! He's a free lance. And he's the regular master of ceremonies here on Saturday evenings."

If Mr. Buster had been Napoleon, master of Europe, he could scarce have borne himself more grandly. He was in great demand. His hospitable progress around the table to assure all comers that they were entirely welcome to the dinner—for which they each paid one dollar—was constantly interrupted. Fellow Bohemians called him aside and talked to him with excited gestures. He was calm, judicial, nodding wisely now and then. Stray guests from the outer din-

ingroom, where such of the general public as patronized Jennie's were fed, came to the door and asked, seeing him, who he was. But this and all the other attentions due to greatness Mr. Buster bore unblushingly—unless the constant and unwavering red of his countenance could be taken for a perpetual blush at his own

Buster, the "free lances" of various arts and professions, and many of them bore that unimpeachable witness to the one time power of their attractions, the married title to their names.

One of them sat next to Felicia. She seemed to be a person having authority, for when she spoke every one listened; and although a hysterically vivacious young lady at one side of the table and a



"JENNIE HERSELF, ACCORDING TO CONTRACT, HAD APPEARED IN THE ROOM—A GOOD NATURED, MOUNTAINOUS, WAISTLESS WOMAN WITH SLEEVES ROLLED ABOVE HER ELBOWS."

prominence. The unthinking were more apt to attribute it to Jennie's *vin ordinaire*.

Of the ladies who graced the scene Felicia observed with concern that many seemed to have left off banting too soon. Sometimes they had tried to atone for this by imprisoning themselves tightly in whalebones and steels, and then they had harassed and unhappy looks which not even the bubbling spirit of Bohemia could banish. They had passed the apple blossom time of life, many of them, but with true womanly loyalty they declined to alter the style of their attire to suit a shifting outward circumstance. Their dress presumably matched their ageless hearts and emotions, for it was gay and girlish to a degree that the few young girls present could not have outshone if they would. Most of them, Felicia discovered, were like Mr. Billy

languid girl with a drawl at the foot of it, entered upon battles with the authoritative one, they both retired worsted. The leader had merely adopted the simple rule of feminine generalship, "Recall former overthrows," and that had been enough to send the rebels out of the skirmish in bad order.

"Billy, come here," called this lady, unfastening the tulle strings that tied a bonnet of violets beneath a chin which, like her name, was triplicate. Mrs. Ethel Wadsworth Brown was the name, and Felicia was surprised to observe that a lady so largely gifted herself always insisted upon addressing every one else by the briefest and most familiar title possible.

To this queen of the revels Billy Buster obediently came, and Felicia, waiting to hear "lovely laughter leap and fall

upon their lips in madrigals," was pained almost to petrification at the conversation which followed. Mrs. Ethel Wadsworth Brown wanted no more of "Belle Bolton's coon songs." She "put her foot down once for all on Sankey's everlasting speech"—and Mrs. Brown's foot was one to crush things less frail than speech. She begged to know of Mr. Buster if he intended "to let that fool alderman shoot off his mouth in the same way every week for a century." The Bohemians at Jennie's were delightfully free from pedantry in their English on their Saturday relaxation nights.

Mr. Buster pointed out, in rebuttal of this evidence against him as master of ceremonies, that Miss Bolton, Mr. Sankey, and the city father had all paid their one dollar a week regularly and had as much right to all the privileges of Jennie's as he himself.

"Or even as you," he added darkly to the lady of the triplicate name.

Further hostilities were averted by the entrance of a young man in evening clothes, who managed most artistically to convey the impression of having important appointments to keep and of regarding them as almost too trivial to be kept. He was blond and pale and breezy and bored. He was greeted with loud acclamation. Felicia gathered that he had not graced one of Jennie's Saturday nights for a long time. He explained his absence by assuring the company that "he had been working like a cart horse, by Jove," and the company accepted this explanation with such ready understanding as to force Felicia to the conclusion that Bohemians

as seen at Jennie's were mainly out of steady jobs.

The young man of affairs then proceeded to throw a sad damper upon the cheer that his arrival had caused by announcing that he couldn't stay long; he had just looked in, but, by Jove, he must be off again

at once; it was a confounded nuisance, but he had promised to dine with the bishop that evening, quite forgetting that it was the regular night at Jennie's, and of course he couldn't disappoint the old boy; by Jove, he couldn't.

When the pale young man departed, Felicia found that the average feminine sewing circle, as represented in masculine fiction and satire, is an amiable, Christian institution compared with Bohemia, when any Bohemian presumes to proclaim that he has other affiliations. The friend of the bishop, for instance, had his reputation for veracity in shreds before he could have gained the corner. It was denied that he had ever seen a bishop; even confirmation was not permitted him. His claims to position in the world of labor were laughed to scorn, and finally Mrs. Ethel Wadsworth Brown promised, in low tones, that she would at some convenient time give the feminine Bohemians a full and detailed history of his conduct in the affair of Maude Hilton Hopkins.

The feast was by this time prepared; the table was surrounded now by the Bohemians, Mr. Buster having arranged, with the skill of a man accustomed to planning fashionable wedding breakfasts, that no one should have on both sides enemies with whom he was not on speaking terms. Jennie herself, according to contract, had appeared in the room—a good natured, mountainous, waistless woman with sleeves rolled above her elbows, and with collar turned back from her fat, swarthy neck.

Jennie inquired, as she had every Saturday for uncounted weeks, if "ever-ating was all righ', ha?" and Mr. William Buster had proposed Jennie's health in a speech which Mrs. Brown assured Felicia matched Jennie's query in antiquity.

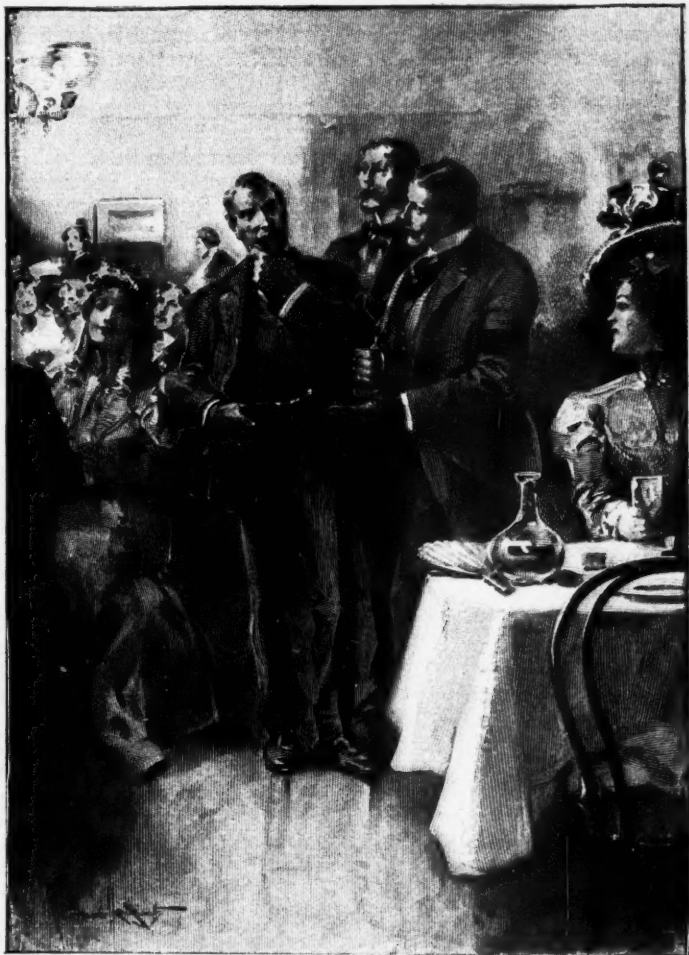
Mrs. Brown, as the *vin ordinaire* flushed her cheeks and loosened her tongue, confided to Felicia, with true Bohemian openness, the private histories of most of the people at the table. She pointed out their foibles and failings, enumerated her own quarrels with them, and described the reconciliations, which were generally preceded by disaster in their families.

"I'm not one to cherish animosity against those in trouble," announced Mrs. Brown. "And when Dan Custer's boy was run over I said to him: 'Let bygones be bygones, Dan,' and now we're the



best of friends. Poor Dan! He has an awful wife—you don't know her, do you? Oh, no, she isn't here. She never comes. 'Tisn't that she isn't a nice enough woman, good and all that—but she doesn't

was about to begin. By this time the dinner itself—watery consommé, pale blue fish, enigmatical entrée, thin and gory roast, and all—had disappeared. Through clouds of smoke, tiny blazes of lighted



"HIS HOSPITABLE PROGRESS AROUND THE ROOM TO ASSURE ALL COMERS THAT THEY WERE ENTIRELY WELCOME TO THE DINNER, WAS CONSTANTLY INTERRUPTED."

understand Dan's temperament. She isn't in sympathy with him. Ah, well!"—and Mrs. Brown gave an autobiographical sigh—"very few of us find real understanding in our homes."

Mrs. Brown would probably have gone on to elucidate the sigh, thereby destroying the absent Mr. Brown's reputation for appreciation, had not the master of ceremonies announced that the performance

cognac flared blue and bright. Girls lit cigarettes with immense bravado and drank layer off layer of liqueur from their *pousse cafés*, making wagers on the mathematical accuracy of their feat. There was plenty of laughter in the ugly little room. There was loud talk and there was the buzz of whispered conversation. The men joked with a waitress, who apparently believed the whole art of

waiting to consist in tossing her head and dazzling the onlookers with a display of white teeth, and the women looked at her keenly and made mental ratings of her charms.

Mr. Buster, by one of those rhetorical flights easy on such an occasion, made the novel announcement that after the feast of food and flow of wine, there would now be a feast of reason and flow of soul. Whereupon the alderman from the Ninth Ward, who represented politics in the distinguished company, cried, "Hear, hear!" The alderman himself intended to speak later.

Mrs. Brown inquired of Felicia if she would not have known by intuition that that was Billy's invariable introduction to the festivities. And Felicia, looking down the table, stained now with wine and coffee and marred with ashes, wondered if the mental and spiritual banquet promised could by any possibility atone for the shortcomings in the material one.

The novelties on the program were "The New Bully," by Miss Belle Bolton—whereat Mrs. Brown snorted defiantly; a rambling speech by the alderman, who wanted to tell them all, though they weren't all in the same line of business, and though any way talking was not so much in his line as acting—ask anybody in the Ninth Ward for that—but, any way, he did want to tell them how much he had enjoyed admission to their ranks, and how—he wasn't very much of a hand at speechmaking, but how much he believed in plain, jovial friendliness without any frills—Bohemianism, if any one felt like calling it that; he called it plain good fellowship.

"You'd think we all had votes to hear him getting that off, wouldn't you?" inquired Mrs. Brown. But a tall, pale, red haired, green gowned young lady with an uncorseted and uncombed effect, had begun to recite that elocutionary novelty, "A Legend of Bregenz," and Felicia did not reply. She had been transported in memory to the grammar school, and she observed the rule of silence which was enforced there.

At the conclusion of the evening at

Jennie's, Felicia's mind seemed to be crumpled and crowded with intellectual débris—scraps of quarrels, bits of scandal, heaps of shopworn jokes. She shuddered at the thought of the dreary entertainment and almost forsook Bohemia then and there. But in a day or two the intellectual indigestion produced by Mr. Buster's witticisms and Mrs. Ethel Wadsworth Brown's confidences disappeared, and again Felicia was ready for the search.

She learned in time, with great joy, that though those Bohemians who don Bohemianism, like a dinner coat, for restaurant use only, were many, they did not constitute the entire sect. There were those who preserved it in their homes, who were as flamboyantly Bohemian in their flats and houses as Mrs. Brown was at Jennie's. Among these, she reasoned, she would find what she sought—light hearted merriment, a spirit open and adventurous, affections warm and tender, artistic tastes, strong individualities, mirth not acrid, and informality which was neither rudeness nor slovenliness. She felt that she did well to look for this among the Bohemians at home. To seek it in the restaurants of the class was, after all, she admitted, like expecting to know the dignity and worth of fashionable society from dining at the Astoria.

She found that in some places it is resolved upon, as if it were Unitarianism or woman's rights, from motives of principle, instead of from temperamental disdain of little formalities and temperamental delight in little pleasures. People reasoned that unconventionality was good—and then they soberly

proceeded to be unconventional, sometimes going to the mad length of listening to an opera unchaperoned, or going to a Symphony concert with only admission tickets and trusting to luck for seats. Sometimes, to justify fully their claims to the thrice blessed title of Bohemian, they dined in a restaurant which might be reached only from an alley, and after that they went about for weeks with the light in their eyes of those who have dared much for the faith that is in them.



Less subtle was the Bohemianism which Felicia found in other quarters. She discovered that the usefulness of the term was infinite, and the meaning elastic enough to fit all forms of rudeness and many of the minor vices. To one young man Bohemia was coextensive with that geographically shifting but temperamentally constant region, the after the theater district renowned for broiled live lobsters and the gracious presence of many of the lights of stage-land. Another enlarged it to include alcoholic wards of various hospitals and the other resorts which are the corollaries, so to speak, of those of the after the theater region.

"There's as jolly a crowd of Bohemians there," said one, referring to an institution for the upbuilding of alcoholic wrecks, "as you'll find anywhere."

Even a more liberal interpretation was given to the graciously elastic term by a youth who remarked nonchalantly:

"James and I nearly had a row last night."

"Why?" asked Felicia, with the interest the normally constituted mind gives to affairs which do not concern it.

"Oh, I pulled his wife's nose, and——"

"What!" cried Felicia.

The young man looked amazed at her surprise. Then he explained.

"Oh, we're all Bohemians," he said.

And Felicia pondered deeply.

Studying further, she discovered that ladies addicted to the wearing of wrappers at reception hours, and gentlemen who dined in their shirt sleeves—provided that they both knew better—were Bohemians. Of course, if they were ignorant of the usages of society on these points, they were merely "common."

She found that Mrs. Smith explained her torn tablecloth as a bit of Bohemianism, and that Mr. Brown's morning headache was attributed to the evening at the Bohemian Club. She learned that when Mrs. Leroy, of a neighborhood eminently

respectable, sent her husband armed with a tall pitcher to the nearest saloon for beer, it was one of the pleasantries of Bohemia, although, of course, when Mrs.



"THE ALDERMAN WHO WANTED TO TELL THEM ALL—HOW MUCH HE HAD ENJOYED ADMISSION TO THEIR RANKS."

Leary of the slums made similar provision for entertaining a mixed ale party, it was low life.

She learned that a tablecloth past its first freshness, chipped china, unmated glass, and a serving maid who joined in the dinner table conversation, meant Bohemia for many in their own households, though the same manifestations would mean only slatternliness in another.

What constitutes petty larceny in some regions, she learned, was forgivable and droll as Bohemianism in another. It was in a household which had been playfully and plentifully supplied with souvenirs from many hotels and railroad companies, in the form of odd spoons, forks, and napery, that this great principle of law and humor was made clear to her. Had it been at her washerwoman's that she had seen the property of the Hotel Cecil and the Pennsylvania Railroad, she would have been seriously disturbed; but in Bohemia she knew that she should merely feel amused.

Here she found that to cook chocolate over a gas jet in the same kettle that has recently held soup was Bohemian to the last degree; and there she learned that to borrow a roommate's coat, hat, or purse without asking was easily explained on the same broad and generous principle, which certainly covers more slipshodness than charity does sins.

Gradually it was forced upon Felicia that the wiseacres who had warned her in the beginning were right; that there was no Bohemia in these free and equal States, and that probably there never would be; that in the place of its birth it was the result of a union between artistic pursuits and straitened circumstances, and that here artistic pursuers are few and those who own to straitened circumstances even fewer; that here, happily or unhappily, the Anglo Saxon ideals—family and eminent respectability—are deep rooted, and the Gallic ideals—art, the individual, and freedom—do not flourish. So that the Bohemia she had found, not being a

natural growth of the social system, but an excrescence, was ugly, like all excrescences. And with a sigh she set her face again toward Philistia.

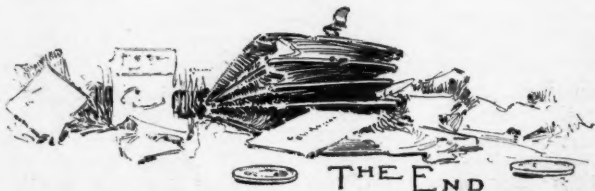
There were fresh white curtains flying in the windows when she arrived, the flower beds were fresh watered, and the lawns fresh clipped. There were round cheeked children playing in the yards. Felicia stooped to kiss the first one she could lay her hands upon.

"Funny," she said to herself, "but I don't remember seeing a child in Bohemia."

The veterans of former expeditions looked up from the papers they were reading on their porches. They smiled at her.

"How did you like it?" they asked.

Felicia paused and answered earnestly. "Tell me," she said—"I know that it explains intemperance, excuses petty theft, dignifies rudeness, and glorifies slovenliness. But tell me—has it ever been used as a defense in cases of murder and arson?"



OCTOBER.

OCTOBER is the heartiest, happiest maid
That e'er danced lightly through a happy land,
With ruddy leaves and goldenrod arrayed.

She sings through field and forest undismayed;
The vine yields all his clusters to her hand.
October is the heartiest, happiest maid.

Her hair is caught in many a nut brown braid;
Strong limbed is she, with sun kissed cheeks and tanned,
With ruddy leaves and goldenrod arrayed.

I would that I might meet her in some glade,
Where timid Dryads wait on her command—
October is the heartiest, happiest maid—

Or see her by the wild waves, unafraid,
Sport with some naïad on the foam flecked sand,
With ruddy leaves and goldenrod arrayed.

Would I might follow where her course is laid!
Oh, sweet brunette, what frost could bid me stand
With ruddy leaves and goldenrod arrayed,
October is the heartiest, happiest maid.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

BROADWAY'S GRENADIERS.

BY JOHN W. HARRINGTON.

THE UNIQUE REGIMENT OF GIANTS THAT GUARD THE CHIEF STREET OF THE CHIEF AMERICAN CITY—AT ONE MOMENT THE BROADWAY POLICEMAN IS CALLED UPON TO DIRECT A STRANGER, AT THE NEXT TO RISK HIS LIFE IN STOPPING A RUNAWAY.



CABLE cars, cabs, trucks, and wagons, divided into two streams, one up and one down—that was Broadway. I can remember it as well as if it were yesterday. From the Fourth Street corner came a babel of voices. Men and women were running from the sidewalks to the shelter of the store fronts. The cable cars stopped. Trucks turned to the curb. The jam parted, and down the street plunged a horse, a frothing bit between his teeth, his breast flecked with foam. The light wagon which he drew swayed from side to side. A frightened boy, half over the dashboard, clung to the reins. A man of giant build, with feet dragging and knocking over the rough paving blocks, hung to the bridle. Half a block, and then the leather thong gave way. The giant fell to the ground, a hoof struck him upon the head, and wheels passed over his chest. Somebody from the crowd sprang at the horse's head and stopped him. In the street, with his blue coat stained with blood, with a white face turned toward the broiling August sun, lay John Lake—John Lake of the Broadway squad.

Such are the men who compose the Broadway squad. Do you wonder that the New Yorker is proud of them, that he cheers them in the annual police parade, and calls them the city's grenadiers? Do you wonder, too, that we of the Greater City pointed to the past glories of the Broadway squad, and spoke of them with regret when it was formally abolished some three years ago?

Is it surprising that we hailed this old guard with enthusiasm when it returned to the familiar crossing? Again the

Broadway squad! The men six feet tall and more, with broad chests and hearts of oak!

I shall never forget the day when Peter Conlin, then Chief of Police, announced that the most famous body of police in the world would be disbanded.

"The squad," he said, "will be abolished only in the sentimental sense. Some of the men will still be on duty at the old place."

Then I remember another day. I stood in a big armory up town where were assembled four hundred policemen, all more than six feet tall. John McCullagh,



THE WALKING CITY DIRECTORY—"THE GOOD NATURED GIANT IS SUPPOSED TO TELL HER HOW SHE MAY REACH HER VARIOUS DESTINATIONS."



REFRESHING HIS MEMORY—"STUDYING A LITTLE BOOK WHICH TOLD HIM THE NAMES OF STREETS AND AVENUES AND THE PLACES OF INTEREST."

times it is a line of boarding school misses, again an old lady from the country who stands confused at the edge of the car tracks. Were you ever pulled back by a strong arm just as a cable car went whizzing past you? Many a man goes in his absent minded way about this town and often forgets about the things of earth when he starts to make his way over a crossing. There are hundreds of persons who are saved every week by the city's grenadiers. They say "Thank you" and pass on.

Harking back to the case of John Lake. He received a medal from the police commissioners several months after he came out from the hospital. In presenting the token General Fred Grant, then president of the board, looked sharply into the man's face.

"Officer Lake," he said, "saved me

chief of police, passed among them. He selected those straight of limb, deep of chest, and broad of shoulders. Seventy six of the giants marched in the company of the elect. The Broadway squad, abolished after thirty three years of service, had come back again.

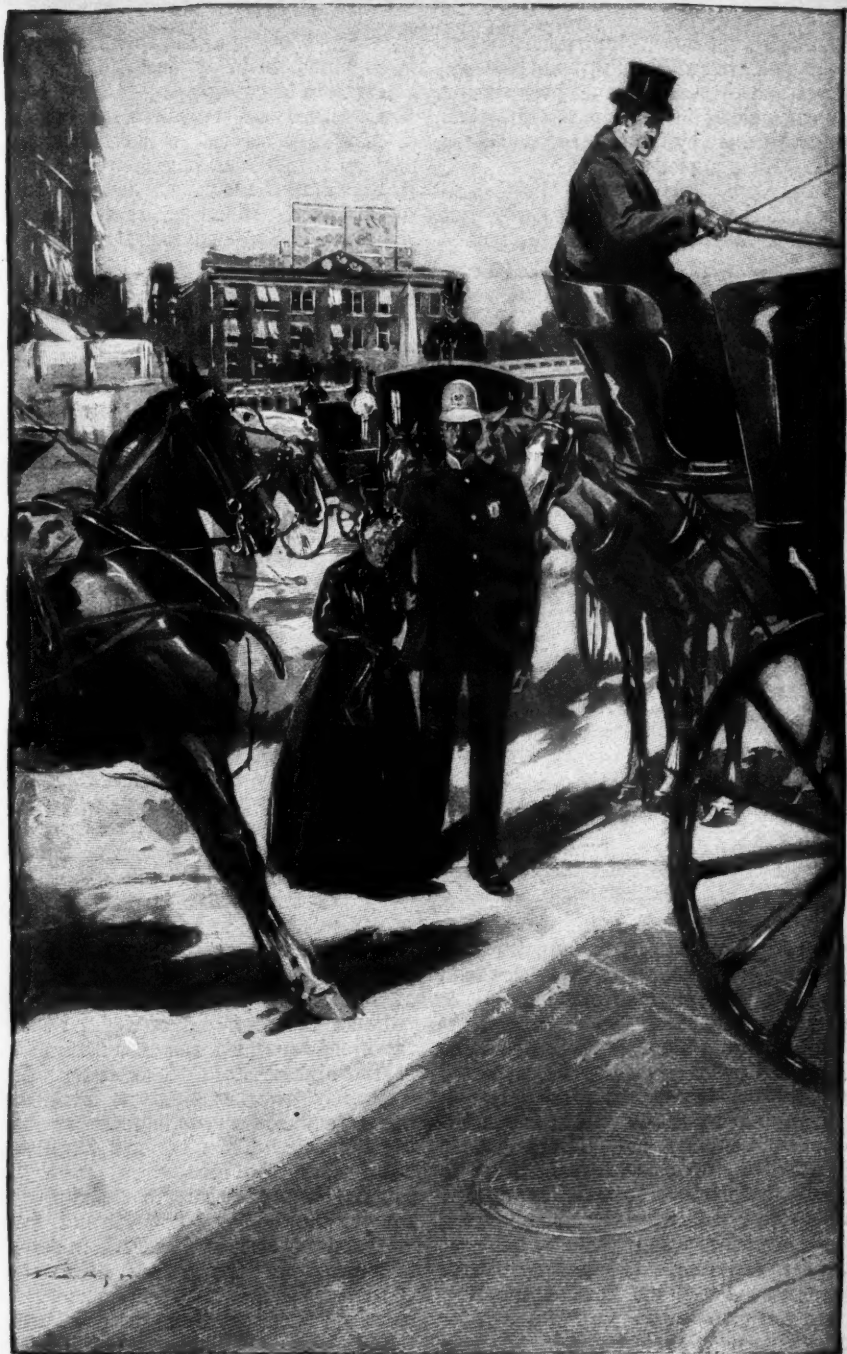
They again took their places in Broadway one day in the early spring of last year. The tallest stood six feet six, the smallest, the pigmy of his kind, six feet one and three fourths inches. Pedestrians stopped at the corners to look at them, and old New Yorkers who joined the occasional groups told of the return of the faithful guard of giant sentinels which had been the pride of Thomas Byrnes, who had set his heart on making it the finest body of police in all the world. That, too, was the idea of John McCullagh.

It is no child's play to stand in Broadway amid the din of traffic and to guide the currents upon which drift trucks, cabs and carriages in endless streams. At every crossing in Broadway from the Battery to Forty Second Street, stands one of the city's grenadiers. At the prominent crossings there are generally two, and sometimes three. Where Broadway and Fifth Avenue merge at Twenty Third Street; where cable or electric cars whirl up and down and across the town, and where stages, hansom, and trucks are constantly passing this way and that, four blue coated giants are constantly on guard.

Did you ever watch them? Did you ever notice how they guide the blind, the lame, and the halt through this whirlpool which roars at the crossing of the currents? Some-



"THEY HAVE A SPECIALLY WATCHFUL EYE FOR THE CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY TO AND FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS."



THE MOST DANGEROUS CROSSING IN NEW YORK—"WHERE BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE MERGE AT TWENTY THIRD STREET; WHERE CABLE OR ELECTRIC CARS WHIRL UP AND DOWN AND ACROSS THE TOWN, AND WHERE STAGES, HANSOMS, AND TRUCKS ARE CONSTANTLY PASSING THIS WAY AND THAT."

from being run over this morning. I was getting off a car at Broadway and Bleecker Street and started to cross over when a car came along in the opposite direction. He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back. He is a good man."

This, after all, is only one of the incidents of the kind which happen to get reported. If the man whom the police-



THE GUARDIAN OF THE CROSSING—"SOMETIMES IT IS A LINE OF BOARDING SCHOOL MISSES."

man had pulled back from the track of the cable car had been anybody else than a commissioner, nothing would have ever been said about it.

The duties of the Broadway squad are diversified. The grenadiers are expected to keep the trucks and carriages from blocking the street, to decide differences between coachmen and drivers, and, if need be, to stop cable cars in order to permit pedestrians to pass by on the other side in safety. They stand between the car tracks. They must be all eyes and ears and arms. It is no easy task to keep from being run down themselves. They have a specially watchful eye for the children on their way to and from the public schools. They are responsible for the safety of the thousands who go over the crossings which they guard when the life of Broadway is at high tide.

Besides that, he of the Broadway squad is supposed to know everything which pertains to the geography of New York. When a nervous woman stops at the crossing and wishes to know how she may go to the shopping district, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and then to the home of somebody or another who lives in Fordham Heights, the good natured giant is supposed to tell her how she may reach her various destinations. We had many a laugh at the expense of the Broadway squad when it first appeared in the street after its long absence. At some of the crossings which were less busy you might have seen a stalwart policeman studying a little book which told him the names of streets and avenues and the places of interest in the city. This was because Chief McCullagh gave instructions that every man of the squad must be able to tell the names of all public buildings, places of amusement, parks and how to get to them. Ferries, railroads, street car lines, rates of carriage hire, rates at the hotels, all these are at their tongue's end. The man who comes from out of town finds in the big policeman at the crossing a guide and friend. He will direct him to the obelisk in Central Park, tell him the nearest way to the Brooklyn Bridge or the waxwork show, and if necessary save his life at the peril of his own.

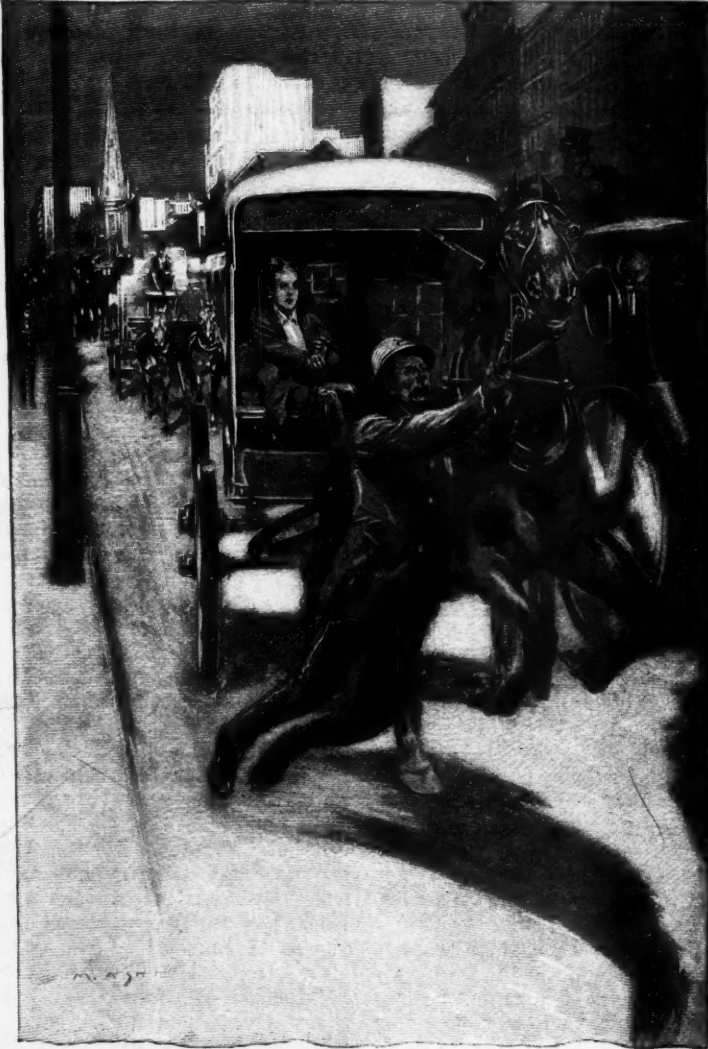
Under the command of Chief Devery the Broadway squad has been maintained in the highest state of efficiency. The constantly growing traffic in Broadway has made it necessary to increase the number of posts. Ten more men have been added since the reorganization of the squad. Some of them are recruits—the country districts send not a few of their most stalwart sons to New York, in search of a place on "the force"; others were chosen from the tallest and most efficient policemen in Brooklyn and Staten Island, after the consolidation of the various boroughs into one great city.

In the days of Thomas Byrnes, the squad had a station house of its own in West Twenty Ninth Street. The squad is

now divided into two divisions, one of which reports at the precinct station in Macdougall Street, and the other at the house of the green lamps in West Thirtieth Street.

guards the crossings from Fourteenth Street to Forty Second. Its commander is Roundsman O'Neill, who stands six feet four inches.

The grenadiers go to their posts at half



A RUNAWAY ON BROADWAY—"DOWN THE STREET PLUNGED A HORSE, A PROTHING BIT BETWEEN HIS TEETH, HIS BREAST FLECKED WITH FOAM."

The Broadway squad now consists of eighty six men. The first division has the territory from the Battery to Fourteenth Street and is commanded by Roundsman Prial, who stands more than six feet high. The second division

past eight o'clock in the morning, have an hour for luncheon, half of them going at a time, and quit work at six o'clock in the evening. They have a chance for a good night's rest and let nobody say that they do not earn it.

THE MODERN SKYSCRAPER.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVOLUTION BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE AMERICAN INVENTION OF THE STEEL FRAME BUILDING—SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE VAST MODERN STRUCTURES THAT OVERTOP THE PYRAMIDS.

"A STEEL bridge standing on end with passenger cars running up and down within it."

This is the engaging definition of a "skyscraper" given me by an architect who is as famous for his quaint conceits of speech as he is for his tall buildings.

It seems odd to speak of any building as a new invention, since there have been buildings almost as long as there have been men; and yet the very fact—and curious enough it is when you come to think of it—that the skyscraper is truly more a bridge than a building, and that cars do actually run on perpendicular tracks within it, makes it not only one of the latest feats of the inventor, but one of the very greatest. For thousands of years every large building in the world was constructed with enormous walls of masonry to hold up the inner framework of floors and partitions. It was a substantial and worthy method of construction, and there seemed no need of changing it. But one day a daring builder with an idea astonished the world by reversing this order of construction, and building an inner framework strong enough to hold up the outside walls of masonry. The invention was instantly successful, so that today the construction of a tall building is "not architecture," as one writer observes, "but engineering with a stone veneer."

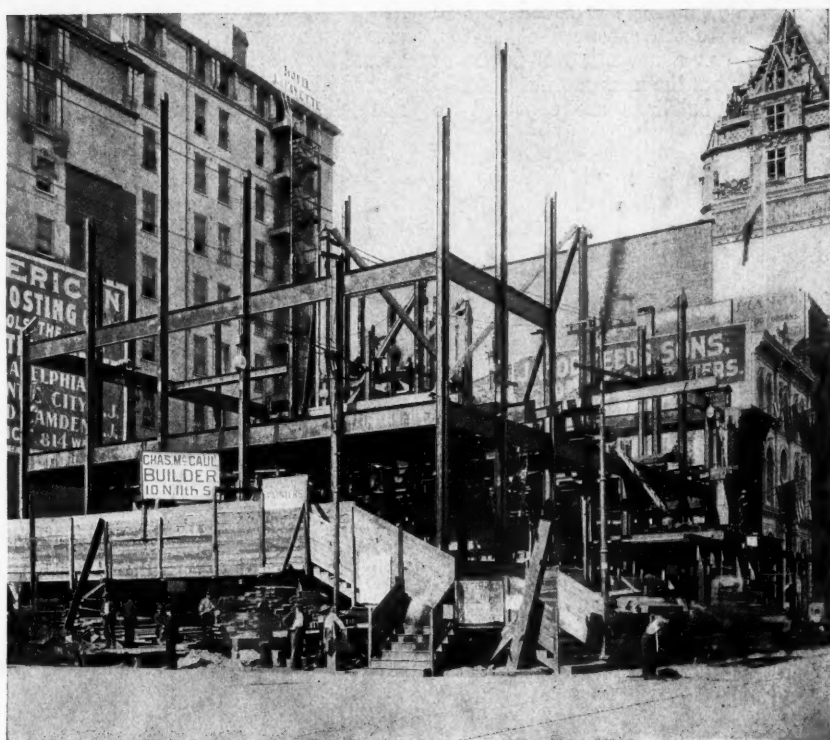
Ten years ago, in 1889, there was not a steel frame building in the world; today there are scores of them in American cities, the heights varying from seven stories up to thirty, making them by all odds the greatest structures reared by the hand of man. The idea of constructing a building like a bridge is said to have originated in Chicago; it has, indeed, been called the "Chicago construction." Some of the earliest buildings embodying the steel cage idea were the Tacoma Building of Chicago and the Tower Building of New York, both completed in 1889.

Nearly all of the earlier skyscrapers were constructed in spite of opposition and prophecies of failure from scores of experienced builders, often including the building commissioners who issued the permits.

Every invention has its reason for being. Unless it is needed, it does not appear. So with the skyscraper. Great cities had grown with a rapidity unknown anywhere in the world; business centers were much overcrowded; progressive professional men wished to be within easy reach of the districts where money was making fastest. Property owners said: "We can't spread out, so we must go up." In New York single acres are worth more than \$7,000,000. Land of this value covered with buildings of ordinary height could not be made to pay; again the conclusion was resistless: "We must go up." Moreover, engineering and the various processes of steel construction had been advancing at great strides, steel was comparatively cheap, and a light skeleton framework cost less in the beginning and required less room than immense masonry walls. And lastly, and by no means of least importance, the modern elevator had been invented. I remember talking one day with a grizzle headed elevator man in what is now an old skyscraper. He had evidently done some quiet thinking as he traveled up and down, year after year, on his perpendicular railroad.

"Did you ever think," he asked, "that skyscrapers would be an impossibility without elevators? It's a fact. Nothing above seven or eight stories without 'em. You'd never catch any business man climbing eight flights to his office."

And yet if the elevator has made the skyscraper a possibility, the skyscraper has in no less degree developed the elevator; both have gone up together, and both would seem to have approached very near to perfection.



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—AUGUST 6, THE FRAME TWO STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND.

The building of a modern skyscraper is a mighty task, full of difficult problems, more difficult even than those connected with a great steamship, a great bridge, or even a railroad line. Knowing how far the building is going up, the architect must determine from the character of the ground on which it is to stand how far it must go down. In New York many of the greatest buildings have foundations so deep that they rest on the solid rock, seventy five feet below the surface, and there are two or three stories beneath the street, as well as twenty or thirty above. In Chicago all of the great buildings rest on what may reasonably be called flatboats. Indeed, Chicago is a floating city—floating on a bed of soft sand and mud. These boats are made of great timbers, driven straight down, or else of steel rails or steel girders laid crisscross and filled in with cement until they form a huge, solid slab of iron and stone. And as might be expected, these boats frequently tip a little to one side,

so that many of the greatest skyscrapers are slightly out of plumb, like modern towers of Pisa, although they do not lean enough to be at all dangerous.

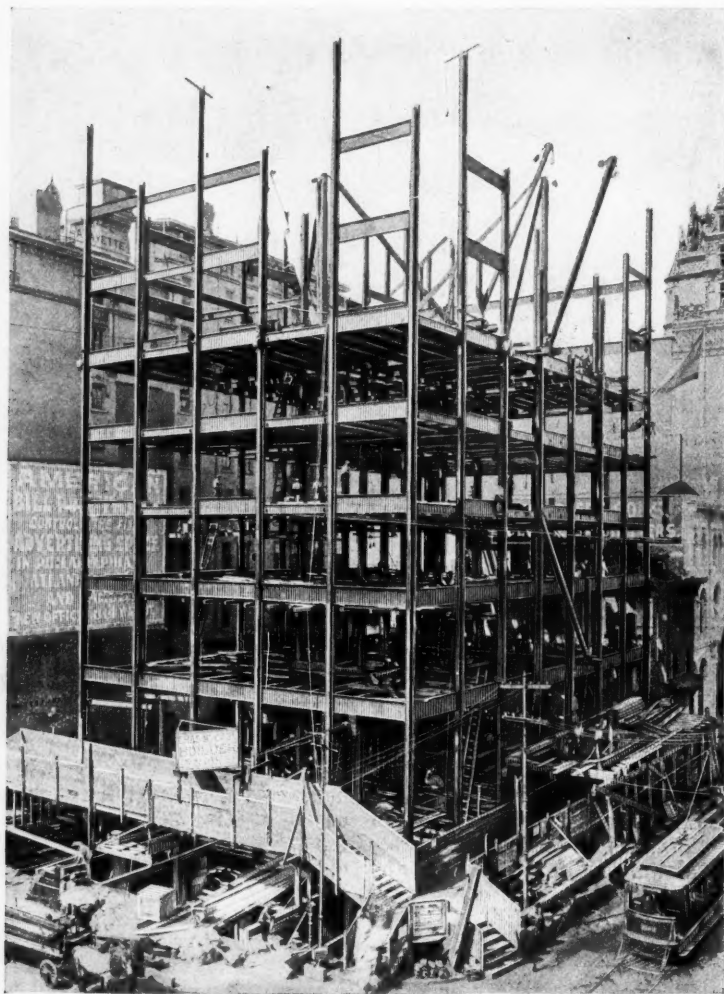
I remember distinctly how a keen eyed newspaper man made the discovery that one of the most famous skyscrapers in the world—and one of the largest—was out of plumb. He was in the sixteenth story of the building across the street. The doctor who occupied the room had tied a weight to a window cord in order to keep the shade well down, thus making it a plumb bob. It so happened that the newspaper man glanced along this cord and across the street to the corner of the great building opposite. At first he couldn't believe his eyes; the cord was certainly plumb, or else all the school books were incorrect; therefore the building must certainly be leaning to one side. He called several friends, and each of them bore him out in his observation. He rushed off in great feather, secured an engineer, and had careful measurements

taken. The building was found to lean nine inches to the eastward at the top, and there was a news "beat" in one of the newspapers the next morning.

All great buildings are expected to

lifting them up with powerful hydraulic presses and inserting a packing of steel should they settle too much.

And thus it will be seen how difficult and delicate a problem the builder must



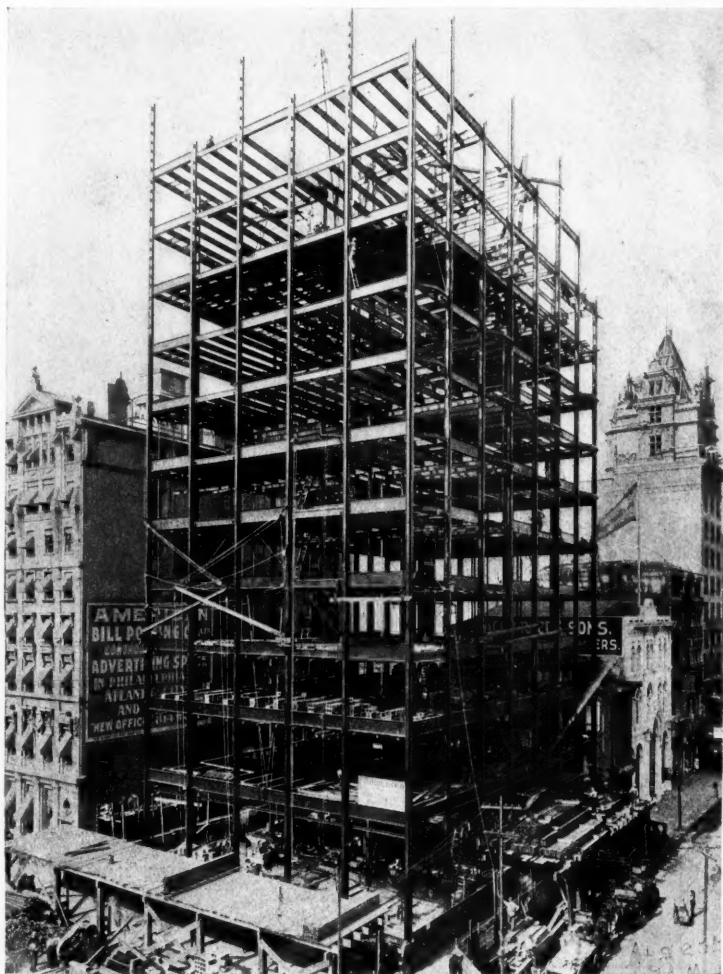
THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—AUGUST 13, THE FRAME SEVEN STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND.

settle, and the main effort is to make this settlement uniform throughout. In New York the tall buildings which rest on a foundation of fine wet sand have all settled from one quarter to nine sixteenths of an inch. The Marquette Building, Chicago, and the St. Paul Building, New York, have provisions made at the bases of their columns for

meet in securing a solid foundation for the end of his bridge which goes into the ground. He must know not only just how much the entire building will weigh, almost to the ton, but he must know the weight of each part of it, so that the load may be equally distributed over the foundation, thereby preventing any tendency to tip over. He must also com-

pute the "live" weight which his building is expected to carry—that is, the furniture, the safes, the tenants themselves. And in Chicago, where the foundation is clay, he must not put a weight of more

against his building, and from what direction most of it is coming; he must even calculate on the pounding of horses' hoofs and heavy wagons on the street outside; he must make provisions for sup-



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—AUGUST 20, THE FRAME ELEVEN STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND.

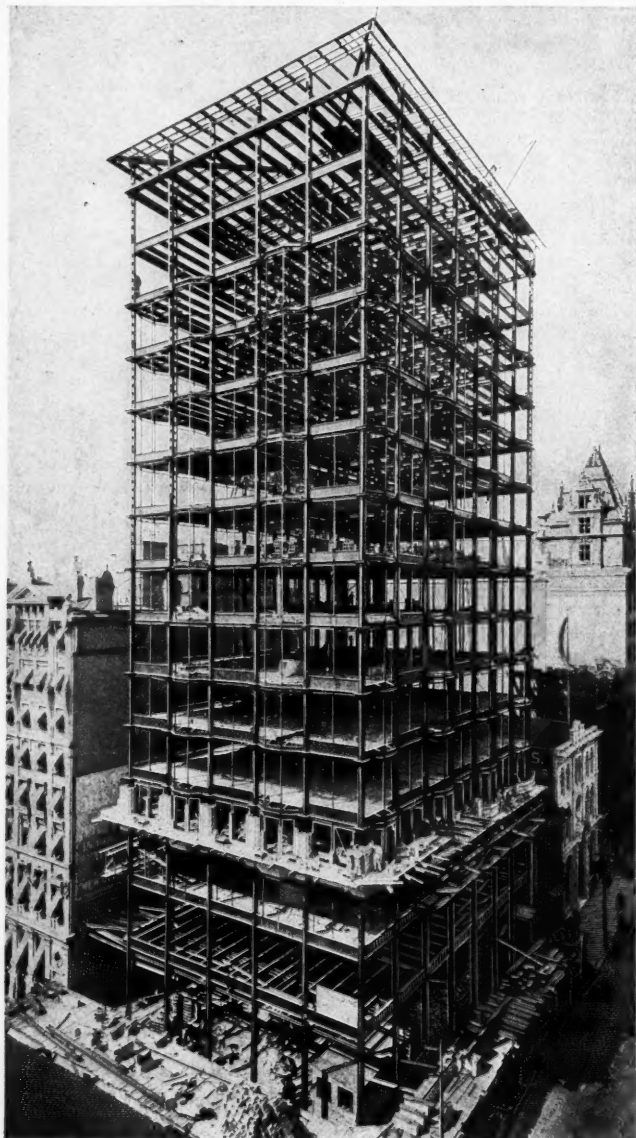
than one and one half to two tons on every square foot of surface; the moist sand and rock of New York will bear more.

Moreover, he must determine exactly how much strain each steel girder, each column, even each rivet, will bear. If he overloads any single girder, he endangers his whole building. Then he must calculate how much wind is going to blow

plying water to the top stories, where the city cannot pump it; he must provide amply against possible fires—and that is one of the most difficult of all the problems; he must see to the prevention of rust in his steel work; he must secure proper ventilation and lighting, so that every room has its windows with a street front, if possible; and, more difficult than all else, he must keep well within the

hampering limits of the city's building laws. These are only a few of thousands of intricate details, not to consider the

its hundreds of rectangular windows, a thing of architectural grace and beauty. Perhaps it will be possible to give the



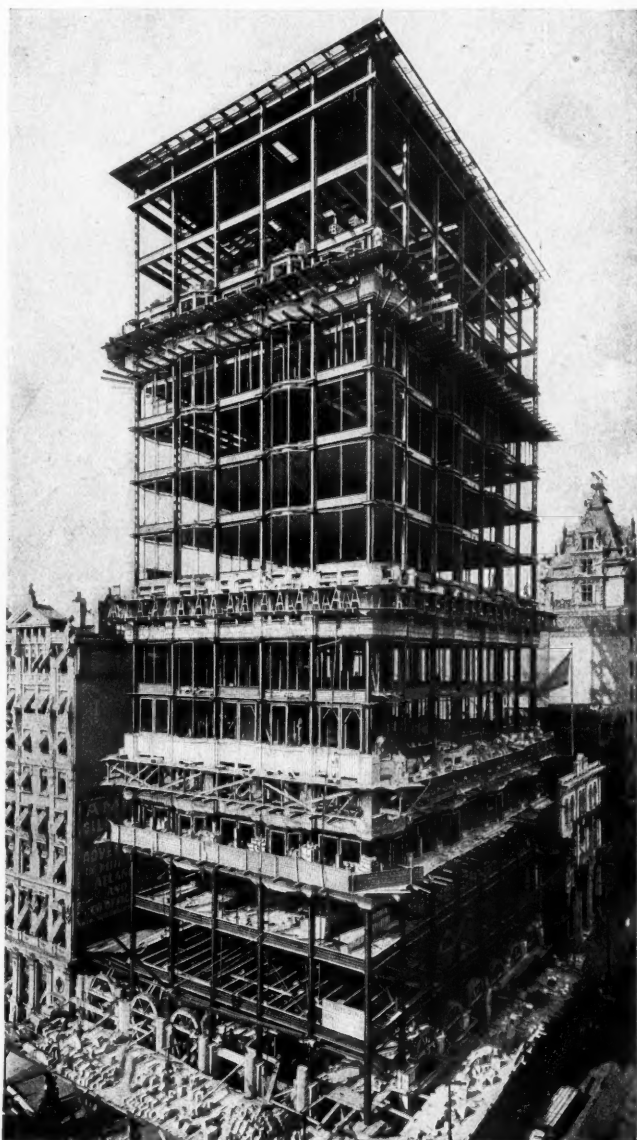
THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—SEPTEMBER 3, THE FRAME COMPLETED, THE WALLS BEGUN AT THE FOURTH STORY.

tremendous question of cost, with which the builder must grapple. And then it sometimes happens that he is blamed if he does not make this tower of steel, with

best idea of what a modern skyscraper really is, when completed, by relating some of the important facts concerning what is now the greatest modern building

—indeed, the tallest inhabited building in the world—the Park Row Building in New York City. It was designed by R. H.

and the lookout of every ship that enters the harbor sees it looming like a huge tower above its neighbors.



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—SEPTEMBER 17, THE WALLS BEGUN AT FIVE DIFFERENT POINTS.

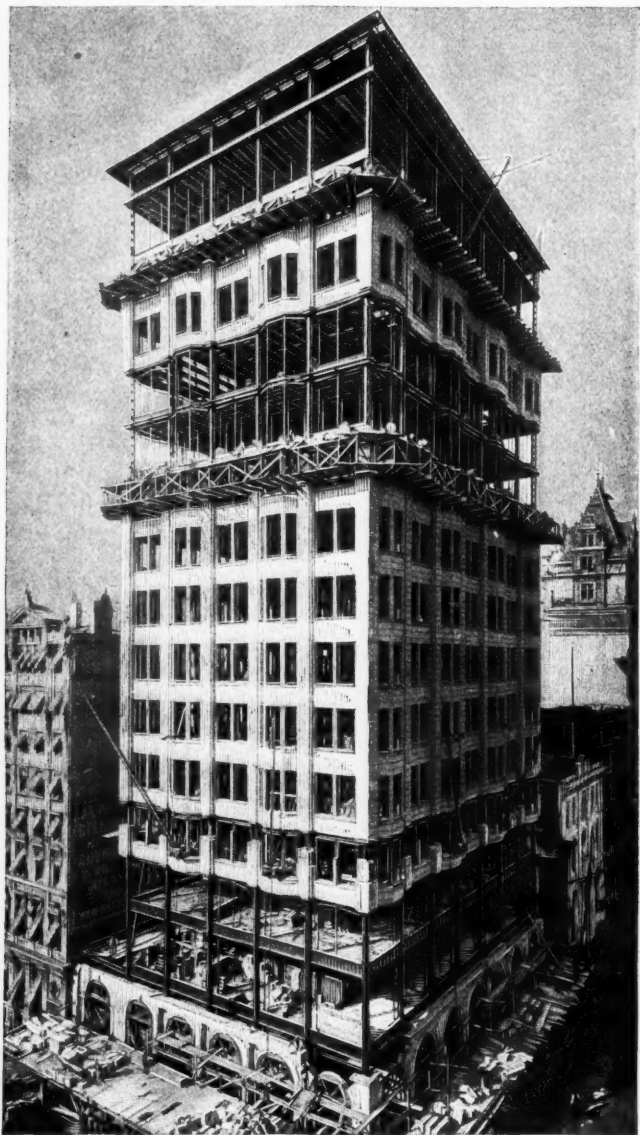
Robertson, and it stands as one of the greatest monuments to the daring and enterprise of the American builder. It can be seen from far out in New Jersey, from Staten Island, from Long Island,

To begin with, it has twenty nine stories, and in height, from the bottom of the foundation, fifty four feet below the street, to the top of its flag poles, the new building spans 501 feet, or nearly one

tenth of a mile—exceeding by fifty feet the extreme height of the Great Pyramid.

It need not be said that a vast amount

furnish the 1,200 great pine piles, some of them 40 feet long, which were driven into the sand of the site. These piles are



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—OCTOBER 1, THE WALLS HALF FINISHED.

of steel and stone, glass and other material, enters into the construction of such a building. As a matter of fact, the building weighs about 20,000 tons. Several acres of timber land were denuded to

in rows, two feet apart, under the vertical columns which support the building. They were driven into the ground as far as they would go under the blows of a one ton hammer. They are thus prepared

to sustain a weight of 20 tons, although the most that will be put upon them is about 16 tons, a margin great enough to

possible, their tops were cut off, the sand was cleared away for a foot down around their upper ends, and concrete was



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—OCTOBER 15, THE WALLS NEARLY COMPLETED.

give any builder a sense of safety. Moreover, they are below the water line, so that they are indestructible by the ordinary process of decay.

When the piles were driven as far as

poured about them, forming a solid rock surface resting securely upon the piles. On this concrete base were laid large blocks of granite, and above them the brick piers of the building.

The weight of the building is not allowed to come directly upon the granite capstones which surmount these piers. of the vertical columns to distribute the weight evenly. The heaviest girder in the building, which lies deep beneath



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—NOVEMBER 5, EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING PRACTICALLY COMPLETED.

Instead, it is distributed by the system of steel girders, some of them eight feet in depth and forty seven feet long. These are in effect big bridges placed between the foundations and the footings

one of the walls, weighs more than fifty two tons.

Above the surface the building is a mere steel framework—a big steel box—built like a cantilever bridge. The walls

are comparatively light, being hardly more than thin sheeting for the skeleton, and, curiously enough, the stonework of the second and some of the higher stories was constructed before the wall foundations were laid, being entirely supported by the steel framework.

As I said before, the dead weight of the building itself is about 20,000 tons. But with the addition of the maximum load which the twenty nine floors are calculated to carry, the total weight of the structure will amount to about 61,400 tons.

There are 950 rooms in the building. Counting four persons to each office, this will make the permanent population of the building nearly 4,000, or equal to that of many a flourishing county seat. To this must be added a large transient population amounting probably to one person for each resident at any given time during business hours. This would make an ordinary population, resident and floating, of 8,000 for this one building. If twenty persons visit each office during the day, there would be 27,000 persons using the building every day. The various elevators have a daily passenger traffic of 60,000, or more than that of many a railway line.

The cost of the building was \$2,400,000, but it will collect more in revenues every year than many a populous county. If a building as high and as large could have been constructed by the old solid masonry process, it would have cost fourteen times as much, and the walls would have been so thick at the base that there would have been no room for offices and stores.

The time may come, and come soon, when buildings higher even than this one may be built. There is nothing in the engineering problem to prevent the construction of a fifty story building, but such a sight will probably never vex the eye of man. Already various American cities are passing laws limiting the height of buildings. Moreover, many property owners feel that time should be given to ascertain how the skyscraper will endure—whether the steel will weaken with rust, whether the foundations will hold true, whether the fireproofing is efficient. Most skyscrapers are only a few years old; but examinations of steel columns erected ten years ago and housed in cement, and of foundation beams lying below the water line, have shown that not even the blue black scale from the rolling

mill finish has turned color. Wherever it is possible, these steel frames are buried in cement, in itself a rust proofing, and under such conditions the steel constructed building promises to stand as long as the building itself shall be satisfactory to its owner and its tenants.

A great office building is really a city under one roof. It has its own electric lighting plant and sometimes a gas plant in addition; it has its own water works system, with a big stand pipe at the top to supply the upper floors, and sometimes an artesian well underneath; it has its own well drilled fire department, with fire plugs on every floor, and hose lines and chemical extinguishers; it has its own police department, for every great building is now supplied with regular detectives who watch for petty thieves and pickpockets, and prevent peddlers and beggars from entering their domain. It is even governed like a city; for the superintendent is the mayor, and he has a large force of workmen always busy cleaning the streets and stairways of the big structure.

In its elevators it has a complete system of electric railroads, and a very wonderful and intricate system it is, too, with automatic arrangements for opening and shutting doors, for indicating exactly where the car is in its ascent and descent, and for preventing accidents from falling. And there is in many of the greatest buildings a complete express service of cars, some cars not stopping below the tenth or some other skyward floor. A number of buildings there are that have their own telephone system as well as connections throughout with city lines, their pneumatic tube parcel and message delivery systems, and at least one has a network of pipes conveying compressed air for power, while every great skyscraper is provided with one or more telegraph, cable, and district messenger offices, so that a tenant sitting at his desk can send a message almost anywhere on earth by merely pushing a button call for a messenger. In the modern mail chute—a long glass and iron tube through which a tenant on any floor may drop a letter to the big box in the basement—the skyscraper has its own mail system. A young Englishman, a friend of mine, who was on his first visit to New York, stood for half an hour watching the

letters flit downward through one of these glass tubes.

"That is the most wonderful thing I've seen in America," he said; "that, and the little tube with red oil in it which tells when the lift is coming."

Many of the modern buildings now have a bathroom on every floor, a regular barber shop, a restaurant on the roof, a stand where the latest newspapers and magazines, cigars and candies may be obtained, with frequently a library to which a tenant may go when looking up references or to while away an idle half hour. In the basement there is frequently a safety deposit vault and a place for storing bicycles; on the first floor, a bank where a business man may keep his money; and somewhere up at the top, not so frequently, a social club. And of late some of the great buildings have actually been provided with bedrooms and bachelor

apartments, so that a tenant may sleep near his offices if he is busy. Indeed, a man might live in a modern skyscraper year in and year out, luxuriously, too, with every want richly supplied, and never pass beyond the revolving storm doors at the street entrance.

As to the future of the skyscraper no one knows definitely, but all the architects prophesy greater beauty. They are learning how to treat these great slim towers so that the effect is pleasing to the eye. In times past the necessity of a facade from 250 to 350 feet high has often resulted in the bold, staring resemblance to a chimney. But the architect is learning to relieve this tendency by treating the stories in groups of four or five. This lessens the effect of extreme height. At the same time the width is made to seem greater than it really is by the addition of cornices and projecting balconies.

THE OLDEST LIVING SENATOR.

BY JOSEPH H. MANLEY.

JAMES W. BRADBURY, OF MAINE, WHO WAS A CLASSMATE OF HAWTHORNE AND LONGFELLOW, AND WHO SAT IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE WITH WEBSTER, CLAY, AND CALHOUN
—HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT AMERICANS HE HAS KNOWN.

TODAY, when a generation has passed since the Civil War, and only a dwindling band of graybeards is left of the mighty hosts that waged it; when the great men of the decades before it seem to belong to ancient history, so far has the world moved since they lived and labored and died, there is still living in the little capital city of the State of Maine a man who was born when Jefferson had not long been President; who went to college with Longfellow and Hawthorne; who entered the United States Senate in the first year of the war with Mexico, and served there with Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, and who left public life eight years before the struggle of North and South began.

At the great age of ninety seven ex Senator Bradbury retains his powers and faculties to a very remarkable degree, and has many interesting reminiscences of things and events of which he is the only living man who can speak from per-

sonal recollection. He belonged to the famous class of 1825 at Bowdoin, of which Longfellow and Hawthorne were members, and which contributed several lesser names to American letters and to public life. Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States, was at the old Maine college with him, but was one year senior to Mr. Bradbury.

"I perfectly recall Longfellow's appearance," he said in a recent talk with the writer; "his slight, erect figure, his delicate complexion, his prominent blue eyes, his flowing auburn hair, and his gentle manner. He was a capital scholar; he excelled in Latin and Greek translation and composition, and in conversation, as well as in our recitations, he showed a fine command of English and a marked literary and poetic taste. He ranked high, and much was expected of him.

"Hawthorne, on the other hand, was negligent of routine work and inattentive in the class room, seldom caring to do

much in the way of preparation. Yet we knew he had high ability; he would sometimes show it in his themes, or in his rendering of some classical author. He was shy and diffident, taking little part in the college life and preferring to wander off on fishing or hunting trips, either alone or with one or two intimate friends. It seemed doubtful whether he possessed enough energy and ambition to make worthy use of the powers that nature had given him.

"Several other members of the class—of which I am now the only survivor—made their mark in life. One was John S. C. Abbott, the historian, who was well liked at Bowdoin, and ranked as a very fair scholar. Another was George B. Cheever, afterwards well known in New England and New York as a preacher and author. At college he showed signs of his later enthusiasm as a reformer. The young man who headed the class, Josiah S. Little, had just entered upon a professional career when he inherited a fortune. It was a pity, as I look at it, for wealth crippled his ambition. He was a good citizen, and served as speaker of the State Assembly; but he should have risen higher. One of my most brilliant classmates was Jonathan Cilley, who would certainly have become eminent in public life had not a murderous duel cut short his career."

When he graduated, in the year in which John Quincy Adams became President, young Bradbury delivered one of the three English orations, the other two being assigned to Longfellow and Cheever. He took up the study of law, and in 1830 began to practise on his own account in Augusta, which had just been made the capital of Maine, admitted as a State only ten years before. The Augusta bar had at the time an unusual number of able lawyers, some of them men of national reputation. There were Reuel Williams, Peleg Sprague, George Evans—all three of whom served in the United States Senate; Frederick Allen, Timothy Boutelle, and others locally remembered. In a comparatively limited field, occupied by such strong competitors, it was not easy for a newcomer to gain a footing; but Mr. Bradbury was not long in establishing himself. When the late Lot M. Morrill—afterwards Governor of Maine, United States Senator, and Secretary of

the Treasury—came to Augusta, the two men formed a partnership which continued for many years with high professional success.

Mr. Bradbury was elected to the Senate, as a Democrat, at the Maine Legislature's session of 1846, and on March 4 of the following year he took his seat at Washington, succeeding George Evans. Thirteen days later, the senior Senator from his State, John Fairfield, died, and his maiden speech was a eulogy upon his dead colleague.

There were giants in the Senate in those days. Its floor was the chief battle ground of the great constitutional struggle that was to culminate, fifteen years later, in secession. Webster and Calhoun, the great protagonists of the opposing causes, were there in the plenitude of their powers. Clay, the silver tongued mediator, after his third defeat for the Presidency, returned to the Senate two years later. Benton, of Missouri, and Cass, of Michigan, were there, two of the political veterans of their time. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, after two terms on the other side of the Capitol, took his seat at the same time as Mr. Bradbury. Chase, of Ohio, and Seward, of New York, came in two years later, and with Hannibal Hamlin, who took the place left vacant by Fairfield's death, helped to complete a group of historical figures who gave the Senate its very best traditions of oratory and statesmanship.

"The three most impressive personalities among my fellow Senators," Mr. Bradbury told the writer, "were undoubtedly those three famous Americans, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. I have never seen another man who equaled Webster in his union of eloquence and intellectual power. He was a striking figure, tall and powerfully built, with a most expressive countenance, and a bearing whose dignity matched his imperial mind. In addressing the Senate his manner of argument was clear, logical, and calm, until he came to some point that he wished specially to impress, and then his words had a fire that he alone could give.

"Calhoun, too, was a man of marvelous powers. Without any apparent attempt at rhetorical display he would enchain the attention of his audience with his strong, rapid, and intense reasoning. He was absolutely honest and sincere in his

political theories, and his control of Southern sentiment was remarkable. When he died, about the middle of my service at Washington, there was a contest for the succession to his place, ending in the recognition of Jefferson Davis as the chief spokesman of his party. The Senate had many able members from the South, and the selection of Mr. Davis was a testimonial to his great skill as a parliamentarian. Socially, too, he was a most polished and attractive man.

"Clay was another born leader—fitted for leadership by personality, intellect, eloquence, and energy. Benton, after the death of John Quincy Adams, was the most learned man on public questions in either branch of Congress. Douglas, the Little Giant, was a very effective debater, and had qualities that made him comparable to Clay as a political leader. Charles Sumner was a scholar of great erudition, and a finished declaimer, but in practical power and business ability he was inferior to some of those whose names I have mentioned. There were several other good speakers and able men in the Senate, notably John A. Dix, of New York; Andrew P. Butler, of South Carolina; and Thomas Jefferson Rusk, of Texas."

During the war with Mexico Senator Bradbury was an earnest supporter of President Polk's administration, which had to conduct the campaigns of Taylor and Scott in the face of bitter opposition in Congress. Every proposal to raise additional regiments, every vote for supplies needed by the men in the field, was stoutly resisted by the Whigs; and when

the capture of the enemy's capital clinched the success of the American arms, the treaty of peace, which brought so vast an accession of territory to the United States, was vehemently denounced by the "anti imperialists" of fifty years ago, and narrowly escaped repudiation in the Senate, where both Senators from Maine spoke and voted for it.

Among the incidents of Mr. Bradbury's service at Washington was the voting, through his efforts, of the first appropriation for improving the navigation of the Kennebec. It was he, too, who secured the passage of a bill reimbursing Maine and Massachusetts for grants of public land made to carry out the promise of the Federal government that settlers along the disputed Canadian frontier should be protected in their holdings, when the line was finally settled by the Ashburton treaty of 1842. It was urged, in objection, that as the States had conveyed the land without waiting to receive any consideration, they were estopped by their own action; but his exposition of the injustice of such a plea proved convincing.

When his term in the Senate ended, Mr. Bradbury left Washington and took up the practice of his profession in Augusta, where his later life has passed uneventfully. He gave up legal work only a few years ago, and he is still actively interested in the affairs of the Maine Historical Society, of which he has been president since 1873, and of his alma mater, Bowdoin College, of which he has been a trustee for forty years.

A RAINY DAY.

THIS is my dream, to have you on a day
Of beating rain and sullen clouds of gloom
Here with me, in the old, familiar room,
Watching the logs beneath the flames' swift play
Burst into strange conceits of bud and bloom.

The things we know about us here and there,
The books we love, half read, on floor and knee,
The stein the Dutchman brought from overseas
Standing invitingly beside your chair,
The while we quote and talk and—disagree;

Rebuild the castles that we reared in Spain,
Reread the poet that our childhood knew,
With eyes that meet when some quaint thought rings true.
Oh, friend, for some such day of cheer and rain,
Books, and the dear companionship of you!

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

THE KING'S MIRROR.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THIS is the story of the life of a young king, Augustin, as told by himself. After describing his coronation and boyhood, he tells of an early love affair with the American wife of the Count von Sempach, who is now his minister to France; and of his meeting with Coralie Mansoni, a beautiful opera singer, who was the cause of a quarrel between him and Wetter, the leader of the Liberal party in Forstadt, which resulted in a duel whereby the young monarch nearly lost his life. When, finally, Augustin reaches the age of twenty four, there come to court the Duchess of Bartenstein and her eighteen year old daughter Elsa, who has been selected as the king's bride; and after the brief period allotted for their courtship, he makes his avowal and they are publicly betrothed. Augustin has regarded the coming of his prospective queen with a feeling of apathy, tempered only with a kind of pity for the young girl, who is thus forced into wedlock with a man who is almost a stranger to her. He soon finds, however, that, far from feeling herself an object of compassion, Elsa is elated at the prospect before her, although he himself plainly inspires in her no particular feeling of affection. Indeed, the girl displays a marked preference for the society of Varvilliers, a young French nobleman, who is a friend of the king. After Elsa and her mother return to Bartenstein to make preparations for the wedding, which is to take place within a month, Augustin learns that Wetter, who is now his firm friend, is in Paris, and so, traveling incognito as Baron Neberhausen, he goes to seek him. He finds Wetter in company with M. Struboff, the fat impresario who has become the husband of Coralie, and although the hour is somewhat late, the three men pay a visit to the singer's apartments. It soon appears that Wetter takes a malicious pleasure in tormenting M. Struboff.

XXIV.

VOHRENLORF was waiting for me, a little anxious, infinitely sleepy. I dismissed him at once and sat down to read my letters. I had the feeling that I would think about all these matters tomorrow, but I was also pervaded by a satisfaction. My mind was being fed. The air here nourished, the air of Artenberg starved. I complimented Paris on a virtue not her own; the house in the Rue Washington was the source of my satisfaction.

There was a letter from Varvilliers; he wrote from Hungary, where he was on a visit. Here is something of what he said:

There is a charming lady here, and we fall in love all according to mode and fashion. (The buttons are on the foils, pray understand.) It is the simplest thing in the world; the whole process might, as I believe, be digested into twelve elementary motions or thereabouts. The information is given and received by code: it is like playing whist. "How much have you?" her eyes ask. "A passion," I answer by the code. "I have a penchant," comes from her side of the table. "I am leading up to it," say I. "I am returning the lead." Good! But then comes hers (or mine): "I have no more." Alas! Well, then, I lead, or she leads, another suit! It's a good game, and our stakes are not high. You, sire, would like signals harder to read;

I know your taste. You're right there. And don't you make the stakes higher? I have plunged into indiscretion; if I did not, you would think that Bederhof had forged my handwriting. Unless I am stopped on the frontier, I shall be in Forstadt in three weeks.

I dropped the letter with a laugh, wondering whether the charming lady played the game as he did and for stakes as light. Or did she suffer? Well, anybody can suffer. The talent is universal. There was, it seemed, reason to suppose that Struboff suffered. I acquiesced, but with a sense of discontent. Pain should not be vulgarized. Varvilliers' immunity gave him a new distinction in my eyes.

Struboff's inevitable discovery of my real name was a disaster; it delayed my operations for three days, since it filled his whole being with a sense of abasement and a hope of gain, thereby suspending for the time those emotions in him which had excited my curiosity. Clearly he had unstinted visions of lucrative patronage, dreams probably of a piece of colored ribbon for his buttonhole and a right to try to induce people to call him "Chevalier." He made Coralie a present, handsome enough; I respected the conscientiousness of this act; my friendship

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was an unlooked for profit, a bonus on the marriage, and he gave his wife her commission. But he seemed cased in steel against any confidence: he trembled as he poured me out a glass of wine. He had pictured me only as a desirable appendage to a gala performance; it is, of course, difficult to realize that the points at which people are important to us are not those at which they are important to themselves.

However, I made progress at last. The poor man's was a sad case; the sadder because only with constant effort could the onlooker keep its sadness disengaged from its absurdity, and remember that unattractiveness does not exclude misery. The wife in a marriage of interest is the spoiled child of romancers; scarcely any is rude enough to say, "Well, who put you there?" The husband in such a partnership gains less attention; at the most, he is allowed a subordinate share of the common stock of woe. The clean case for observation—he miserable, she miles away from any such poignancy of emotion—was presented by Coralie's consistency. It was not in her to make a bargain and pull grimaces when she was asked to fulfil it. True, she interpreted it in her own way. "I promised to marry you. Well, I have. How are you wronged, *mon cher*? But did I promise to speak to you, to like you? *Mon Dieu!* who promised or would ever promise to love you?"

The mingled impatience and amusement of such questions expressed themselves in her neglect of him and in her yawns. Under his locket and his paunch and his layers he burned with pain; Wetter was laying the blisters open to the air, that their sting might be sharper. At last, sorely beset, he divined a sympathy in me; he thought it disinterested, not perceiving that he had for me the fascination of a travesty of myself, and that in his marriage I enjoyed a burlesque presentiment of what mine would be. That point of view was my secret until Wetter's quick wit penetrated it; he worked days before he found out why I was drawn to the impresario; his discovery was hailed with a sudden laugh and a glance, but he put nothing into words. Both to him and to me the thing was richer for reticence; in the old phrase, the drapery enhanced the charms which it did not hide.

A day came when I asked the husband to luncheon with me. I sent Vohrenlorf away; we sat down together, Struboff swelling with pride, seeing himself telling the story in the wings, meditating the appearance and multiplication of paragraphs. I said not a word to discourage the visions; we talked of how Coralie should make fame and he money; he grew enthusiastic, guttural, and severe on the Steinberg. I ordered more Steinberg, and fished for more enthusiasm. I put my purse at his disposal; he dipped his fingers deep, with an anxious, furtive eagerness. The loan was made, or at least pledged, before it flashed across my brain that the money was destined for Wetter—he wanted to pay off Wetter. We were nearing the desired ground.

"My dear M. Struboff," said I, "you must not allow yourself to be embarrassed. Great properties are slow to develop; but I have patience with my investments. Clear yourself of all claims. Money troubles fritter away a man's brains, and you want yours."

He muttered something about temporary scarcity.

"It would be intolerable that madame should be bothered with such matters," I said.

He gulped down his Steinberg and gave a snort. The sound was eloquent, although not sweet. I filled his glass and handed him a cigar. He drank the wine, but laid the cigar on the table and rested his head on his hand.

"And women like to have money about," I pursued, looking at the veins on his forehead.

"I've squandered money on her," he said. "Good money."

"Yes, yes. One's love seeks every mode of expression. I'm sure she's grateful."

He raised his eyes and looked at me. I was smoking composedly.

"Were you once in love with my wife?" he asked bluntly. His deference wore away under the corrosion of Steinberg and distress.

"Let us choose our words, my dear M. Struboff. Once I professed attachment to Mlle. Mansoni."

"She loved you?"

"It is discourteous not to accept any impression that a lady wishes to convey to you," I answered, smiling.

"Ah, you know her!" he cried, bringing his fist down on the table.

"Not the least in the world," I assured him. "Her beauty, her charm, her genius—yes, we all know those. But her soul! That's her husband's prerogative."

There was silence for a moment, during which he still looked at me, his thick eyelids half hiding the pathetic gaze of his little eyes.

"My life's a hell!" he said, and laid his head between his hands on the table. I saw a shudder in his fat shoulders.

"My dear M. Struboff," I murmured, as I rose and walked round to him. I did not like touching him, but I forced myself to pat his shoulder kindly. "Women take whims and fancies," said I, as I walked back to my seat.

He raised his head and set his chin between his fists.

"She took me for what she could get out of me," said he.

"Shall we be just? Didn't you look to get something out of her?"

"Yes. I married her for that," he answered. "But I'm a damned fool! I saw that she loathed me; it isn't hard to see. You see it; everybody sees it."

"And you fell in love with her? That was breaking the bargain, wasn't it?" It crossed my mind that I might possibly break my bargain with Elsa. But the peril was remote.

"My God! it's maddening to be treated like a beast. Am I repulsive, am I loathsome?"

"What a question, my dear M. Struboff!"

"And I live with her. It is for all day and every day."

"Come, come—be reasonable. We're not lovesick boys."

"If I touch a piece of bread in giving it to her, she cuts herself another slice."

How I understand you in that, O dainty, cruel Coralie!

"And that devil comes and laughs at me."

"He needn't come, if you don't wish it."

"Perhaps it's better than being alone with her," he groaned. "And she doesn't deceive me. Ah, I should like sometimes to say to her, 'Do what you like; amuse yourself, I shall not see. It will not matter.' If she did that, she might not be so hard to me. You wonder that I say this, that I feel it like this? Well,

I'm a man, I'm not a dog. I don't dirty people when I touch them."

I got up and walked to the hearth rug. I stood there with my back to him. He blew his nose loudly, then took the bottle; I heard the wine trickle in the glass and the sound of his noisy swallowing. There was a long silence. He struck a match and lit his cigar. Then he folded up the notes I had given him, and the clasp of his pocketbook clicked.

"I have to go with her to rehearsal," he said.

I turned round and walked toward him. His uneasy deference returned, he jumped up with a bow and an air of awkward embarrassment.

"Your majesty is very good. Your majesty pardons me? I have abused your majesty's kindness. You understand, I have nobody to speak to."

"I understand very well, M. Struboff. I am very sorry. Be kind to her, and she will change toward you."

He shook his head ponderously.

"She won't change," he said, and stood shuffling his feet as he waited to be dismissed. I gave him my hand. (Oh, Coralie! you and your bread! I understood!)

"She'll get accustomed to you," I murmured, with a reminiscence of William Adolphus.

"I think she hates me more every day." He bowed over my hand and backed out with clumsy ceremony.

I flung myself on the sofa. Was not the burlesque well conceived and deftly fashioned? True, I did not seem to myself much like Struboff. There was no comfort in that; Struboff did not seem to himself much like what he was. "Am I repulsive, am I loathsome?" he cried indignantly, and my diplomacy could answer only, "What a question, my dear M. Struboff!" If I cried out, asking whether I were so repellent that my bride must shrink from me, a thousand shocked voices would answer in like manner, "Oh, sire, what a question!"

Later in the day I called on Coralie and found her alone. Speaking as though from my own observation, I taxed her roundly with coldness to Struboff and with allowing him to perceive her distaste for him. I instanced the matter of the bread, declaring that I had noticed it when I breakfasted with them. Coralie began to laugh.

"Do I do that? Well, perhaps I do. You've felt his hand? It is not very pleasant. Yes, I think I do take another piece."

"He observes it."

"Oh, I think not! He doesn't care. Besides, he must know. Have I pretended to care for him? Heavens! I'm no hypocrite. We knew very well what we wanted, he and I. We have each got it. But kisses weren't in the bargain."

"And you kiss nobody now?"

"No," she said simply and without offense. "No. Wetter doesn't ask me, and you know I never felt love for him; if he did ask me, I wouldn't. These things are very troublesome. And you don't ask me."

"No, I don't, Coralie," said I, smiling.

"I might kiss you, perhaps."

"I have something to give, too, have I?"

"No, that would be no use. I should make nothing out of you. And the rest is nonsense. No, I wouldn't kiss you if you did ask."

"Perhaps Wetter will ask you now. I have lent your husband money, and he will pay Wetter off."

"Ah, perhaps he will, then; he is curious, Wetter. But I shan't kiss him. I am very well as I am."

"Happy?"

"Yes; at least, I should be, if it were not for Struboff. He annoys me very much. You know, it's like an ugly picture in the room, or a dog one hates. He doesn't say or do much, but he's there always. It frets me."

"Madame, my sympathy is extreme."

"Oh, your sympathy! You're laughing at me. I don't care. You're going to be married yourself."

"What you imply is not very reassuring."

"It's all a question of what one expects," she said, with a shrug.

"My wife won't mind me touching her bread?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, she won't mind that! You're not like that. Oh, no, it won't be in that way!"

"I declare, I'm much comforted."

"Indeed, you needn't fear that. In some things all women are alike. You needn't fear anything of that sort. No woman could feel that way about you."

"I grow happier every moment. I

shouldn't have liked Elsa to cut herself another slice."

Coralie laughed, sniffed the roses I had brought, and laughed again, as she said:

"In fact, I do. I remember it now. I didn't mean to be rude; it came natural to do it—as if the piece had fallen on the floor, you know."

Evidently Struboff had analyzed his wife's feelings very correctly. I doubted both the use and the possibility of enlightening her as to his. Kisses were not in the bargain, she would say. After all, the desire for affection was something of an incongruity in Struboff, an alien weed trespassing on the ground meant for music and for money. I could hardly blame her for refusing to foster the intruder. I felt that I should be highly unjust if, later on, I laid any blame on Elsa for not satisfying a desire for affection, should I chance to feel such a thing. And as to the bread, Coralie had quite reassured me. I looked at her. She was smiling in quiet amusement. Evidently her fancy was tickled by the matter of the bread.

"You notice a thing like that," she said. "But he doesn't. Imagine his noticing it!"

"I can imagine it very well."

"Oh, no—impossible! He has no sensibility. You laugh? Well, yes, perhaps it's lucky."

During the next two or three days I was engaged almost uninterruptedly with business which followed me from home, and had no opportunity of seeing more of my friends. I regretted this the less because I seemed now to be possessed of the state of affairs. I resigned myself to the necessity of a speedy return to Forstadt; already Bederhof was in despair at my absence, and excuses failed me. I could not tell him that to return to Forstadt was to begin the preparations for execution: a point at which hesitation must be forgiven in the condemned. But before I went I had a talk with Wetter.

He stormed Vohrenlorf's defenses and burst into my room late one night.

"So we're going back, sire?" he cried.

"Back to our work, back to harness!"

"You're going, too?" I asked quietly.

He threw back his hair from his forehead.

"Yes, I too," he cried. "Struboff has paid me off; I have played, I have won,

I am rich, I desire to serve my country. You don't appear pleased, sire."

"When you serve your country, I have to set about saving mine," said I drily.

"Oh, you'll be glad of the distraction of public affairs!" he sneered.

"Mme. Manson-Struboff has not fulfilled my hopes of her. I thought you'd have no leisure for politics for a long time to come."

"The pupil of Hammerfeldt speaks to me," he said, with a smile. "You would be right, very likely, but for the fact that madame has dismissed me."

"You use a conventional phrase."

"Well, then, she has—well, I do use a conventional phrase."

"I shall congratulate M. Struboff on an increased tranquillity."

The evening was chilly and I had a bit of fire. Wetter sat looking into it, hugging his knees and swaying his body to and fro. I stood on the hearth rug by him.

"I have still time," he said suddenly. "I'm a young man. I can do something still."

"You can turn me out, you think?"

"I don't want to turn you out."

"Use me, perhaps?"

"Tame you, perhaps."

I looked down at him, and I laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked. "I thought I should have roused that sleeping dignity of yours."

"Oh, my friend," said I, "you will not tame me, and you will not do great things."

"Why not?" he asked briefly and brusquely.

"You'll play again, you'll do some mad prank, some other woman will—let us stick to our phrase—will not dismiss you. When an irresistible force encounters an immovable object, what's the result?"

"Interpret your parable, O king!"

"When a great brain is joined to an impossible temper—result?"

"The result is nothing," said he, taking a fresh grip of his knees.

"Even so, even so," I nodded.

"But I have done things," he persisted.

"Yes, and then undone them. My friend, you are a tragedy." And I lit a cigarette.

He sat where he was for a moment longer; then he sprang up with a loud laugh.

"A tragedy! A tragedy! If I make one, by Heaven! the world is rich in them. Take Struboff for another. But your majesty is wrong. I'm a farce."

"Yes, you're a bit of a farce," said I.

He laid his hand on my arm and looked full and long in my face.

"So you have made your study of us?" he asked. "Oh, I know why you came to Paris—Coralie, Struboff, myself—you have us all now."

"Pretty well," said I. "To understand people is both useful and interesting; and to a man in my position it has the further attraction of being difficult."

"And you think Bederhof is too strong for me?"

"He's stupid and respectable. My dear Wetter, what chance have you?"

"There's a river in this town. Shall I jump in?"

"Heavens, no! You'd set it all a hissing and a boiling."

"Tonight, sire, I thought of killing Struboff."

"Ah, yes, the pleasures of imagination. I often indulge in them."

"Then a bullet for myself."

"Of course; and another impresario for Coralie. You must look ahead in such matters."

"It would have made a great sensation."

"Everywhere, except in the bosom of Coralie."

"Your cleverness robbed the world of that other sensation long ago. If I had killed you!"

"It would have been another—another impresario for my princess."

"We shall meet at Forstadt? You'll ask me to the wedding?"

"Unless you have incurred Princess Heinrich's anger."

"I tell you I'm going to settle down."

"Never," said I.

"Be careful, sire. The revolver I bought for Struboff is in my pocket."

"Make me a present of it," I suggested.

He looked hard in my eyes, laughed a little, drew out a small revolver, and handed it to me.

"Struboff was never in great danger," he said.

"I was never much afraid for Struboff," said I. "Thanks for the revolver. You're not quibbling with me?"

"I don't understand."

"There's no river in this town, no institution called the morgue?"

"Not a trace of such things. Do you know why not?"

"Because it's the king's pleasure," said I, smiling and holding out my hand to him.

"Because I'm a friend to a friend," he said, as he took my hand. Then without another word he turned and walked out quickly. I heard him speak to Vohrenlorf in the outer room and laugh loudly as he ran down the stairs.

He had reminded me that I was a pupil of Hammerfeldt's. The reminder came home to me as a reproach. I had been forgetful of the prince's lessons. I had allowed myself to fall into a habit of thought which led me to assume that my happiness or unhappiness was a relevant consideration in judging of the merits of the universe. The assumption is so common as to make us forget that, so far from being proved, it is not even plausible. I saw the absurdity of it at once, in the light of my recent discoveries. Was God shamed because Struboff was miserable, because Coralie was serenely selfish, because Wetter was tempestuous beyond rescue? I smiled at all these questions, and proceeded to the inference that the exquisite satisfaction of my own cravings was probably not an inherent part of the divine purpose—that is, if there were such a thing, and if there were not, the whole matter was so purely accidental as not to admit of any one consideration being in the least degree more or less relevant than another. "Willingly give thyself up to Clotho, allowing her to spin thy thread into whatever things she pleases." That was an extremely good maxim; but it would have been of no service to cast the pearl before Coralie's impresario. I would use it myself, though. I summoned Vohrenlorf.

"We have stayed here too long, Vohrenlorf," said I. "My presence is necessary in Forstadt. I must not appear wanting in interest in these preparations."

"Undoubtedly," said he, "they are very anxious for your majesty's return."

"And I am very anxious to return. We'll go by the evening train tomorrow. Send word to Bederhof."

He seemed rather surprised and not very pleased, but promised to see that

my orders were executed. I sat down in the chair in which Wetter had sat, and began again to console myself with my Stoic maxim. But there was a point at which I stuck: I recalled Coralie and her bread, and regarded Struboff not in the aspect of his own misery (which I had decided to be irrelevant), but in the light of Coralie's feelings. It seemed to me that the philosopher should have spared more consideration to this side of the matter. Had he reached such heights as to be indifferent not only to his own sufferings, but to being a cause of suffering to others? Perhaps Marcus Aurelius had attained to this; Coralie Manson, by the way, seemed most blessedly to have been born into it. To me it was a stone of stumbling. Pride came to me with insidious aid, and admired while I talked of Clotho; but where was my ally when I pictured Elsa also making her surrender to the fates? My ally, then, became my enemy. With a violent wrench I brought myself to the thought that neither was Elsa's happiness a relevant consideration. It would not do; I could not maintain the position. For Elsa was young, fresh, aspiring to happiness as a plant rears its head to the air. And our wedding was but a fortnight off.

"Am I repulsive, am I loathsome?" "What a question, my dear M. Struboff!" I had that snatch of talk in my head when I fell asleep.

The next day but one found me back at Forstadt. They had begun to decorate the streets.

XXV.

THE contrast of outer and inner, of the world's myself and my own myself, of others as they seem to me and to themselves (of the reality they may be, through inattention or dullness, as ignorant as I), which is the most permanent and the dominant impression that life has stamped on my mind, was never more powerfully brought home to me than in the days which preceded my marriage to my cousin Elsa. As I have said, they had begun to decorate the streets; let me summarize all the rest by repeating that they decorated the streets and went on decorating them. The decorative atmosphere enveloped all external objects, and wrapped even the members of my own

family in its spangled cloud. Victoria blossomed in diamonds, William Adolphus sprouted in plumes; my mother embodied the stately, Cousin Elizabeth a gorgeous heartiness; the duke's eyes wore a bored look, but the remainder of his person was fittingly resplendent. Bederhof was Bumble in Olympus; beyond these came a sea of smiles, bows, silks, and uniforms. Really, I believe that the whole thing was done as handsomely as possible, and the proceedings are duly recorded in a book of red leather, clasped in gold and embellished with many pictures, which the municipality of Forstadt presented to Elsa in remembrance of the auspicious event. It lies now under a glass case, and, I understand, excites much interest among ladies who come to see my house.

Elsa was a puzzle no longer; I should have welcomed more complexity of feeling. The month which had passed since we parted had brought to her many reflections, no doubt, and as a presumable result of them a fixed attitude of mind. William Adolphus would have said (and very likely did say to Victoria) that she had got used to me; but this mode of putting the matter suffers from my brother in law's bluntness. She had not defied Clotho, but neither had she altogether given herself up to Clotho. She had compromised with the formidable lady, and, although by no means enraptured, seemed to be conscious that she might have come off worse.

What was distasteful in Clotho's terms Elsa attempted to reduce to insignificance by a disciplined arrangement of her thoughts and emotions. Much can be done if one will be firm with would be vagrants of the mind. The pleasant may be given prominence; the disagreeable relegated to obscurity; the attractive installed in the living apartments; the repellent locked in a distant cellar, whence its ill conditioned cries are audible occasionally only and in the distance. What might have been is sternly transformed from a beautiful vision into a revolting peril, and in this new shape is invoked to applaud the actual and vilify what is impossible. This attitude of mind is thought so commendable as to have won for itself in popular speech the name of philosophy—so even with words Clotho works her will. Elsa, then, in this peculiar sense of the term, was philosophical about the

business. She was balanced in her attitude, and, left to herself, would maintain equilibrium.

"She's growing fonder of you every day," Cousin Elizabeth whispered.

"I hope," said I, with a reminiscence, "that I am not absolutely repulsive to her." And in order not to puzzle Cousin Elizabeth with any glimmer of truth, I smiled.

"My dearest Augustin" (that she seemed to say "Struboff" was a childish trick of my imagination), "what an idea!" ("What a question, my dear M. Struboff!")

I played too much, perhaps, with my parallel, but I was not its slave. I knew myself to be unlike Struboff (in my case Coralie scouted the idea of a fresh slice of bread); I knew Elsa to be of very different temperament from Coralie. These variances did not invalidate the family likeness; a son may be very like his father, though the nose of one turns up and the other's nose turns down. We were, after making all allowances for superficial differences—we were both careers, Struboff and I. I need none to point out to me my blunder; none to say that I was really fortunate and cried for the moon. It is admitted I was offered a charming friendship; it was not enough. I could give a tender friendship; I knew that it was not enough.

And there was that other thing which went to my heart, that possibility which must ever be denied realization, that beginning doomed to be thwarted. As we were talking once of all who were to come on the great day, I saw suddenly a little flush on Elsa's cheek. She did not look away or stammer, or make any other obvious concession to her embarrassment, but the blush could not be denied access to her face, and came eloquent with its hint.

"And M. de Varvilliers—he will be there, I suppose?" she asked.

"I hope so; I have given directions that he shall be invited. You like him, Elsa?"

"Yes," she said, not looking at me now, but straight in front of her, as though he stood there in his easy, heart stealing grace. And for an instant longer the flush flew his flag on her cheek.

* * * *

But Struboff had been so mad as to fall in love with Coralie, and to desire her love out of no compassion for her, but sheerly

for itself. Was I not spared this pang? I do not know whether my state were worse or better. For with him, even in direst misery, there would be love's own mad hope, that denial of impossibility, that dream of marvelous change which shoots across the darkest gloom of passion. Or at least he could imagine her loving as he loved, and thereby cheat the wretched thing that was. I could not. In dreary truth, I was toward her as she toward me, and before us both there stretched a lifetime. If an added sting were needed, I found it in a perfectly clear consciousness that a great many people would have been absolutely content, and, as onlookers of our case, would have wondered what all the trouble was about. There are those who, from a fortunate want of feeling, are called sensible; just as Elsa, by her resolute evasion of truth, would be accorded the title of philosophical.

Victoria was the prophet of the actual, picking out with optimistic eye its singular abundance of blessedness. I do not think that she reminded me that Elsa might have had but one eye, one leg, or a crooked back, but her felicitations ran on this strain. Their obvious artificiality gave them the effect of sympathy, and Victoria would always sanction this interpretation by a kiss on departure. But she had her theory; it was that Elsa only needed to be wooed. The "only" amused me, but even with that point waived I questioned her position. It left out imagination, and it left out Varvilliers, who had become imagination's pet. Nevertheless, Victoria spoke out of experience; she did not blush at declaring herself "after all, very comfortable" with William Adolphus. Granted the argument's sincerity, its force could not be denied with honesty.

"We're not romantic, and never have been, of course," she conceded.

"My dear Victoria, of course not," said I, laughing openly.

"We have had our quarrels."

"The quarrels wouldn't trouble me in the least."

"We don't expect too much of each other."

"I seem to be listening to the address on the wedding day."

"You're an exasperating creature!" and with that came the kiss.

Victoria's affection was always grateful to me; but in the absence of Wetter and Varvilliers, neither of whom had made any sign as yet, I was bereft of all intellectual sympathy. I had looked to find some in the duke, and some, as I believe, there was, but its flow was checked and turned by what I must call a repressed resentment. His wife's blind heartiness was impossible to him, and he read with a clear eye the mind of a loved daughter. With him also I ranked as a necessity; so far as the necessity was distasteful to Elsa, it was unpalatable to him. Beneath his friendliness, and side by side with an unhesitating acceptance of the position, there lay this grudge, not acknowledged, bound to incur instant absurdity as the price of any open assertion of itself, but set in his mind and affecting his disposition toward me.

He was not so foolish as to blame me; but I was to him the occasion of certain fears and shrinkings, possibly of some qualms as to his own part in the matter, and thus I became a less desired companion. There was something between us, a subject always present, never to be mentioned. As a result, there came constraint. My pride took alarm, and my polite distance answered in suitable terms to his reticent courtesy. I believe, however, that we found one common point in a ludicrous horror of Cousin Elizabeth's behavior. Had she assumed the air she wore, she must have ranked as a diplomatist; having succeeded in the great task of convincing herself, she stands above those who can boast only of deceiving others. To Cousin Elizabeth the alliance was a love match; had she possessed the other qualities, her self persuasion would have been enough to enable her to found a religious sect, and believe that she was sent from heaven for its prophet.

Amid this group of faces, all turned toward the same object, but with expressions subtly various, I spent my days, studying them all, and finding (there has been nature's consolation to me) relief from my own thoughts in an investigation of the mind of others. The portentous pretense on which we were engaged needed perhaps a god to laugh at it, but the smaller points were within the sphere of human ridicule; with them there was no danger of amusement suffering a sudden

death, and a swift resurrection in the changed shape of indignation. There was already much to laugh at, but now a new occasion came, taking its rise in a thing which seemed very distant, and appertaining to moods and feelings long gone by—a plaything of memory destined (as it had appeared) to play no more a part in actual life. The matter was simply this: Count Max von Sempach was on leave, and proposed with my permission to be in Forstadt for the wedding festivities.

Bederhof had heard legendary tales; his manner was dubious and solemn as he submitted the count's proposal to me; Princess Heinrich's carelessness of reference would have stirred suspicion in the most guileless heart; William Adolphus broke into winks and threatened nudges; I invoked my dignity just in time. Victoria was rather excited, rather pleased, looking forward to an amusing spectacle. Evidently something had reached Cousin Elizabeth's ears, for she overflowed with unspoken assurances that the news was of absolutely no importance, that she took no notice of boyish follies, and did not for a moment doubt my whole hearted devotion to Elsa. Elsa herself betrayed consciousness only by not catching my eye when the Sempachs' coming cropped up in conversation. For my own part, I said that I should be very pleased to see the count and the countess, and that they had a clear claim to their invitation. My mother's manner had shown that she felt herself in no position to raise objections; Bederhof took my commands with resigned deference. I was aware that his wife had ceased to call on the countess some time before Count Max went as ambassador to Paris.

Max had done his work very well—his appointment has been quoted as an instance of my precocious insight into character—and his work did not appear to have done him any harm. When he called on me I found him the same sincere, simple fellow that he had been always. By consent we talked of private affairs rather than of business. He told me that Toté was growing into a tall girl, that his other children also shot up, but (he added proudly) his wife did not look a day older, and her appearance had, if anything, improved. She had been happy at Paris, he said, "but,

to be sure, she'd be happy anywhere with the children and her home." The modesty of the last words did not conceal his joyous confidence. I felt very kindly toward him.

"Really, you're an encouragement to me at this moment," I said. "You must take me to see the countess."

"She will be most honored, sire."

"I'd much rather she'd be a little pleased."

He laughed in evident gratification, assuring me that she would be very pleased. He answered for her emotions in the true style of the blessed partner; that is an incident of matrimony which I am content to have escaped. I doubted very much whether she were so eager for the renewal of my acquaintance as he declared. I recollected the doubts and fears that had beset her vision of that event long ago. But my part was plain—to go, and to go speedily.

"To the countess?" exclaimed Victoria, to whom I mentioned casually my plans for the afternoon. "You're in a great hurry, Augustin."

"It's no sign of a hurry to go to a place at the right time," said I, with a smile.

"I don't call it quite proper."

"I go because it is proper."

"If you flirt with her again——"

"My dear Victoria, what things you suggest!"

Victoria returned to her point.

"I see no reason why you should rush off there all in a minute," she persisted.

Nevertheless I went, paying the tribute of a laugh to the picture of Victoria flying with the news to Princess Heinrich. But the princess' eye could tell a real danger from a false; she would not mind me seeing the countess now.

I went quite privately, without notice, and was not expected. Thus it happened that I was ushered into the drawingroom when the countess was not there to receive me. There I found Toté, undeniably long legged and regrettably shy. The world had begun to set its mark on her, and she had discovered that she did not know how to behave to me. I was sorry not to be pleasant company for Toté; but, perceiving the fact too plainly to resist it, I sent her off to hasten her mother. She had not been gone a moment before the countess came in hurriedly with apologies on her lips.

Not a day older! Oh, my dear Max! Shall we pray for this blindness or shall we not? She was older than she had been, older than by now she should be. Yet her charm hung round her like a fine stuff that defies time, and a gentle kindness graced her manner. We began to talk about anything and nothing. She showed fretful dread of a pause; when she spoke she did not look me in the face. I could not avoid the idea that she did not want me, and would gladly see me take my leave. But such a feeling was, as it seemed to me, inhuman—a falseness to our true selves, born of some convention, or of a scruple overstrained, or of a fear not warranted.

"Have you seen Elsa?" I asked presently, and perhaps rather abruptly.

"Yes," she said; "I was presented to her. She was very sweet and kind to me."

"She's that to me, too," I said, rising and standing by her chair.

She hesitated a moment, then looked up at me; I saw emotion in her eyes.

"You'll be happy with her?" she asked.

"If she is not very unhappy, I dare say I shan't be."

"Ah!" she said, with a sort of despairing sigh.

"But I don't suppose I should make anybody particularly happy."

"Yes, yes," she cried in low voiced impetuosity. "Yes, if——" She stopped. Fear was in her eyes now, and she scanned my face with a close, jealous intensity. I knew what her fear was; her own expression of it echoed back across the years. She feared that she had given me occasion to laugh at her. I bent down, took her hand, and kissed it lightly.

"Perhaps, had all the world been different," said I, with a smile.

"I'm terribly changed."

"No; not terribly, and not much. How has it been with you?"

Her nervousness seemed to be passing off; she answered me in a sincere simplicity that would neither exaggerate nor hide.

"All that is good, short of the best," she said. "And with you?"

"Shall I say all that is bad, short of the worst?"

"We shouldn't mean very different things."

"No; not very. I've done many foolish things."

"Have you? They all say that you fill your place well."

"I have paid high to do it."

"What you thought high when you paid," she said, smiling sadly.

I would not do her the wrong of any pretense; she was entitled to my honesty.

"I think it high still," I said; "but not too high."

"Nothing is too high."

"But others must help to pay my score. You know that?"

"Yes, I know it."

"And this girl will know it."

"She wouldn't have it otherwise."

"I know, I know, I know! She would not. It's strange to have you here now."

"Max would come. I didn't wish it. Yet——" She smiled for a moment and added: "Yet in a way I did wish it. I was drawn here. It seemed to concern me. Don't laugh. It seemed to be part of my story, too; I felt that I must be here to hear it. Are you laughing?"

"I've never laughed."

"You're good and kind and generous. No, I think you haven't. I'm glad of it, because——"

"Yes? Why?"

"Because even now I can't," she whispered. "No, don't think I mean—I mean a thing which would oblige you to laugh now. It's all over, all over. But that it should have been, Augustin"—my name slipped from unconscious lips—"that it should have been isn't bad to me; it's good. That's wicked? I can't help it. It's the thing—the thing of my life. I've no place like yours. I've nothing to make it come second. Ah, I'm forgetting again how old I am! How you always make me forget it! I mustn't talk like this."

"We shall never, I suppose, talk like this again. You go back to Paris?"

"Yes, soon. I'm glad."

"But it's not hard to you now?"

She seemed to reflect, as though she were anxious to give me an answer accurately true.

"Not very hard now," she said at last, looking full at me. "Not very hard, but very constant, always with me. I love them all, all my folk. But it's always there."

"You mean—— What do you mean? The thought of me?"

"Yes—or the thought that somehow I have just missed. I'm not miserable."

And I like to dream—to be gorgeous, splendid, wicked, in dreams." She gave a laugh and pressed my hand for a moment. "Toté grows pretty," she said. "Don't you think so?"

"Toté was unhappy with me, and I let her go. Yes, she's pretty; she won't be like you, though."

"I'll appeal to you again in ten, in fifteen years," said she, smiling, pleased with my covert praise. "Oh, it's pleasant to see you again!" she went on a moment later. "I'm a bad penitent; I wish I could be with you always. No, I am not dreaming now. I mean, just in Forstadt and see you."

"A moment ago you were glad to go back to Paris."

"Ah, you assume more ignorance of us than you have. Mayn't I be glad of one thing and wish another?"

"True; and men can do that, too."

I felt the old charm of the quick word coming from the beautiful lips, the twofold appeal. Though passion was gone, pleasure in her remained; my love was dead. As I sat there I wished it alive again; I longed to be back in the storm of it, even though I must battle the storm again.

"After all," she said, with a glance at me, "I have my share in you. You can't think of your life without thinking of me. I'm something to you. I'm one among the many foolish things— You don't hate the foolish things?"

"On my soul, I believe not one of them; and if you're one, I love one of them."

"I like you to say that."

A long silence fell on us. The thing had not come in either of the fashions in which I had pictured it, neither in weariness nor in excitement. It came full with emotions, but emotions that were subdued shadows of themselves, of a mournful sweetness, bewailing their lost strength, yet shrinking from remembrance of it. Would we have gone back if we could? I did not answer the question. Yet we could weep, because to go back was impossible. But it was with a slight laugh that at last I rose to my feet to say good by.

"It's like you always to laugh at the end," she said, a little in reproach, but more, I think, in the pleasure of recognizing what was part of her idea of me. "You used often to do it even when you

were—even before. You remember the first time of all—when we smiled at each other behind your mother's back? That oldest memory comforts me. Do you know why? I was never so many centuries older than you again. I'm not so many even now. You look old, I think, and seem old; if we're nearer together, it's your fault, not my merit. Well, you must go. Ah, how you fill time! How you could have filled a woman's life!"

"Could have? Your mood is right."

"Surely she'll be happy with you? If you could love her, now——"

"Not even then. I'm not to her measure."

"Are you unhappy?"

"It's better than the worst. A great deal better. Good by."

I pressed her hand and kissed it. With a sudden seeming formality she curtsayed and kissed mine.

"I don't forget what you are," she said, "because I have fancied you as something besides. Good by, sire. Good by, Augustin."

"There's a name wanting."

"Ah, to Caesar I said good by five years ago!" The tears were in her eyes as I turned away and left her.

I had a fancy to walk back alone, as I had walked alone from her house on the day when I cut the bond between us that same five years ago. Having dismissed my carriage, I set out in the cool of the autumn evening as dusk had just fallen, and took my way through the decorated streets. But three days more lay between the decorations and the occasion they were meant to grace. There was a hum of gaiety through all the town; they had begun their holiday making, and the shops did splendid trade. They in Forstadt would have liked to marry me every year. Why not? I was to them a sign, a symbol, something they saw and spoke of, but not a man. I reviewed the troops every year. Why should I not be married every year? It would be but the smallest extension of my functions, and all on the lines of logic. I could imagine Princess Heinrich according amplest approval to the scheme.

Suddenly, as I had passed in meditation through a quiet street, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I knew only one man who would stop me in that way. Was he here again, risen again, in Forstadt again,

for work or mirth or mischief? He came in fitting with the visit I had paid. I turned and found his odd, wry smile on me, the knit brows and twinkling eyes. He lifted his hat and tossed back the iron gray hair.

"I am come to the wedding, sire," said he, bowing.

"It would be incomplete without you, Wetter."

"And for another thing—for a treat, for a spectacle. They have written an epithalamium, haven't they?"

"Yes, some fool, according to his folly."

"It is to be sung at the opera the night before. At the gala performance!"

"You're as well up in the arrangements as Bederhof himself."

"I have cause. Whence come you, sire?"

"From paying a visit to the Countess von Sempach."

He burst into a laugh, but the look in his eyes forbade me to be offended.

"That's very whimsical, too," he observed. "There's a smack of repetition about this. Is fate hard up for new effects?"

"There's variety enough here for me. There were no decorations in the streets when I left her before."

"True, true; and—for I must return to my tidings—I bring you something

new." He paused and enjoyed his smile at me. "Who sings the marriage song?" he asked.

"Heavens, man, I don't know. I'm not the manager. What is it to me who sings the song?"

"You would like it sung in tune?"

"Oh, unquestionably!"

"Ah, well, she sings in tune!" he said, nodding his head with an air of satisfaction. "She is not emotional, but she sings in tune."

"Does she, Wetter? Who is she?"

He stood looking at me for a moment, then broke into another laugh. I caught him by the arm; now I laughed myself.

"No, no," I cried. "Fate doesn't joke, Wetter."

"Fate jokes," said he. "It is Coralie who will sing your song. Tomorrow they reach here, she and Struboff. Yes, sire, Coralie is to sing your song."

We stood looking at each other; we both were laughing. "It's a great chance in her career," he said.

"It's rather a curious chance in mine," said I.

"She sings it, she sings it!" he cried, and with a last laugh turned and fairly ran away down the street, like a mischievous boy who has thrown his squib and flies from the scene in mirthful fear.

When fortune jested, she found in him a quick witted, loving audience.

(To be continued.)

KING AND MINSTREL.

"LIVE forever, lord and king!"
With plaudits loud the rafters ring;
Goblets brimming full are drained;
Flattery flows unrestrained—
"Thou wilt live forever, king!"

Just beyond the torches' glare
Sat a lad of dreamy air.
All the scene the poet mind caught
And in words 'twas deftly wrought,
Woven with a poet's care.

Turned Time's hour glass—and all
Ripened, rotted, to their fall;
Gone were king and court and palace,
Wasted wine and golden chalice,
But men still the song recall.

Sexton Time!—in vain you toll,
Vainly gloomy echoes roll,
For the theme once fitly sung
Is deathless as the poet soul.

Tudor Jenks.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

BY RICHARD NEWTON, JR.

WHY MEN WHO "RIDE STRAIGHT" TO HOUNDS THINK THAT THEIRS IS THE KING OF OUTDOOR SPORTS—THE STORY OF A TYPICAL DAY'S RUN ON LONG ISLAND, TOLD WITH PEN AND CAMERA.

DURING the last twenty years or so, the sport of hunting—using the word in the only sense in which people who ride to hounds understand it—has grown, in the United States, from very modest beginnings among a few enthusiasts in New Jersey until today we have a long list of first rate packs of foxhounds, with well appointed clubhouses,

and the Elkridge and Deep Spring Valley Hunts in the South, are perhaps the best known.

Although those who ride to hounds are enthusiastic followers of the sport, it can never become a really popular one, as is golf or baseball. Besides its heavy demands upon the leisure of its devotees, if a man wants to ride twice or three times



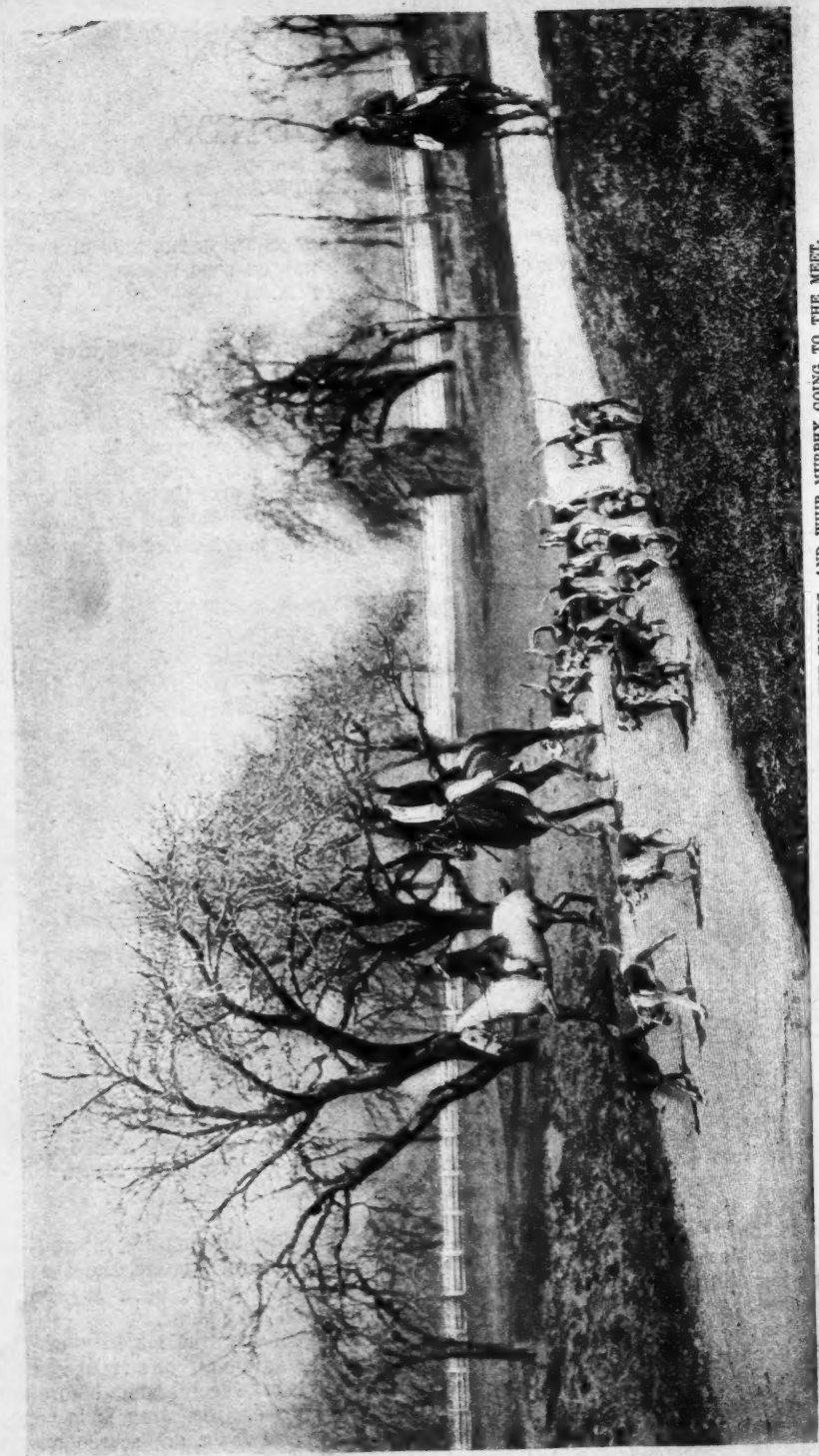
WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—JUMPING ONE OF THE STIFF LONG ISLAND FENCES.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

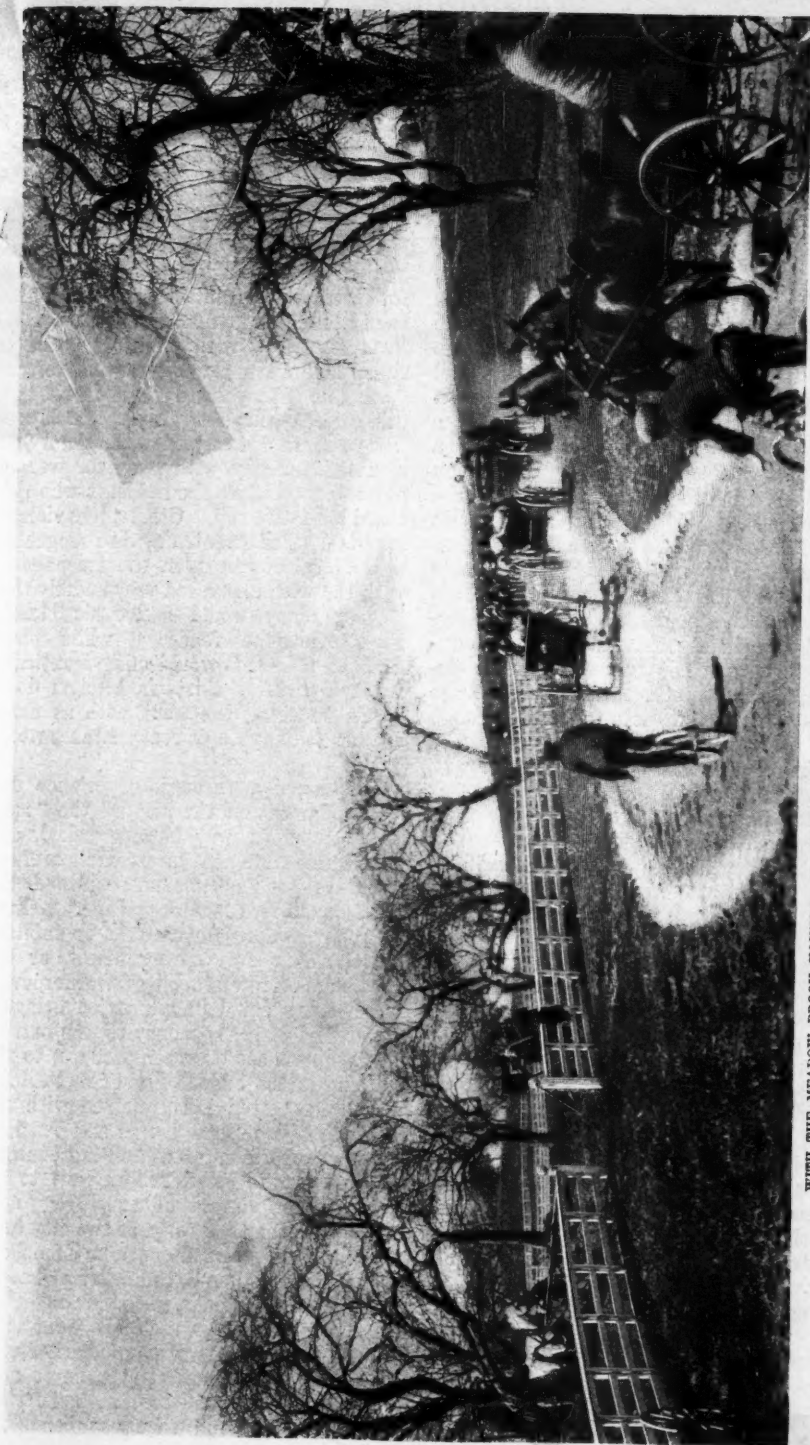
kennels, and stables scattered all the way from Massachusetts to North Carolina. Besides many others that might be mentioned, the Myopia and Agawam near Boston, the Essex, Monmouth, and Ocean County Hounds in New Jersey, the Meadow Brook on Long Island, the Genesee Valley Hunt in New York, the Radnor and Rose Tree Hunts near Philadelphia, the Richmond of Staten Island,

a week during the hunting season, he must keep several hunters, and the expense is a severe tax upon any but a tolerably well filled purse.

In this country the majority of the runs are "drag hunts," on a scent laid by the "drag man" several hours before the run takes place. The drag is in vogue partly because foxes are scarce and it takes a long time to "find" them, and



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—MR. ELLIS, MASTER OF THE HOUNDS, AND WHIP MURPHY GOING TO THE MEET.
From a photograph by John C. Hemment.



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—SPECTATORS FOLLOWING THE HUNTSMEN TO THE BEGINNING OF THE RUN.
From a photograph by John C. Hemmard.

partly because most men want a good gallop with plenty of fencing to make it exciting, and also to know that they will not spend perhaps a whole day in the saddle, only to have the fox escape them by taking to earth. At one of the best known clubs, however, two distinct packs are kept, one of imported English foxhounds, exclusively for drag hunting, the other, native bred Virginia dogs, used for real foxes.

It was not so long ago when to make fun of drag hunting, and to deride people who followed a pack of dogs on the trail of an aniseed bag, was a favorite diversion of the newspaper humorist. Not a dozen years ago, the announcement of a meet was hailed with mockery and a pink coat held in wondering scorn, with the added sting of being called an "English fad." Now a fad is the transient amusement of the ennuyé individual who wants to do the "latest thing" correctly. It is true that the sport came to us from England, but what game save our own baseball have we not borrowed? The development of hunting, and the persistence with which its devotees follow it through all weathers, prove the genuineness of their devotion and its merit as a sport. Not a few of our boldest and cleverest riders find in it a salutary change from active and arduous business life.

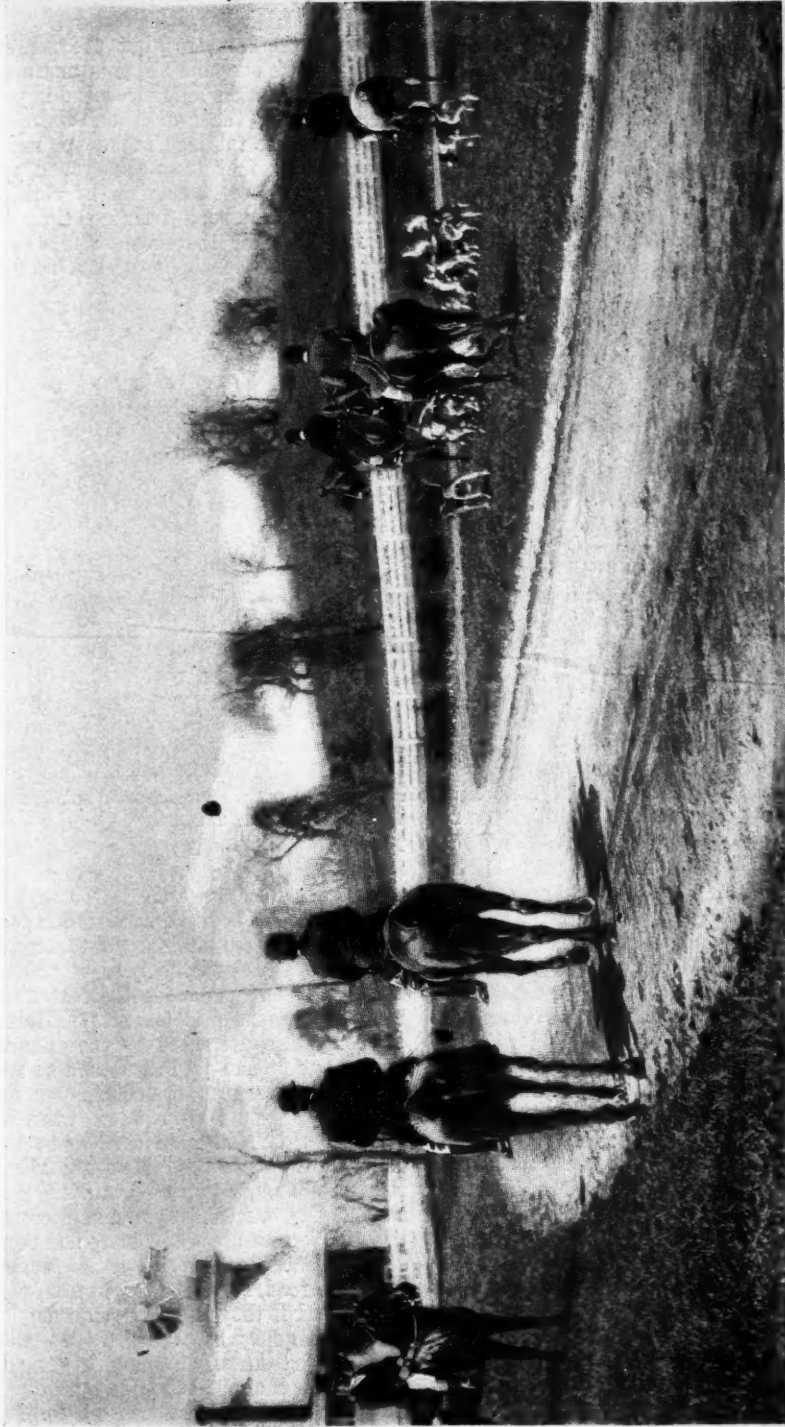
Drag hunting may require less skill on the part of the hounds, as the scent is laid through open country to get fast galloping, and the fencing hardly checks hounds at all; while a cunning fox will double and turn on his track, using every faculty with which his shrewd nature is endowed to elude his pursuers. But in no way does it lessen the test of nerve and skill on the part of the rider who follows "straight."

Hunting begins generally with the coming of October (when the crops have been harvested) and ends only when frost ruins the going—usually about the time of the Christmas holidays. Many of the clubs have a spring season of a month or six weeks, beginning in March, but this is more uncertain. Cards are issued in the autumn, announcing the time and place of meets for the month; but the schedule for the spring season often reads: "Weather permitting, hounds will meet at such and such a place."

In the beginning, a good many years

ago, the farmers looked askance at the "dudes from town" who came out by train or drove from their country places to the meet, and who often rode ruthlessly over the fields, frightening the cattle and perhaps breaking through some timber fence, instead of clearing it. Worse than any actual damage done to property, however, was the owner's wounded pride at the invaders' neglect to ask permission for their uninvited intrusion. Riders have been literally held up at fences by irate farmers, armed with pitchforks, and in righteous wrath bidding the hunters to "come on if they dared and get what they deserved," perhaps suggesting the days of '76, when the sturdy New England yeoman held at bay, with whatever weapon came first to hand, the redcoats who profaned his native soil. Others, less violent, might be heard threatening dire vengeance in the local courts upon the trespassers, with the wish expressed very audibly that "every ninny would break his blamed neck over the fences"; while panic stricken towheads would cling frantically to their mothers' skirts in kitchen door-yards, watching the hunt with as much awe as a stampede of real centaurs would cause.

But happily, through experience and wise judgment on the part of the "masters," right of way is now asked, and where not obtained farms are carefully avoided; broken rails are replaced the next day, and a "damage fund" is kept to repay owners for careless or unintentional riding over spring wheat, or the crushing of a row of cabbages. Moreover, the hunting set in any district brings a great deal of ready money to the natives by the purchase of their produce, to say nothing of the added value of real estate, which has often fairly jumped with the building of handsome homes and spacious stables near the different hunting centers. Nowadays, the small rustics wait to try to catch a glimpse of the drag man going by, just as eagerly as the city bred urchin follows a hand organ and monkey; while farmers and their farm hands, perched on haystacks, sheds, or any good points of vantage, watch the hunt as it dashes by, and cheer a particularly clever or showy jump made by a horse near them. The women, too, stop in their laborious duties and wave a sunbonnet, or call to the children to hurry and see.



Mr. Roby

Mr. H. L. Herbert

Mr. Raymond Herriott

Mr. R. F. Ellis

WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—LOOKING FOR THE TRAIL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE RUN.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

And after the run is over, and steeds and riders are "hacking home," teamsters will often draw up their horses, and, dropping their usual reserve of manner toward all city bred people, will ask with real interest if the fox was caught. For although, as has been said, most of the runs are drags, very often a live fox is liberated at the end, or with the last "check," and hounds will readily change

to climb the first tree, but the nearest being a large one, and his legs and arms extremely short, he only succeeded in partially clasping the trunk; and there he hung, his little fat legs tucked up under him, hardly a foot from the ground, and his little fingers holding on by clawing the bark. With such frantic shrieks did he rend the air that some riders on a near by road, concluding that a murder



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—WHIP MURPHY AT THE KILL.

From a photograph by John C. Henment.

from the artificial to the real scent. The dogs give tongue gaily as the scent becomes stronger, and the fox often breaks cover and runs in the open until he is caught—or perhaps till he takes to earth, if he knows the country, or eludes his pursuers by crossing water.

In a day's sport there often occur funny and amusing incidents that can be laughed over afterwards at the dinner table. One day, out with the Essex, hounds were running very fast and giving tongue freely through a beautiful open field, towards the edge of a wood, where a very small and very fat young Jerseyman, having strayed out to gather acorns, was suddenly nearly scared out of his diminutive wits by a large pack in full cry passing directly in his path, followed by horses and strangely dressed men, who came thundering along and almost rode him down before he was seen. In sheer desperation he frantically tried

was taking place, gave up the chase, and scrambling over to the woods, hastened to aid the luckless urchin. But at each word of comfort and kindly assurance he would only yell the louder, as if to show his utter distrust of all mankind. A farmer, being also attracted by the disturbance, came up and told the would be rescuers to go along and never mind, as the small boy "would come down when he was ready." As this seemed to be the only solution of the problem, the riders started off to make up for lost time, perhaps luckily to meet the hounds crossing the road somewhere ahead, or to find them at the next "check." A little further down the road, some country women, who were asked if they had seen anything of the pack going by, drawled out that "they didn't know anything about any hounds, but a circus had gone by through the fields about fifteen minutes before."

Another time, near the same locality,



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—A GROUP OF HUNTSMEN AND WHIPS WAITING FOR THE START OF THE RUN.

From a photograph by John C. Henning.

hounds had faltered and gone astray in the scent and were very carefully but fruitlessly working a small swamp, closely adjoining a farm house, while the master, whips, and riders were slopping around in the thick, black New Jersey mud, doing their best to cheer and encourage the dogs. An old woman leaning in the doorway close by soliloquized very audibly for the benefit of all concerned that in her sixty years of life there she had seen most every kind of "critter" in that swamp, "but it did beat all to see a lot of fellers in red coats, white pants, and silk hats slopping around in that bog in the steady rain, looking for pollywogs, for all she knew."

With the Essex hounds in New Jersey there is to be found a beautiful stretch of country, with limitless possibilities for new runs over the rolling hills covered with peach and apple orchards, up hill and down dale, through wide meadows, over clean fencing and flying small brooks, with many a big drop over a high fence into a country lane below, which tries the nerve and skill of both horse and rider.

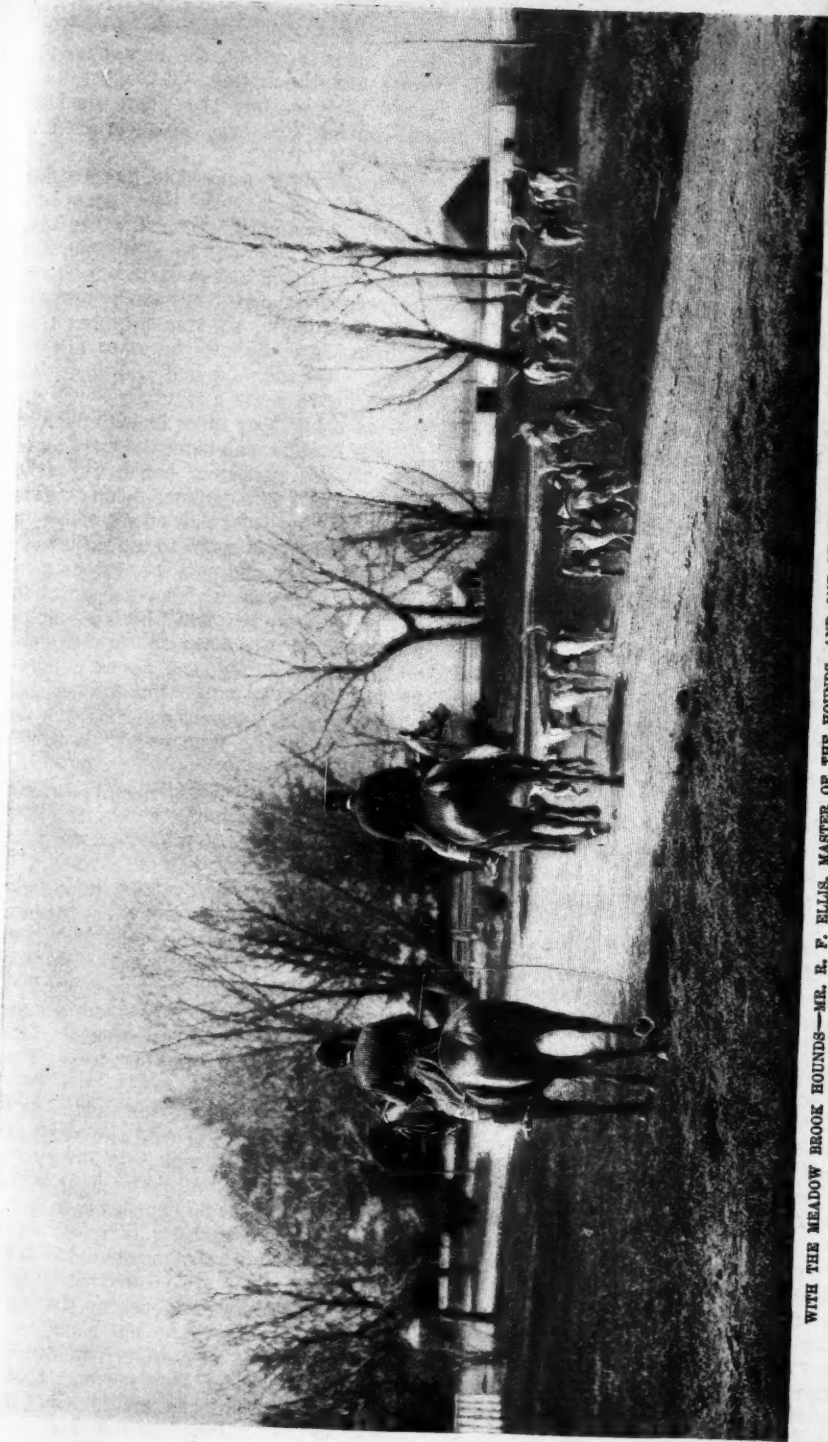
With the Monmouth hounds clean going, with big fencing and ditches, is encountered, but all the country being flat a fast pace is comparatively easy. The Richmond has furnished excellent sport on Staten Island, but has been very much interfered with by the rapidly growing suburban towns on the island—now a part of New York City—and the too liberal use of wire for fencing. This last is the greatest bane to the sport, as when it is rusted it is scarcely visible at a little distance. In places where it is used to strengthen weak fences by running a line along the top of the posts, it will turn a horse over in the nastiest of falls unless discovered in time to choose another place to jump.

The Meadow Brook country, on Long Island, made famous by its big fencing, hard riders, and very fast pace, suggesting steeplechasing to the visiting Englishman, is bounded on the north by the gently rolling and beautifully wooded Wheatley hills, which make an ideal hunting ground. Unless you are mounted on a first class horse and are prepared to jump five feet, at times, of cold, hard, unyielding timber, and to jump from the time hounds cast off and all through the

run, you need not start. As much of the land is fenced to keep stock in, it takes a deal of jumping, both clever and bold, to "go" the country. Many a visiting sportsman from abroad who thought he knew it all has acknowledged having his breath taken away by the line of big fencing that always loomed up in front after he had just safely negotiated the latest.

When the sport was in its infancy here, years ago, its followers pressed into service anything in the way of horseflesh that could jump a bit with a little schooling; but now the very finest hunters are bred with the greatest care from imported Irish and English stock. Native bred horses, too, often with good strains of trotting blood in their veins, are making excellent hunters; while numbers of Canadian animals are brought yearly to New York, selling at high prices at auction, according to their reputations. The ever increasing number of horse shows that are springing up all over the country fully recognize that the jumping and hunter classes are their chief attraction, and cause the greatest amount of enthusiasm, alike among those who never saw a horse jump before, as well as with the veterans who know almost every horse by name, remember his performances, and eagerly watch the work of newcomers in the ring.

If any one doubts the enthusiasm of the hunting man or woman for the sport, the excitement and exhilaration of the run, intensified by the spice of risk that you may break your neck at the first fence, and the sheer delight in afterwards talking it all over, let him tear himself away from business and the noisy turmoil of city life, and on the morning of some beautiful October day take a Long Island train to the village where the meet is scheduled for that day. On the ferryboat, generally up forward in the open air, he will find several men in long covert coats, with perhaps a suggestion of a pink collar disclosed, carrying big English bags, and with a pair of spurs sticking out of some pocket. They are chatting gaily with a party of well groomed women, who all seem to know one another very well. In the cars they are joined by others of their kind, and horse talk reigns supreme—the prospect of a big run; debates upon the question whether the



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—MR. R. F. ELLIS, MASTER OF THE HOUNDS, AND ONE OF THE WHIPS, JUST BEFORE REACHING THE SCRUB.
From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

going will be heavy or not; whether the country will be as "blind" as last week, owing to the leaves still remaining on trees and hedges; whether the "kill," or finish, will be in time for the late afternoon train back to dinner in the city; and all the delightful speculations that the possibilities of hunting can call forth.

At the little railroad station, at some crossroads, usually so quiet and sleepy, with the proverbial country store and its loungers hanging around, now even the ticket agent, with all the rest, has assumed an unwonted air of interest and curiosity. Handsomely appointed traps are picking up their friends; a superbly horsed break appears, carrying a gay crowd, while little road carts with sporty looking polo ponies are flying hither and yon. Over against that long row of sheds a dozen or more hunters are being held; girths are tightened, and owners mount, while up the road, coming in twos, are other hunters being led to the meet, hooded and blanketed. Greetings are being exchanged, and one constantly hears the inquiry, "What are you riding today, old chap?" Little bandy legged grooms are scurrying around, ducking under horses' heads, and touching their caps at every order. A little way up the road can be seen the hounds, and the pink coats of the huntsmen and whips, who are all keeping strict watch, lest any particular dog should break away and the whole pack be off.

And now the master, riding up magnificently mounted on a big, slashing bay, seeing every one ready, starts up the road. The horsemen closely follow—perhaps twenty or more of them—with a few grooms riding "green ones," horses that are to have their first experience in the hunting field after careful training over hurdles. Traps of all description fall in closely behind, mingling with a few young farmers in buggies, driving trotters. Up the road they all go for a mile at a slow trot, until, at a pair of bars by an old orchard, where the master has turned and raised his hand, every one pulls up. Many take advantage of the pause to tighten their hats on and to settle themselves more firmly in their saddles. The horses are restless at the restraint, until the huntsman, with a cry, deftly turns the hounds, and in an instant they are off through the orchard, while the riders

take their turn over the bars after the whips and the master. Through the orchard they scatter, the riders ducking and bobbing their heads to avoid the low branches.

The carriages, meanwhile, are tearing along the road, with their occupants eagerly watching for their first glimpse of the run. And now suddenly, parallel with the road, and two fields back, are seen the hounds streaming away in full cry, running so true together that daylight hardly shows between any of them. Over the post and rail fence the horses fly, to scatter somewhat over the field as a big four railer looms up ahead of them. Each man is mentally trying to pick out his particular panel, where he can jump at a safe distance behind others in front of him. Over they all are, although one big horse was heard to rap rather too hard for safety, and now they are all sailing away over a snake fence and up a hill.

"He's down!" was heard, as a thoroughbred was seen to turn a complete somersault and send his rider plowing into the soft earth. But the horse is up and off with his reins dangling.

"Is he hurt? Who is it?" is called from the traps.

"Yes, he's all right"—as the rider, hatless, is seen running across the field after his mount; but unless some man ahead can catch and hold the horse, the dismounted sportsman will be hopelessly left behind, so fast has the pace become.

The field is beginning to scatter, and those few men who always ride in the first flight are looking around to see how close behind their friendly rivals are, or to note the face of a newcomer with mingled curiosity and interest to see how he "goes."

Now they are lost to view, and after a mile or more along the road the carriages come to the first "check," the drag man having lifted the scent. The hounds are bunched around the huntsman and master, panting and lolling their tongues, while many of the riders have dismounted to ease their horses, which are covered with foam.

After a few moments' rest, up the road they start again, where the hounds are once more thrown off, the men following. Over hill and dale they go, sometimes appearing to the road riders as tiny specks in the distance, the touch of pink visible afar. Only a few of the carriages



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—THE "RUN IN" AT THE FINISH OF THE HUNT. THE TWO LEADING HORSEMEN ARE MR. H. L. HERBERT AND MR. ROBY.
From a photograph by John C. Hemment



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS—THE MASTER AND A WHIP LEAVING THE FIELD AFTER THE KILL.

From a photograph by John C. Hemment.

and the followers on horseback are to be seen, many of them having taken cross-roads that led them astray, and the pace having told on others. A few of the greatest enthusiasts, who follow every hunt, are waiting on the top of a commanding hill, where they know the drag man will finish the run.

There he is, in the middle of the field, with the "worry meat" in a bag, and the hound wagon is waiting in the road to drive the tired dogs back to the kennels. After a few moments the cry of the huntsman is heard away down in the woods, and soon the hounds emerge in a long line and surround the drag man, jumping and leaping for the morsels of meat held high in the air. And now a few of the best mounted and cleverest riders come in sight, and challenge the master for a final spurt to be the first in. The pace has been extremely fast, and a few have been "hung up," while others have missed the trail.

Quickly grooms are scraping out the dripping horses, while others are being blanketed and led to their different homes. The men, sometimes with scratched faces, or showing by the mud on their shoulders that they have "come a cropper," are putting on top coats, taking a pull at their hunting flasks, and praising their different mounts.

Soon they are on fresh mounts or climbing into their traps, and are off to that comfortable house over there, where the hunt breakfast is to be. As the men

slowly jog up, smoking and chatting, what a sense of healthful pleasure and delight they feel, and what high spirits they are in! The excitement and danger, with the satisfaction of coming through without mishap, can scarcely be equaled at any other time.

With some of the stains removed, and with famous appetites—and a healthy thirst, too—men and women are prepared to do ample justice to the collation. Afterwards, from the mere enthusiasm of excessive spirits and energy, there are hunting songs and informal dancing, winding up with a hunt quadrille. Too soon the time comes for the return to town. With all sorts of jolly adieus, the city visitors are whirled away to the station, in little traps, or in a break and four. And through the failing light and the hush of nature, in the quiet autumn evening, they go rattling by, past little country homesteads and quiet farmyards that were settling down to sleep. On the train the run is gone over again, each man asking the next if he took that "whopper" of a fence just before the finish, with the drop into the road.

After this day's experience, among the young fresh faces that glow with health gained from a pastime that calls out nerve as well as skill, if there is any one who still questions the charm of the sport, let him keep his pessimistic thoughts to himself; for no greater enthusiasts can be found than the men who ride straight to hounds.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

A BRILLIANT BUT ALMOST FORGOTTEN EPISODE OF OUR NAVAL HISTORY, WHEN AMERICAN AND BRITISH SEAMEN FOUGHT TOGETHER IN CHINESE WATERS, AND COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL FIRST SPOKE A PHRASE THAT HAS BECOME HISTORIC.

"BLOOD is thicker than water," said Sir Edward Chichester at the banquet to Mark Twain, in London, last June, when the English sailor described to a delighted audience how Englishmen and Americans fraternized at Manila. Captain Chichester forgot to name the gallant American naval officer who in June, 1859, first used that famous phrase, risking his life and his men's lives to help British seamen in the bloody battle of the Peiho. That Sir Edward did not mention Tattnall is not surprising in view of the fact that the official records of our Navy Department give no account of the Taku incident, although the British naval records do. And now that British and American sailors have once more fought side by side, at Samoa,

it is time that the story of Commodore* Tattnall's heroism forty years ago should be made so plain to his fellow countrymen that there need never be any more misapprehension of the facts, on either side of the water.

There have been few more stirring episodes in our naval history than Tattnall's part in the affair of the Peiho. On March 15 of this year, when the commander of the British cruiser Porpoise called on Admiral Kautz in Samoan waters and congratulated him that then "for the first time" America and England had "fought together," he, too, forgot the Peiho and the thrilling scene on the deck of the British gunboat Cormorant in 1859, when Tattnall's Yankee tars rushed to the bow



THE TOMB OF COMMODORE JOSIAH TATTNALL IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE TATTNALL FAMILY ESTATE.

* Tattnall's actual rank in the navy roster was never "commodore"; it was never higher than "captain." But as flag officer he had the honorary rank of commodore.

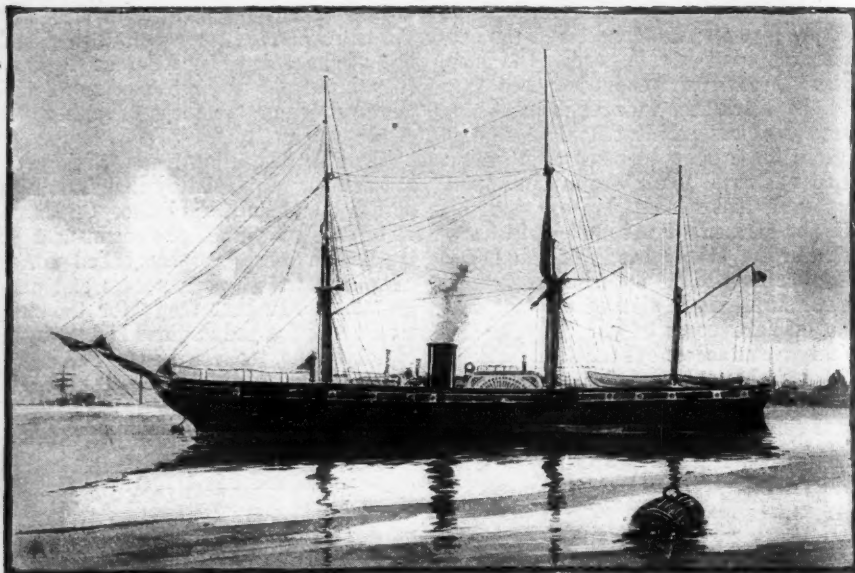
gun, whose crew had been shot down before their eyes, and served it so well that the embrasures of the Chinese forts ran red.

Josiah Tattnall, whose grave is in Bonaventure, the beautiful city of the dead just outside of Savannah, Georgia, was a pupil of Decatur, nurtured in the same school of naval prowess. His father and namesake was a Revolutionary soldier who afterwards served as Governor of Georgia

"Now, by the Eternal!" said Tattnall, "you, too, shall fight me, and at five paces."

The second duel did not take place.

Such was the stuff that Decatur and his men were made of. When he sailed with Decatur on the *Epervier*, Tattnall learned to love and admire the hero of Tripoli and Algiers as the highest exemplar of American seamanship.



THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE POWHATAN, FLAGSHIP OF COMMODORE TATTNALL AT THE PEIHO IN 1859.

and United States Senator. Born at Bonaventure—the family estate since 1762, and only converted into a cemetery after his death—he was appointed a midshipman in the navy on the 1st of January, 1812, at the age of seventeen. His fighting blood showed early. Sent with a handful of marines to capture a deserter, Midshipman Tattnall gave the fellow a thorough thrashing with his own fists before turning him over to the soldiers. On another cruise, hearing his country insulted by one of Admiral Cochrane's English officers at Valparaiso, Tattnall, then attached to the United States frigate *Macedonian*, challenged the Britisher, shot him in the leg, and then backed down one of his friends who was blustering about the number of paces at which such affairs ought to be settled.

During the years of peace that followed the war of 1812, Tattnall's service was by no means devoid of exciting incidents. The long series of revolutions in the Spanish American states afforded opportunity for the equipment of privateers, and in their cruises for plunder they did not always respect the neutral flag of the United States. Their temerity in this regard was twice severely punished by Tattnall. In 1828, as first lieutenant of the *Erie*, an eighteen gun sloop of war, he captured the Brazilian cruiser *Federal*, a privateer equipped at Buenos Ayres, which had had the audacity to seize an American merchant vessel. Tattnall was escorting General William Henry Harrison, our minister to Colombia. The *Federal* lay in the harbor of St. Bartholomew, under the guns of the fort, but Tattnall's boats

went straight in and cut her out, and she was sent to Pensacola with a prize crew on board.

Four years later, while commanding the United States sloop Grampus, Tattnall inflicted exactly similar punishment on the Mexican war schooner Montezuma, which had detained an American ship in the harbor of Tampico. After capturing the Montezuma, seizing her crew, and landing them as prisoners, Tattnall deliberately returned to Tampico and took the American vessel from under the Mexican guns.

In 1847, at the attack on Vera Cruz, Tattnall, now a commander, took his ship, the Spitfire, so close to the heavy guns of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa that Commodore Matthew Perry, who commanded the American fleet, had to order him back. He withdrew reluctantly, and one of his officers has recorded that as the vessel went out of action Commander Tattnall said, in tones of regret, "Not a man killed or wounded!" It was for his gallantry on that occasion that the State of Georgia presented him with a sword.

But the episode of the Peiho, which so shortly preceded Tattnall's resignation from the navy, is the most memorable of his career. On October 15, 1857, he was appointed to command our naval forces in the East India and China seas, with the rank of flag officer. In May of the following year he hoisted his broad pennant on the steam frigate Powhatan. The treaty recently negotiated between China and the United States had not been ratified. France and England, as well, were desirous of ratifying treaties with the court of Peking. It was arranged that the English, French, and American fleets should meet at the forts of Taku, at the mouth of the Peiho, to escort the respective ministers of their countries about a hundred and fifty miles

up the river to Peking. The new American minister to China, John E. Ward, was met by Tattnall at Singapore, where a light draft English steamboat, Toeywan, was chartered by the flag officer as a tender to the Powhatan. The Peiho was not deep enough to admit of the ascent of vessels of any size. The plan was to send Minister Ward up as far as Tientsin, eighty miles below Peking, and seventy miles above Taku, in the Toeywan. When the Powhatan and the Toeywan reached the mouth of the Peiho (June 21, 1859), Tattnall found assembled there an allied fleet of twenty one steamers, commanded by Admiral Hope on the British gunboat Coromandel, and a French commodore on the Norzagaray, with

THE SWORD PRESENTED TO COMMODORE TATTNALL BY THE STATE OF GEORGIA AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS GALLANTRY IN THE MEXICAN WAR.



COMMODORE 'OSIAH TATTNALL, UNITED STATES NAVY.

the French ambassador, De Bourboulon. Preparations were at once made to escort the French, British, and American ministers up the river.

The three diplomats were not precisely in the same situation. The treaty of Tientsin, to which France, England, and China were parties, had by its terms to be ratified at Pekin by the French and Eng-

Admiral Hope and the French commodore crossed the Taku bar on June 24. Tattall accompanied them on the Toeywan. It was discovered at once that a triple barrier of booms and stakes had been constructed across the channel, immediately under the guns of the forts. The Chinese authorities promised to remove the barriers "in a day or two." Admiral



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT TIENTSIN, WHERE THE TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA WAS FINALLY RATIFIED.

lish commissioners on or before June 26. The terms of the treaty between China and the United States, negotiated by Mr. Ward's predecessor, Mr. Reed, did not include a similar stipulation; but his home government had instructed Ward to proceed to Pekin, present to the emperor an autograph letter from President Buchanan, and there exchange ratifications of the Reed treaty, which had been signed, also at Tientsin, on June 18 of the preceding year.

There was no suspicion of Chinese treachery in the minds of F. W. A. Bruce, the British envoy, Minister Ward, or Flag Officer Tattall. The French commander, however, thought it suspicious that the Taku forts seemed deserted, although it was evident that fresh earthworks had just been completed.

As only two days remained before the date set for the ratification of the treaty,

Hope realized that this would mean the defeat of the treaty, and resolved to force the barriers and proceed up the Peiho to Tientsin.

The Chesapeake, Hope's flagship, the Magicienne, the Highflyer, the Fury, and the Hesper, the heavier vessels of the English fleet, and the French corvette Duchaya, remained at anchor below the bar, and out of range of the guns of the forts. The tides in the Peiho are remarkably strong, and the little Toeywan was swept to a mud bank, on which she stuck fast. Admiral Hope sent an officer to Tattall, suggesting the danger of his position in case the forts should open fire and offering him a British gunboat to hoist his flag on. Tattall's own words, in a report to the Navy Department, describes this remarkable incident, the beginning of the brotherly relations between Hope and himself:

At this moment I received from Admiral James Hope an attention which must place me under lasting obligation to him. Although he had reason to think that the vessel would be fired upon by the forts, he sent a gunboat to my aid. The gunboat failed in the effort to extricate me, and in view, as I have said, of a probability of the Toeywan falling over and sinking, the admiral despatched a second gunboat to me, placing her entirely at my disposition, with the handsome and generous offer that I should hoist on her the American ensign and my official flag.

Tattnall gratefully declined the offer, stuck to the Toeywan, and succeeded in getting her off the mud bank at high water. Meantime the Chinese were showing their hands. "Go to Pekin some other way," they said. "We will not remove the barriers."

"Then I'll remove them myself," returned Hope. Accordingly, at a quarter before three in the afternoon, in his gunboat Plover, he rammed the second barrier, assisted by the Opossum, while the other gunboats attacked the first, in which he had quietly made a breach the night before sufficient for the admission of one vessel.

Now these barriers, as well as the forts, were curiosities in naval warfare. The channel of the Peiho was about three hundred feet wide. On the left bank, looking up stream, were three earthworks, about thirty feet high, faced with masonry. With these were connected additional mud batteries, twenty two feet high, with casemated guns, and covered ways led from them to flanking forts. The fortifications on the right bank of the Peiho, composed of earth and stone, were scarcely less formidable. The first barrier stretched across the river consisted of a row of pointed iron stakes, nine inches in girth, with heavy tripod bases. The second, four hundred and fifty feet farther up, and immediately abreast of the center of the fortifications, was made of one eight inch hemp and two heavy chain cables, hove taut across the stream, twelve feet apart, and supported by stout spars. The third barrier, still higher up, was made of two large rafts, anchored one above the other, leaving a letter S channel, the upper end of which was hedged by iron stakes.

The Toeywan, with Tattnall and Ward on board, had now dropped below the line of fire. Admiral Hope had waited for the ebb, fearing that if he fought on the flood, the tide would sweep right up

to the forts any craft that might become disabled. The instant the Plover rammed the second barrier, the forts opened. The Plover and Opossum were at once wreathed in smoke and flame, exposed to the plunging fire of forty guns. Commander Rason of the Plover was cut in two by a round shot. The first volley decapitated the captain of the bow gun, and mortally wounded three other sailors close by him. Admiral Hope ran up to the Plover's masthead the signal, "Engage the enemy as close as possible." A cheer which was heard on the deck of the Toeywan rang out from the gallant Englishmen. Captain McKenna was killed at the admiral's side, and he himself received a musket ball in his thigh. When only nine of the Plover's crew of forty were able to stand to the guns, Hope transferred his flag to the Opossum, rowing through a storm of lead from one vessel to the other. He had been on the Opossum's bridge but a few minutes when a round shot struck the chain lifeline of the bridge, smashed three of the links into his leg, and knocked him to the deck below. The fall broke three of his ribs, but left him still full of fighting enthusiasm.

Meantime, with kindling eyes and beating hearts, the Americans on board the Toeywan lay at anchor, in safety. They were ill content with the rôle of spectators. Their country was at peace with China; they could not fire on the forts; but they could share the peril of their British brothers. Even now the Plover and Opossum were dropping down stream to take on new crews. Every shot from the batteries seemed to find a mark on the English decks. No enemy had shown such marksmanship since the Crimea. The execution was fearful.

Wounded as he was, Admiral Hope was once more lowered into his barge and rowed through the battle to the Cormorant, his third flagship. His gallant example stimulated his men on all sides, and the Cormorant became the center of action. Hope lay on deck, watching the fight; his crew served the guns with compressed lips and eyes that looked death in the face. It was wooden ships against earthworks, exposed gunners against masked batteries. The decks were slippery with blood; the powder monkeys wept as they thought of their comrades

shot down by their sides, and *went on passing powder*. "Don't let them Chinamen thrash us!" they would call out to the gunners. The officers on the English fleet felt tolerably certain by this time that it was not Chinamen who were aiming the enemy's cannon; more probably the marksmen were Russians.

About twenty minutes past four the admiral had to hand over command to Captain Shadwell of the Highflyer. The gunnery of the Cormorant's crew was admirable. In four shots her bow gun dismounted three pieces in the center bastion of the Chinese battery; but in fifteen minutes they were blazing away again.

There are just such gunners on our own Brooklyn and Oregon and Texas as Corporal John Giles, who fired the Cormorant's famous bow gun.

"Find out for me," said the admiral on his cot, "who is serving that gun."

The aide de camp found Corporal Giles with his trigger line out, just ready to fire.

"Muzzle right," said Corporal Giles.

"The admiral wants to know who fired those last shots," said the aide.

"Elevate," said Giles to the crew. "I did, sir."

"What's your name?" asked the aide.

"Fire!" called the corporal. "John Giles, corporal, Woolwich division, sir. Sponge and load!" The brave fellow wouldn't even stop firing long enough to be complimented.

"Opossum, ahoy!" called the captain of a sister gunboat. "Your stern post's on fire."

"Bother the stern post!" replies the Opossum's captain. "I can't stop pitching into those blackguards for a burning stern post!"

"The ship won't float much longer, sir, unless we can manage to plug the holes in her side," says Bo's'n Woods of the Lee to her gallant commander, Lieutenant Jones.

"It's impossible to get at the shot holes from inside," said Lieutenant Jones, "and I won't order men to dive outside with shot plugs, with this tide running and our propeller going, too."

"There's no other way to do, sir," said Bo's'n Woods; "and if you please, sir, I'd like to go about that job myself."

And he dived, at the constant risk of his life, from the plunging shot and whirl-

ing propeller blades, and plugged twenty eight shot holes. But even that heroism couldn't keep the Lee afloat: The Kestrel, too, went down soon afterward.

A foretopman lay dying on a sofa in the cabin, and as he watched his life blood ooze away he said he was "sorry to injure such pretty cushions." A quartermaster whose shoulder had been swept away by a round shot observed, "Them Chinamen hit hardish." When was there ever a finer day's fighting?

The crews of the sinking gunboats begged to be allowed to land and attack the forts. Captains Vansittart of the Magicienne, and Shadwell and Willes of the Highflyer and the Chesapeake, agreed that the only chance to save any of the ships was to divert the enemy's fire by a land attack. They volunteered to lead this forlorn hope. An assault and escalade were accordingly ordered.

The reserve crews lay in boats below the bar and near the Toeywan. The tide now setting down the Peiho almost swept them from their anchorage. They made desperate efforts to row up to the scene of action, but could make no headway. Tattnell saw their predicament. At that moment a midshipman from the Cormorant came over the side of the Toeywan.

"The admiral needs reinforcements badly," said he, saluting Tattnell; "he has only six men left. I had two boats sunk under me on my way here."

With that the little middy looked wistfully at the barge, full of hearty fellows eager to get to the fighting line, but unable to row up against the tide. The officer in charge of this reserve also visited Tattnell. Neither of them asked him to tow the boats up to the British admiral—at least, not in so many words. The situation was unendurable.

"I'll tow your reserves into action," said Tattnell. "*Blood is thicker than water!*" And the Toeywan at once took the British boats in tow and steamed with them over the bar, right under the Chinese guns, with the men in the boats and the men on the ship cheering continuously. And from each of Hope's gunboats, as the Stars and Stripes came floating proudly through the fiery cloud of battle, cheer upon cheer rang afresh, as the reinforcements the British needed so badly were distributed by the Amer-

icans. This done, the Toeywan retired to her anchorage.

At seven o'clock, amid cheers from every gunboat yet above water, the landing party—made up of 600 Englishmen and Frenchmen, Captain Tricault of the French corvette gallantly leading his own detachment—shot across the muddy surface of the Peiho and landed in front of the outer bastion of the Chinese battery. Every gun that could be served from the fleet was aimed at these earthworks. The dark mass of men dashed from the boats towards the bastion; both Shadwell and Vansittart dropping out of the ranks, badly wounded, with dozens of others. The rushing tide swallowed many of them up in the thick mud. The fire from the forts withered their ranks, and when the first ditch was reached the dead and wounded fairly filled it.

From the river this desperate attack was watched with thrilling interest. As another gunboat filled and began to go down, the crew called out, "We can't do any more good here, sir. Let us go over the mud and join our chaps on shore."

Meanwhile Tattnell was not idle. In the words of his official report, he says:

After anchoring I thought of the admiral, and of his chivalrous kindness to me the day before, which, from an unwillingness to intrude on him when he was preparing for battle, I had in no way acknowledged. I, therefore, with my flag lieutenant, Mr. Trenchard, went in my barge to visit him. When within a few feet of the admiral's vessel a heavy shot struck the barge, killed my coxswain (John Hart), and slightly wounded my flag lieutenant. We fortunately reached the vessel before the boat entirely filled. I found the admiral lying on his quarter deck, badly wounded. I informed him that I had called to pay my respects, and to express my regrets at his condition. I took advantage of an English boat that was passing to return to the Toeywan.

On the morning following this day and night of slaughter, I found that six of the English vessels were sunk, and that the others had withdrawn out of gunshot. I now prepared to return to the Powhatan, but first called to take leave of the admiral, and by request deferred my departure that I might tow to their ships, outside the bar, two launch loads of the wounded English.

At the height of the action, when he turned to leave the bloody deck of the British flagship, Tattnell looked vainly about for his boat's crew. His barge had been sunk under him, but the men who had come aboard the Cormorant with him were nowhere to be seen. Finally he found them serving that wonderful bow

gun, whose British crew had been killed or disabled.

"What are you doing?" said he. "Don't you know we are neutrals?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the American gun captain; "they were very short handed at the bow gun, sir, so we gave 'em a help for fellowship's sake."

The Cormorant was now in a sinking condition, and soon after Tattnell shook Admiral Hope's hand and took his departure the vessel went down. As she settled, her gallant commander was lifted into his barge and rowed to the Coromandel, his fourth flagship.

The storming party had suffered as severely as their brethren on shipboard. In all, of the 1,350 men engaged on sea and land, the English lost 450 killed and wounded, 29 of them officers; the French, of whom there were only 50 all told, lost 4 killed and 12 wounded. Some of the British gunboats had been fought by three crews in succession. The forlorn hope was finally ordered out of the trench it held ashore and reëmbarked. With what was left of his shattered fleet, the admiral dropped down stream, and the battle of the Peiho was over, a complete victory for the Chinese—a victory for which they afterwards paid dearly. In the following year an Anglo French army occupied Peking, exacted an indemnity, and compelled the signature of the treaties.

The American treaty was ratified at Peking on August 16, 1859, our minister having failed to secure an imperial audience at Peking because, as he reported to the State Department, "I would neither kneel nor prostrate my person before his majesty. I sent word to the emperor that if my kneeling was necessary to an audience it could never take place." Having discharged his duty of seeing his country's representative safely through this awkward mission, Flag Officer Tattnell soon afterward returned to the United States. Lord Lyons, the British minister, conveyed to him and to Mr. Ward "the thanks of her majesty's government and of the lord commissioners of the admiralty for the assistance thus rendered her majesty's service."

"Gallant Americans," said a contemporary writer in an English magazine, "you and your admiral did more that day to bind England and the United States together than all your lawyers and petti-

fogging politicians have ever done to part us."

Tattnall's son, John R. F. Tattnall—who is now a resident of Savannah—served in the navy with his father, having enlisted in the marine corps in 1847. When Georgia seceded from the Union, both father and son resigned, with deep regret for what they believed to be the

necessity for the course they chose; and during the Civil War both served with distinction in the navy of the Confederacy. When the struggle ended, a peaceful old age crowned the career of the elder Tattnall, who died, full of years and honors, at Savannah, June 14, 1871. May his country have many more such sons!

AN INVITATION TO THE ROAD.

CHOOSE thy pilgrim staff to be
Of the stout madroño tree;
Loaf and cup within a sack
Buckle safely to thy back;
In thy wallet scrip nor cent
(We are not on commerce bent!)
Tighten belt and string and strap,
Put a posy in thy cap
Plucked from any bush or bower
Crownèd with a crimson flower;
Now adieu to those who stay,
And with me thou shalt away;
We are brothers, Brethren we,
Of the Order of the Free!

This the Order of the Free
(What a goodly company!)—
Wind and Weather, Soil and Sun;
Bed of boughs when day is done;
Dreams adrift from starry sky,
And lay brethren—thou and I!
Should we hunger, berries shine
Underneath the tangled vine;
Orchard trees inviting bend
O'er the way our footsteps wend;
Should we thirst, cool springs are near
Pathwayed by the fox and deer;
And perchance a dairy maid
Of us would not be afraid!

Whither wander? That shall be
As it pleaseth thee and me;
Only, let the pilgrimage
Be of life a golden page!
Shall we travel with the breeze
Toward that grove of laurel trees?
Or adown this glen adjourn,
Ceiled with branch and walled with fern?
Yonder is a purple crest,
Shall we journey there and rest?
Here are manzanita trails
Leading down to dusky dales—
Hark, a herd bell! See, a star!
Let us follow it afar!

Clarence Urmy.

THE FASTEST TRAINS.

BY H. G. PROUT, EDITOR OF "THE RAILROAD GAZETTE."

In Two Parts—Part I.

RECORD BREAKING ON AMERICAN RAILROADS—AUTHENTIC INSTANCES IN WHICH TRAINS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN AT NINETY AND A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, WITH A HUNDRED AND TWELVE MILES AS THE HIGHEST SPEED CLAIMED FOR A LOCOMOTIVE.

HOW fast has a locomotive ever run? How fast might a locomotive be run in the present state of the art? What is the ultimate limit of the speed of a locomotive? How fast are passengers actually carried in daily practice?

These are some of the questions that I am asked almost every day by my neighbors and by correspondents, and they expect me to speak up briskly like a smart boy in school, and say "Ninety miles an hour, one hundred and twenty five miles an hour, and eighty miles an hour," or something like that. When I begin to qualify and shuffle and explain, they think that I am either ignorant or a hair splitting pedant. Yet in truth, the man who undertakes to answer these questions in simple, unqualified figures either does not know what he is talking about or does not mind deceit.

For example, once a month, more or less, we read that engine No. 909, with engineer Jack Pott "at the throttle"—he is always "at the throttle" in these yarns—has hauled a train ninety miles an hour. The trained observer will see here at once a possible feat, an impossible feat, an improbable story, and a fruitful source of misapprehension. He knows that locomotives sometimes touch a rate of ninety miles an hour when hauling trains in regular service. He also knows that no engine ever hauled a train ninety miles in one hour. He knows, further, that the chances are that in this particular case Jack Pott and locomotive No. 909 never got much above seventy five miles an hour, even if they ever reached that speed.

All of this requires a little explanation. There are locomotives running in regular service that could get a train up to a rate of ninety miles an hour, and maintain that speed for a mile, or for two or three

miles. We know that this has been done several times; possibly it has been done many times, but it is not likely that the steam locomotive has ever been built that could haul even one car ninety miles in one hour.

I have ridden a bicycle one mile in three minutes, but I could not ride twenty miles in one hour to save my life. There are a few young men in the world who can run one hundred yards in ten seconds, but no man living can run four hundred and forty yards in forty four seconds. Much less could he run a mile in one hundred and seventy six seconds. Obviously, the analogy between the young man and the locomotive is only partial, but it is close enough to serve as an illustration.

A locomotive, like a man, must have a certain combination of physical qualities to sprint fast, but to keep up the speed we must join to the sprinting qualities the capacity to develop power and to deliver it to the working members of the machine.

A boy runs a hundred yards on a single breath. His heart and lungs have but little to do with that race during the running of it; but to run the half mile he must have fine speed qualities, and also he must have big lungs and a stout heart, and his intercostal muscles must be quick, elastic, and enduring. He must be able to keep up steam. Exactly the same is true of a locomotive. For sustained speed the driving wheels must be reasonably large and all the steam passages must be liberal. These are fundamental sprinting qualities; but besides that, the stomach, heart, and lungs of the locomotive must all be capacious and sound and rightly proportioned one to the other. The locomotive must be able to make steam fast and to keep making it, for at the bottom sustained speed is a matter of

sustained power. Many of us could ride a bicycle sixty miles in six hours. Only a few men could ride sixty miles in three hours. Just so with a locomotive. The country is full of locomotives that could haul a train sixty miles in one hour, but very few could do seventy miles in one hour, and none could do ninety. Their vital organs could not keep up the supply of energy. Just here the electric locomotive has some advantages which will be mentioned later when we come to talk of the possible ultimate speed of a locomotive.

But there is another difficulty in doing ninety miles an hour which the trained observer at once recognizes. All the records of engines which have run at a speed of ninety miles an hour for one or two miles have been made on a light down grade, or on a level just following a down grade, and on a straight track. It would be very hard to find in the world ninety miles straightaway which had the qualities that would make it possible or safe to keep up anything near this speed.

Finally, the story about Jack Pott and engine 909 is at once recognized by the experienced man as improbable for other reasons. On reading it he usually finds that Jack "thought" he was going ninety miles an hour. Probably he did think so; but so far as his estimate goes, it is worthless after he passes seventy or seventy five miles an hour. His faculties have had long training in observing speeds up to sixty five or seventy miles, and to some such point they are wonderfully reliable. Beyond that point they are not trained by custom and are unreliable. Indeed, when we get up to very high speeds accurate timing is difficult, to say nothing of accurate guessing. We may observe the mile posts with watch in hand. If we go from one mile post to the next in sixty seconds, we have run at the rate of sixty miles an hour. If we make an error of observation of half a second in timing one mile, and then compute our rate per hour, we make an error of half a mile in the hour. If we go from one mile post to the next in forty seconds, we have run at the rate of ninety miles an hour. But supposing we make an error of half a second in observing this time. Then the error in the computed result is more than one mile in the rate per hour. In other words, the errors of observation increase with the speed.

All of this must be somewhat unsatisfactory to the gentle reader who asked the questions with which we set out. But probably he will now understand better why we must divide the inquiry into (1) special record making performances of a mile or two; (2) special long distance runs, and (3) the daily fast schedule runs in regular service.

(1) Special runs for very short distances, say four or five miles, or less, at a speed of seventy five miles an hour or thereabouts, are now so frequent that they do not often get reported. Above seventy five miles and up to somewhere near ninety there are a good many records, but above ninety miles an hour authentic records are scarce. As long ago as 1884 a train of five cars, running on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad just west of the Alleghany Mountains, was said to have made ninety miles an hour for six consecutive miles. This was a special train carrying newspaper correspondents from Chicago to Washington, and I fear that some of the fervor of the occasion got into the record. At any rate, no particulars were ever published which satisfy me that the train was timed accurately when this record was made.

For six years no further record of such a speed appeared, but in 1890 a much faster run was made on the Philadelphia & Reading, in the course of which a distance of 4.1 miles was run at an average speed of 98.4 miles an hour. The train was made up of an engine and four cars. This performance is on record in the office of the general manager, and is no doubt correct, within some small error.

In 1892 an engine on the Central Railroad of New Jersey suddenly made itself famous by some magnificent performances. With a train of four cars this engine, which bore the number of 385, ran a mile at 91.7 miles an hour and then another at 97.3. In 1893 the New York Central began to get ready for the World's Fair, and also to do some effective advertising, and produced a record of five miles at one hundred miles an hour, and a week or two later made another record of one mile at 102.8 miles an hour. These performances were observed with care, and the error could not have been great, one way or the other. About the same time the famous engine 999 of the New York Central was said to have run a

mile at the rate of a hundred and twelve miles an hour, and when the engine was shown at the World's Fair a placard was attached to it announcing that it had made this speed. I have always regretted that the officers of the company permitted this placard to be displayed, because they were never able to satisfy critics that the speed was actually reached. There is no doubt that the engine ran well over a hundred miles an hour, but there is doubt that it ever got up to a hundred and twelve.

In 1895 a five car train was run on that part of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Baltimore and Washington, a distance of 5.1 miles, at a rate of a hundred and two miles an hour. In October, 1895, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad made the best long distance run that has ever been made in the world, particulars of which will be given when we come to that division of our subject. In the course of this run a single mile was recorded at 92.3 miles an hour. This was with a three car train, and the records were carefully made throughout the run by skilful men and are not subject to much correction, if any.

In September, 1897, an engine with four cars, running on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis, is said to have run one mile at a speed of somewhere between a hundred and a hundred and four miles an hour. While the record is a little vague it is pretty safe to say that this run was not far from a hundred miles an hour, and it may possibly have touched a hundred and four.

In October, 1897, on the Pennsylvania Railroad's Baltimore and Washington line, a two car train ran 15.1 miles at a rate of 100.7 miles an hour. This is much the longest distance that I ever heard of run at such speed. Included in that run, a distance of 6.9 miles was made at a rate of 103.5 miles an hour. In June, 1899, on the same road and at the same place, a four car train ran 6.9 miles at a speed of 103.5 miles an hour.

In these records the rate of speed, as a rule, was not taken by an observer in the engine, stop watch in hand, counting the seconds between mile posts, but by men at signal cabins or stations, who recorded the time when the train passed. They rejected odd seconds, and made their

records to the nearest minute, half minute, or quarter minute. Further, the clocks in any two stations may have differed by a few seconds. Such records are not precise; but the errors are as likely to make the speed too little as too great, and the more miles involved the less the error. We may safely say that we have here a group of runs at one hundred miles an hour or a little more; but the odd miles and tenths are uncertain.

I can find no more records above ninety miles an hour that are sufficiently well authenticated to justify us in accepting them. It is quite possible, however, that I have missed a few trustworthy records, and it is certain that I have rejected a number which did not come with sufficient evidence of care and skill in observing. The reader will please notice how few of these runs are as compared with the immense number of locomotives in the world, and he will also observe that only one of them was kept up for more than seven miles.

Before leaving this branch of the subject we should mention one run which does not come within the ninety mile an hour limit, but which is worth notice because of the heavy train and great speed combined. In October, 1892, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Philadelphia, a train was hauled at 72.6 miles an hour for 9.7 miles. This train was made up of ten cars, six of which were very heavy cars, being sleepers and postal and express cars. The engine runner was dismissed for fast running.

We will now take up the matter of the speed maintained in special runs for longer distances, and it will be seen at once how suddenly it drops from the ninety mile limit. We find no run of more than thirty one miles made at a rate as high as eighty two miles an hour. We find no record of a speed of 83 miles an hour kept up for more than twenty five consecutive miles; and we find only three of these. We find but one case of a rate as great as seventy miles an hour kept up for fifty miles or more. We find but two records of sixty eight miles an hour maintained for more than a hundred miles, and only one record of sixty six miles an hour maintained for two hundred miles.

In considering special long distance

runs we soon find that this class must be subdivided, and the first subdivision will naturally include distances so great that the steam making capacity of the locomotive will be actually tried; that is, distances too long for the locomotive to sprint. The distance should be long enough to give several changes of grade, and so neutralize the effect of momentum; but it should be short enough to run without a stop—that is, without changing engines. Engine divisions are anywhere from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles long. In quite recent years there is a considerable tendency to make engine divisions longer, but this is not common enough to affect the present inquiry. The first subdivision of the second class, therefore, will include runs of from twenty four miles up to a hundred and fifty miles; although twenty four miles is really a little too short to fulfil the grade condition laid down above. This minimum distance is taken to let in some very remarkable records.

In 1886, a three car train on the West Shore Railway ran 36.3 miles at a speed of seventy two miles an hour, and in 1893 a three car train on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway made forty two miles at seventy one miles an hour. The next year, a train on the Lake Shore Railway made forty two miles at seventy miles an hour. Then we come to the beginning of the great performances between Camden and Atlantic City in 1895. In that year, on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's line, a distance of 24.9 miles was run with an engine and one car at eighty three miles an hour, and 49.8 miles was run at 79.7 miles an hour. In 1898, on the Philadelphia & Reading, a six car train made twenty six miles at 85.4 miles an hour, and repeatedly ran that distance with trains of five and six cars, at speeds of eighty to eighty three miles an hour.

In 1897, a train on the Union Pacific ran forty two miles at seventy miles an hour.

In 1897, a two car train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, & Baltimore (Pennsylvania Railroad) ran 31.4 miles at 72.3 miles an hour.

Within the last few months the Chicago & Northwestern has been doing some especially fine work. In February, for instance, its fast mail ran 138.1 miles at

58.8 miles an hour, and 51.3 miles at 69.9 miles an hour. The longer of these runs included three stops, two of them of three minutes each. The shorter included one stop.

In 1899 the Pennsylvania Railroad decided to surpass the performance of its rival, the Reading Railroad, on the run to Atlantic City. With an eight car train it made 24.9 miles at the rate of eighty three miles an hour, and 30.6 miles at 81.6 miles an hour. Performances at something like this speed have been repeatedly made by trains of both of these railroads on that particular run, and they have now come to be rather a matter of course there, although quite unequaled anywhere else in the world.

For runs between fifty and sixty miles long, the Atlantic City lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad and of the Philadelphia & Reading hold the record. In 1895, the Pennsylvania, with a special train of one car, ran 58.3 miles at 76.5 miles an hour, or in 45½ minutes. This is probably the fastest time ever made for that distance. In the summer of 1899 the same run was made on the same railroad, with an eight car train, at 69.3 miles an hour, which is truly a grand performance.

For sustained work, the Atlantic City line of the Philadelphia & Reading, is not to be surpassed. Every day in July and August of 1897 that railroad ran trains of five and six cars, the distance of 55.5 miles, at speeds never less than 66.6 miles an hour and going up to 71.6. In July and August of 1898 the speed was quickened, and trains of five to seven cars were run every day for two months, never slower than 66.3 miles an hour, and reaching 74.4. This is, of course, for the continuous trip from start to stop. These will stand as records for sixty miles' distance and less.

We will now go up to the distance of a hundred and fifty miles. Here much the best record is that of the Empire State Express, on the New York Central, with five cars on, which, in 1897, made a run of 148 miles at 68.2 miles an hour. We find, however, on the Wabash Railway a record, in 1899, of 105 miles at sixty six miles an hour, and in 1898 a record with a five car train of 71.6 miles at 66.1 miles an hour. In 1896 the Michigan Central did 118 miles with a three car train at 66.1 miles an hour. For like distances

and loads, other records close to these may be found on various railroads, and particularly on the level Western lines. We ought to mention here a remarkable run made on the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul in 1896, when a train of thirteen cars was hauled seventy four miles at an average rate of 54.2 miles an hour, with one stop included. Here the remarkable point is the weight of the train.

After we pass a hundred and fifty miles, and have to change engines, it would seem as if we might go on indefinitely, and keep up for fifteen hundred miles the same rate that we made for a hundred and fifty, except that the discipline and intelligence of more men will come in to affect the performance; and the perfection or imperfection of more machinery and track and more of the vicissitudes of weather and of luck will enter in. But these are great exceptions. Bearings get hot, preceding trains get in the way, an engine does not steam well, we pick up an engineer or a fireman of less than record efficiency, or we get a heavy wind on the quarter. These and other things are the more likely to happen the longer we keep the road. So I discover but one record of as much as sixty five miles an hour kept up for more than two hundred miles. In 1897 a train on the Union Pacific ran 261 miles at 65.6 miles an hour. The same train on the same run made 519 miles at 55.7 miles an hour. This was fine, but much the best five hundred mile run was on the Lake Shore in 1895, when a one car special train made the 510 miles from Chicago to Buffalo at an average rate of 63.61 miles an hour. In that run, one stretch of 181.5 miles was run at 68.67 miles an hour.

The record for a thousand miles was made in 1897 on the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy. A special train was run from Chicago to Denver, 1,025 miles, at 54.6 miles an hour. All these long distance runs of which we are speaking include the stops, and in this run of 1,025 miles there were thirty five stops. Eight engines were used, an average of 128 miles for each engine, the longest run of one locomotive being 255 miles. The same railroad has made other remarkable runs; for example, in 1899, 206 miles at 59.4 for a mail train, 500 miles at 53.1, and 197.3 miles at 64.3.

A fine performance was made on the Wabash in 1899, when a three car train made 181.1 miles at 64.9 miles an hour. When Vice President Hobart went to Washington to be inaugurated, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Reading, and the Baltimore & Ohio united to give him an interesting journey (he being a railroad man), and carried him the 228.6 miles at 55.3 miles an hour. This was very respectable, but, after all, not comparable with the Western lines.

The author of a history of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, recently published, tells of the run of an ammunition train from Baltimore to Hagerstown in 1862, to carry ammunition to McClellan at Antietam. The train of five cars ran a hundred and fifty eight miles at thirty seven miles an hour. There were several delays to cool hot journals, and the author remarks: "When the train entered Hagerstown all the journal boxes on the four Baltimore & Ohio cars were ablaze." He thinks that "there is not another instance in the history of the world where ammunition has been moved such a distance with so much rapidity, and in the face of smoking and blazing journal boxes on the vehicles carrying it." It is very possible that this is true so far as concerns carrying the ammunition; but the reader will have seen from what has gone before that the performance would be counted slow in these days, and will get some notion of the advance in the art of running fast trains since 1862. Indeed, the spectacle of four cars with all the journal boxes blazing at the end of a run of a hundred and fifty eight miles would, nowadays, cost some one his position.

Such is the record of the fastest special runs as made in the United States, and nothing better has ever been made elsewhere. The reader must remember that there is no bureau or office which collects such figures, and that those given here have been brought together with much difficulty and are still subject to possible correction. If errors or omissions are found, the compiler will be glad to hear of them through the editor of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Finally, what all this means to humanity; how fast people are carried in actual regular service; how fast they may hope to be carried—all these are questions that must be left for another article.

THE DOUBLE CROSS.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

THE VARIED FATES OF THE STAR GOLF PLAYER, OF THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WHO DID NOT CHARGE UP SAN JUAN HILL, AND OF THE DOCTOR WHO DID NOT GO TO CUBA AT ALL.

I.

"NO," replied Bob Capelle deliberately and with a slightly nettled emphasis, "I was not at El Caney; and I might as well add at once that I did not charge up San Juan hill—that always comes next."

"But where in the world were you, Bob?" asked Gertrude in a gently grieved tone.

"Guarding a yellow fever camp at Siboney," muttered Lieutenant Bob, with a defiance born of desperation.

"Were they really afraid anybody would try to capture a yellow fever camp?" asked Gertrude pleadingly.

"No; they were afraid it would get away from them—see?" retorted Bob.

"What you been doing all summer? I hear Artie Logan is playing all kinds of golf."

"So is Bud Maxwell. Honestly, I never saw any one improve so much in my life."

They were sitting under the oaks, and Bud was just coming across from the club house.

"How do, Miss Gertrude?" he nodded, approaching. "Good morning, lieutenant"—rather stiffly. "You know the shooting gallery is to be opened this afternoon," he added, addressing Miss Servallis. "Come over and help dedicate, won't you? Thanks; awfully good girl. Three o'clock. Be there, will you, Bob—lieutenant? Over by the gymnasium, you know."

"Breaks that fellow's heart to call me 'lieutenant,' doesn't it?" muttered Bob as Maxwell moved on. Gertrude smiled consolingly. "He's had all summer to chase you, too; while I've been chasing quinine and mustard plasters for Company G. I've noticed some fellows have good luck and some fellows have bad luck, but I'll be blamed if I ever have any kind of luck!"

"I don't care, Mr. Capelle," declared

Gertrude stoutly. "It was brave of you, any way; and I'm proud of you."

"A man doesn't deserve any credit, either, for chasing after you. Certainly not," asserted Bob, with a gleam of philosophy. "Any one with a grain of horse sense would do that. Say, Gertrude—now, hold on; don't run. All I want to ask is whether—say, honestly, you wouldn't marry him, anyhow; now, would you?"

Gertrude shook her curls despairingly. "Oh, Mr. Capelle, don't be absurd!"

"But, honest, would you?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody, and I'm not going to be catechised, either."

"Well, promise me you won't marry that fellow."

She sprang up. "It's time for lunch," she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Come on, you look starved. What? Oh, you everlasting tease! Yes, then; I promise. But if you ever dare tell a soul, I'll take it all back—just remember that."

"How that young Capelle has picked up the last day or so!" mused General Florence in the café a few minutes later. The general was lunching with Mrs. Van Der Hyde; across the room sat Bob, with Miss Servallis, toying with a porterhouse steak.

"Is it any wonder, general, with a nurse like Gertrude?" purred Mrs. Van. "That boy's going to flank Bud Maxwell yet."

But at three, promptly, Bud began his counter movement.

"Why, Lord, yes!" he admitted, with a tired look, as he started from the club house with Miss Servallis for the shooting gallery. "Of course it's all right; I like to give the boy all the credit in the world. But, confound it, he used to be just plain Bob, didn't he? And I can't learn that he ever shot even a firecracker at a Spaniard. He's on sick leave now, isn't he? What's the use of hanging on

to 'lieutenant'? Say, Miss Gertrude, you may try this new brace of pistols, if you like, today. They are for you. They're hair triggers and set to cut a thread. Try them, will you?"

"I'll try them, yes; but I'm not going to take them from you. Oh, no; quite decidedly not. Now, don't persist," pleaded Gertrude, with forbearing decision.

"You took a machete from him," grumbled Bud.

"That was just for a souvenir, silly."

"So are these pistols just for a souvenir; but, of course, they're not from Cuba."

"Don't be absurd, please."

"But, Gertrude——"

"Now, for Heaven's sake, *do* let up."

"But, hang it, I——"

"You're surely not going to begin right out here in broad daylight," she exclaimed in alarm.

"I just want to ask one thing."

"Ask it, for gracious' sake, quick!" she commanded, halting defiantly.

"You wouldn't marry that fellow just because he's been to Cooba, would you?"

"No, goosie; now are you satisfied?"

"Am I? Just watch me hit a Spaniard," sang Bud, throwing his shoulders back.

"Positively," complained Mrs. Van Der Hyde to Florence Mattson as Miss Servallis and Bud drew near, "I never saw a girl with such a faculty for making her followers happy as that Gertrude. See the fellow strut; and that's just the way Bob was strutting with her before lunch."

Mrs. Van headed the bevy of women who had come out to see the gallery opened. General Florence, Fred Borderle, and Jim Macalester were already hotly at work in their shirt sleeves; but the shirts were silk and impeccable.

"What's the game?" asked Bud, laying down his pistol cases.

"Thirty yards, dollars for bull's eyes—hair triggers and no holds barred; come in," exclaimed Fred between breaths.

"Not so," responded Bud. "Too rich; we'll wait a bit."

The firing soon attracted a crowd of golfers, and they crowded up to the contestants, eager with jest and wager.

General Florence was using target pistols, his man, Roberts, loading and passing them to him. But Gertrude

easily captured the post of honor at the general's elbow and soon began handing him the loaded pistols herself. General Florence was finishing a round of twelve shots when two reports rang out almost together. Gertrude Servallis, throwing her hands to her face, staggered back screaming.

"It went off in my hands!" cried Roberts in consternation.

"What?" shouted the general, turning in alarm. "For God's sake! Gertrude, child," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms, "are you hurt?"

The crowd, horrified, pressed around them. A storm of questions rose, and in the height of the confusion George Maxwell and Fred Borderle bore Gertrude between them to the club house. Dr. Carter was on the green at the time, and hustled in from the pavilion much faster than he ever covered the links before. There was a feverish suspense until he had examined the injured girl and was ready to report.

"It's the powder," said he to the general, while the men and women crowded about. "She caught it in her eyes. No, I can't tell how badly. I'm no specialist, you know. Call up Chicago and get Peck or Peyton to come out, and do it quick. Peyton's the man, if you can only get him. Put on pressure, general, and make him come. And say"—for the general was on his way to the telephone—"ask him to bring a nurse with him."

II.

DR. PEYTON made his way silently and rapidly from General Florence's trap into the club house and up to the apartments of Mrs. Van Der Hyde, where Gertrude lay. A question or two of Dr. Carter as he threw off his coat and handed it to the nurse who had glided in behind him, then he bent over Gertrude. One hand felt for her pulse, the other lifted the bandage from her eyes.

"I want to look at your eyes" said he gently. "I won't hurt you. Try to keep as still as you can for just a moment."

The nurse, cool and slender in her gray stripes, opened the instrument case and prepared her aseptic baths. At a motion from Peyton's hand, extended behind him, she opened a phial, filled a tiny glass

syringe, and passed it to him. At another, barely perceptible, she stepped to the little group of women clustered curiously near the door and smilingly begged them to retire, closing the door softly behind them.

The evening wore on; the tardiest golfer loitered in from the green; the diningroom gradually filled and more gradually emptied; little groups smoked and chatted on the porches or buzzed under the trees; but the door of Mrs. Van Der Hyde's apartments was not opened.

Night stole over the links; up the driveways arc lights flashed into a ghastly counterfeit of day. Restless women strolled up and down the great upper hall, and silent maids glanced covertly at the closed door. It was ten o'clock before Dr. Peyton, quite unruffled, stepped noiselessly out and begged an attendant to direct him to the café. There were in waiting plenty to assail him with questions; yet, seeing him, thought better of it. With his hat in one hand, the other half in his pocket, Peyton, on slender, stork-like legs, picked his way down the stairs and across to the supper room.

General Florence joined him at once; but to the general he said so little and spoke so indistinctly that those who hastened to near by tables caught nothing.

"He has been taking powder out of her right eye; the left isn't hurt, thank Heaven," said General Florence to Mrs. Van Der Hyde a few moments later. "He believes he has it all out, but he's going to stay all night and make another examination before he goes in the morning. Serious? Well, I asked him that myself, and he looked at me as if I was a chump. He doesn't talk much; and when he does he doesn't say anything."

"Why is the fellow so exasperatingly close mouthed?" demanded Mrs. Van impatiently. "I'm sick of it."

"Privilege of eminence, my dear. He doesn't have to talk—as I do."

"Eminence?" sniffed Mrs. Van. "He's nothing but a boy," she declared, eying the doctor critically through a window as he mildly tore apart a broiled chicken. The general shrugged.

"What would you have? This is the day of young men. Indeed, there's only one thing after all that is divine—youth."

It was too much; Mrs. Van took a header up the stairs. She walked lightly

along till she reached her door. It was ajar; inside there was silence—no longer the pathetic little moans. She pushed into the room, and instantly felt some one rising in the dark to confront her. It was the nurse looming forward and murmuring, to anticipate inquiry:

"She is asleep."

"I'm so glad," whispered Mrs. Van, trying assiduously to make out the features of the sentinel as she advanced into the subdued light of the hall. But Mrs. Van could only imagine brown eyes behind the gold spectacles, and discern a pretty smile below them. "The poor child has suffered agonies today. Tell me, nurse, is it very serious?"

"I'm afraid, rather. Dr. Peyton seems worried."

"Are you to stay with her all the time?"

"I believe so."

"And you've had nothing to eat!" exclaimed Mrs. Van, thinking suddenly of the cold blooded oculist and his chicken.

The nurse laughed silently. "I don't mind that."

"I'll stay here," declared Mrs. Van, wrought up. "You go down and get supper this minute."

"Thank you—I can't leave until the doctor returns."

"Then I'll send some supper up, right away," responded Mrs. Van, with growing indignation.

And wheeling with a rush, she bumped plumply into the long legs of the doctor coming up just then himself. She apologized profusely, he silently; and with the merest nod started the nurse down the hall after Mrs. Van for supper.

III.

ONE hour of the twenty four belongs to the nurse. Annie Nelson took hers in the evening, and Bob Capelle, unable to get anything from the doctor, marked her twilight haunt—the oak copse below the punch bowl. Walking back and forth on the springing sward which skirted the wood, her head and her arms well back, she breathed deliciously the sweet evening air.

Very deferentially, stepping gingerly in his high top boots, lifting his natty cap high above his head as he advanced, he would have passed for a bearer of de-

spatches approaching the enemy's headquarters.

"Will you forgive an intrusion, Miss Nelson?" She turned quickly. "I'm sure you'd rather not be bothered, but I'm awfully anxious to learn how Miss Servallis is."

"She is doing nicely today, thank you."

"No, let me thank you. Your doctor is so—so—such a clam, I bethought myself of you."

"The inflammation is yielding."

"You think she's out of danger?"

"Of course, danger from complications isn't passed; but the symptoms are all favorable."

"Thank you very much. I am Lieutenant Capelle. Would you mind presenting my compliments to your patient? Thank you."

And reflecting that it was not well to press a first advantage, Bob retreated in good order.

Next night it came a good bit easier. Miss Nelson even nodded at his approach.

"Miss Servallis wished me to thank you for the violets; and her eyes are better."

"Good news!" exclaimed Lieutenant Capelle. "Are the bandages off yet, Miss Nelson?"

"Oh, they won't come off for a good while. Dr. Peyton is so conservative."

"Dr. Peyton should have gone to Cuba."

"Oh, are you just back from Cuba?"

"Last month," replied Lieutenant Bob, with pardonable complaisance. "You are out for the air, aren't you? It's prettier over towards the spring. Have you seen it? No? Something in store for you. Let me guide you. I imbibed a good deal of reverence for the habit you wear at Siboney."

"You must have undergone great hardship," she responded, to hide a trace of embarrassment. "The soldiers all show it, I think," she added, as they started around the punch bowl together.

"I escaped pretty well, but some of the men caught it rather hard."

"Were you at El Caney?"

"No."

"Or at San——"

Bob seized it gently but firmly.

"Sorry, but I wasn't at San Juan, either. I'll be hanged if I know," he continued, with a calmness born of desperation,

"just why everybody asks that. Cuba is a tolerably large island. But they do, don't you know? They all do—everybody."

She laughed with a subdued amusement.

"I used to get sore about it, but I don't any more," he went on. "Now tell me if that isn't pretty?"

He parted the hazel bushes; beyond a tiny glade opened. A bearded rock jutted from the hillside like an altar, and over the limestone lip a stream of water tumbled into a great bowl of stone.

She clasped her hands with a delighted cry.

"That's the punch bowl," said Bob. "I think it's the gem of the links," he added, while she stood drinking in the loveliness of it.

"I've taken a fancy to the spot since I came back," he went on, drawing a cup from his pocket. "I come here about every day. It reminds me of a spring near Siboney."

She listened with the silence which invites more.

"I had the yellow fever at Siboney."

"You must hate the name of the place," she said softly.

"Not altogether. That spring, for instance. I ran across it in a skirmish one day, chasing a poor devil of a Spaniard who had crawled up there to die. The fever camp was up in the hills. I was detailed to guard the thing, and I used to stumble up the cañon to the spring before I was taken with the fever. You know a fellow with the yellow jack is mostly crazy. There were a hundred and twelve of us in the hospital, and there were just three nurses. My nurse had forty to look after. What would you think of that for a contract? One night, while she was busy at the other end of the ward, I slipped off my cot and started like a lunatic for a drink out of that spring. I was just crazy for it. A sane man could never have got past the sentry and crawled through the jungle. How I ever got through the cactus—and the saw cabbage—God only knows; but I did. Take another cupful, won't you? No? Then I will."

"When I got my head into that spring old Blanco himself wouldn't have grudged me the happiness of dying then and there. I'd have done it, too, if it hadn't

been for that little woman who was nursing us. She missed me—funny when there were so many—missed me and alarmed the sentry. They turned out the guard and beat around the bushes for a while; but the second lieutenant hadn't much use for me, any way. After they came in without me, she stole out of camp herself—at night—in Cuba—that's why the stripes you wear mean so much to me. She followed me up the cañon trail just on her instinct, and she found me, too. I was asleep and she shook me. I woke sane as ever I was in my life. But I was as weak as our commissary department. It began to rain, and it rained like—Cuba. Lightning, wind, trees crackling, water pouring—it's a dandy climate—and that woman tugging, pushing, half dragging, half carrying, me back to camp. Then this fuss about El Caney—will you have another cup?"

She put out her hand for the cup; through her fault or his, it fell between them. Both exclaimed; both stooped to recover it; but he was urgently quick and got it. Refilling the tiny silver cup again, he passed his handkerchief under it like a courtier and extended it a second time—and a second time she let it fall.

"I am shockingly awkward since I had the fever," declared Lieutenant Bob as he refilled it. "Pray forgive me."

He could not catch the expression of her face in the dusk. She laughed constrainedly.

"It was my fault," she said, and thanked him low and sweetly.

IV.

"BETTER?" echoed Gertrude Servallis. "I'm well. See here. I've resumed my drawing. But something must be conceded to the nervous system, Dr. Peyton says. Honestly, Bob," she added, raising herself on her throne of pillows, "I never dreamed you could be so kind as you've been for six weeks."

"Don't."

"Oh, but I mean it! I'd have asked you up sooner, but Dr. Peyton——"

"Oh, damn——"

"Robert Capelle!"

"Where's the nurse?"

"You are awful."

"Where's the nurse?"

"She had to go to town this morning."

"When's she coming back?"

"She may not come back at all. She says I don't need her any longer. I'd like to keep her another week, though; I like her so much," declared Gertrude, arranging her pencils.

"Say, she's a corker, isn't she?"

"Isn't she? She's just splendid. I must hunt up her address, if she doesn't come back. I made her leave me this mug to get a tracing of the shield. She didn't want to do it a bit; but I coaxed."

Gertrude picked up the mug from the cushions. It was silver, curiously antique.

"Isn't it marvelously pretty?" asked Gertrude, handing it to Bob. "But what is the motto on it? She said it was Spanish—a soldier gave it to her. Why, Bob, what's the matter? You're not sick?"

As he took the mug his face, pallid at best, drew into lines of painful surprise. His hollow eyes looked lost in their sockets.

"Gertrude," he exclaimed, in a cracked voice, "who's is this?"

"Miss Nelson's."

"Miss Nelson's?"

"Yes."

"Where did she—where is she?" he cried, rising suddenly.

"I told you she went into the city this morning. Why, Bob, what is it? I'm frightened."

Wiping the sweat from his face, he tried to smile.

"Only a faint spell; don't mind it; it's gone now. I get this way sometimes since I've had the—Cuba. You don't know Miss Nelson's address, do you? But Peyton does, doesn't he? Of course. I'm going in myself this morning, any way, and I want to find out where she got this mug, Gertrude. Let me take it. I can catch the eleven o'clock train 'yet, by Jupiter!' And dodging a volley of questions, Bob was off.

It was a chase, and a long one. Only an impulse stronger than life stirred him. See her he must—and would.

All the day went, and with it all his strength. Into Chicago, over it and out, Bob Capelle trudged with the pluck that took him through the Siboney chaparral, pulled him out of the yellow jack. Night found him, late and wet, knocking at the door of a flat in Rogers Park.

"Don't be alarmed," he said gently, as the door opened and an elderly woman looked somewhat disturbed at his bedraggled appearance. "You are Mrs. Nelson, I am sure; Dr. Peyton gave me your address. I am Lieutenant Capelle, of Glen Ellyn. The doctor told me Miss Nelson came out home this afternoon and——"

He faltered from sheer lack of breath.

"Come in," said Mrs. Nelson.

"I was anxious to speak to her tonight—that is, if I may. May I?"

While her mother went to call her, Bob Capelle's hungry eyes fed on pictures and books and chairs and walls, even—for did they not shelter *her*? Without a halo they were commonplace enough, no doubt. But the halo was there—he could hear—almost at the door. And the rain of the day, soaking into his shoulders, brought back the July nights at Siboney, and through the horror a woman's face glowing dimly in his delirium—dimly, and yet——

He caught at a chair as the door opened. She stood mute on the threshold, white and breathless; her heart pounding rebelliously as she strove to hush it.

"It was you!" he cried, both hands outstretched, as he sprang toward her. "It was you! This cup—I gave it to you; it was the Spaniard's. Great God! I've been so—so rotten sick I didn't know you! It was you who dragged me out of the storm! Annie, don't you know me? Don't you know I love you? This is the Spanish cup!"

She hid her face in her hands; he bent over her, but she drew away frightened and sank down on the sofa.

"When Gertrude Servallis showed me the mug it all flashed over me at once. Your face, the fever camp, everything, all came back together. Oh, I haven't had a head since I dropped down on that fever cot! You know you didn't come to Siboney till I was given over for gone. Then they dragged me out to the transport before I could see anybody straight. Don't take your hand away, Annie, don't take it away." He stopped for breath. Then in his old, quiet way he spoke again:

"You look different tonight, any way; I'll be hanged if you don't! It was those spectacles that beat me at Glen Ellyn. You didn't wear spectacles at Siboney. The instant I saw you tonight I was sure of you. It was those spectacles that

queered me. Won't you say—a little something?"

In spite of her silence there was a traitor glow under her brown eyes, and another expression looking out of them.

"I knew *you*, though," she faltered.

"You're twice as clever as I am, Annie; and sweeter a thousand times than any woman on earth." His heavy voice had shrunk to a husk. "Was it quite fair not to give me—a tip?"

Her eyes laughed.

"You haven't lost much time since you found out—Bob!"

V.

"Now, please, Bob—quit. No; I can't listen. I mustn't do it," cried Gertrude Servallis, in sheer desperation. "Dr. Peyton has positively forbidden my talking on exciting subjects to any one but himself."

"But this isn't exciting," urged Bob.

"That's just what you said when you proposed before. It may not excite you; but it always does me."

"Confound it, I don't want to propose!"

"Oh—don't you?"

"I just want to tell you about that cup. It's mine. I gave it to Miss Nelson myself. There's a little story with it; but I'm not going to tell it now. All I want to tell you is that I've found out that Annie Nelson was in the fever camp with me at Siboney, and saved my life—God bless the ground she walks on! And I'm going——" he rose with the words; for an instant, love, pride, intoxication, lifted him off the earth—"I'm going to make her my wife."

Then, looking at Gertrude, who quailed visibly, his heart failed him. What would she say? How would she take it?

The saucy girl bounded to her feet with the spring of an antelope, and, running to the big soldier, threw her arms around his neck.

"You dear, great, big bear! I'm proud of you."

Bob stared, paralyzed.

"You'd be a wretch if you married anybody else. Bob, I'm so proud of you, I'd just like to kiss you; yes, I would." It was close range and her eyes danced dangerously. Robert himself felt a villain impulse rise. "I'd do it, too, if it wasn't for Dr. Peyton."

"Now—hang him!—what's he got to do with it?" cried Bob, seizing her hands as she tried to escape.

"He's forbidden my kissing anybody. He says it's bad for weak eyes, you know."

"Gertrude Servallis! Well, I'll be everlastingly—macheded!" He looked at her hand; the ring was there.

"Well, if this don't beat land crabs and cactus!" he gasped.

"You thought—come in, Annie; it's all out," cried Gertrude; and from the bedroom came Annie, glowing. Bob caught her arm and lined her up with the arch conspirator, who was now hysterical with laughter.

"You thought you had to apologize to me, didn't you?" exclaimed little Gertrude. "You thought you could fall in love with a girl right under my nose and I not know it! You thought—well, bless your silly old noddle! I'd just like to know what you did think I'd be doing all the time, you stupid!"

There was a tap at the door. "That's the doctor," cried Gertrude. "Come in! It's just a family party, doctor," she exclaimed, as the long legged surgeon entered. "They didn't know that you and I were good friends before the war, did they? He wanted to go, and I wouldn't let him," she added to Annie; "so we quarreled. But you will notice he didn't go, just the same."

"I was afraid she would do herself bodily harm," retorted the doctor. "And you will perhaps notice, Lieutenant Capelle, that I got there just the same," he added, with a highly unprofessional wink at the soldier.

"Now that we all understand each other," he went on, "hadn't we better go down and celebrate? I am told that midnight suppers are a feature here."

The café happened to be empty. For an hour they owned it. While the revelry was high a shadow fitted past on the porch.

"Hush," whispered Gertrude Servallis guiltily. "There's Bud Maxwell."

"Ask him in," suggested the doctor.

"Don't you dare!" exclaimed Gertrude, in a fright.

Bob, pausing over the claws of a crab, looked up; then he turned quizzically to Gertrude.

"What's the matter?" said she. "You look as if you had a problem."

Bob replied slowly, as if he were afraid the chain would get away from him. "You get the doctor, don't you?" said he to Gertrude. "I get the nurse, don't I? Where does Bud come in? That's what I'm trying to figure. What does he get?"

"Why, that's easy, isn't it, Annie?" smiled Miss Servallis, glancing proudly at the doctor. "Bud just get's the Double Cross."

A HIDDEN SONG.

I WOKE in fragrant darkness, and I heard
Strange twitterings,
And felt the presence of a tiny bird
On unseen wings.

And while I, frightened, wondering, drew apart,
All unaware,
He crept into the hollow of my heart,
And nested there.

His shy, ecstatic song, now unrepressed,
Has swelled and grown.
I feel the throbbing of his tiny breast
Within my own.

I know not why a heart that once was dumb
Is music filled;
I only know that when you do not come
His song is stilled,

And I must grieve it, vanished—till, remote,
I dimly catch
The quivering of wings, the faint, shy note—
Your hand is on the latch!

Marian West.



THE GATEWAY OF THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTIETH STREET.

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Johnston, New York.

CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

THE GREAT SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS THAT ARE SUCH A POWER IN METROPOLITAN LIFE—A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT CLUBS, THEIR DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER AND MEMBERSHIP, AND THEIR FINE CLUBHOUSES.

ANY gentleman who has had the honor of serving on a house committee of one of the institutions we are about to discuss, and has been called upon, in that capacity, to arrange the seats for a club dinner, is aware how impossible it is to please everybody. Brown, who has left "positive instructions" that he is to be seated next to Robinson, is furious because he is placed beside Smith. Jones is in a towering rage because he is ten places, instead of four, from the governors' end. Jenkins swears he will resign at once because he drops in with a friend, half an hour after every one is at table, and there are no seats at all for him. Which is a parabolic way of saying that

if, in the conduct of the delicate task that I have been beguiled into undertaking, I should fail to give proper prominence to the establishment of which my reader is a member, he will kindly remember how Brown's wishes were never communicated to him, and that he didn't know that that gentleman and Smith were not on speaking terms; how the president himself moved Jones down to make room for a distinguished guest; and how Jenkins had neglected to send an acceptance.

My dear sir, perhaps the description of *your* club was cut by a remorseless editor; or perhaps the author never had the pleasure of testing your excellent claret. He would, I'm sure, be happy to repair

his ignorance on any occasion you are good enough to name. Meanwhile, there are all sorts of ways of talking about clubs (as those of us who have wives very well know), and I propose to say my say about them as harmlessly and instructively as I can.

and the New York. With the exception of the St. Nicholas, whose charming little Dutch domicile is just round the corner in Forty Fourth Street, all these more or less fashionable organizations are located in Fifth Avenue, and while each has its peculiar personnel, all have members



THE SMOKING ROOM AT THE UNION CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY FIRST STREET.

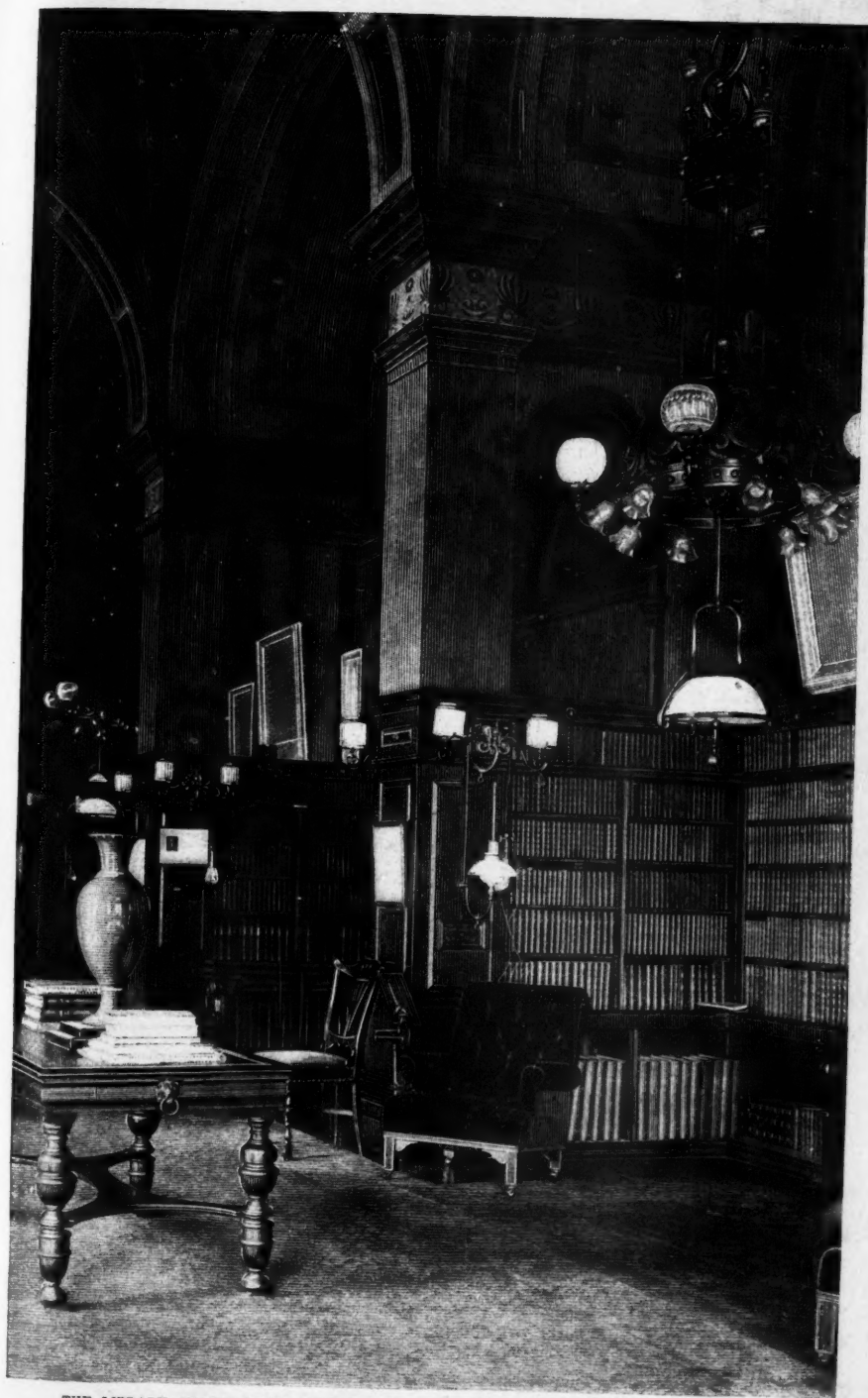
From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.

In every club book that I ever inspected, after a dignified preamble setting forth the reason for its being, there is invariably inserted a little clause, "and for social purposes"; and as every club is more or less social—except, indeed, the Bar Association, in West Forty Fourth Street, where there isn't a bar at all, oddly enough, but only a vast legal library, and silence, and solemn, studying lawyers—I shall speak first of those which are intentionally so in their characters and attractions.

Under this head one almost instinctively thinks of the Union, the Knickerbocker, the Union League, the Metropolitan, the Calumet, the St. Nicholas, the Manhattan,

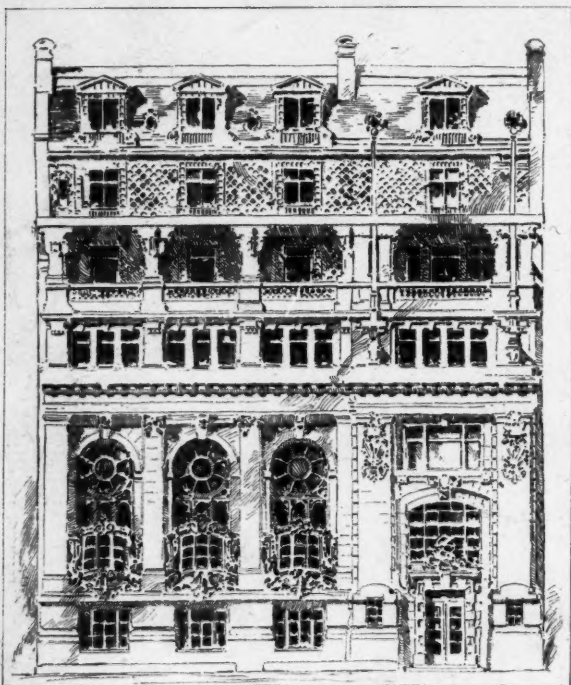
who are enrolled in one or two of the others.

The venerable Union, both from its traditions and from its social status, is the dean of clubdom, and its chocolate colored mansion, at the corner of Twenty First Street, is expressive of the architecture as well as the fashion of a severer day. Despite the exertions of a younger element, who wish to move up town, it still stands stoutly rooted, a sturdy survival of the old city and the old ways. Such noted *bon vivants* as the Jerome brothers, "Uncle Billy" Travers, August Belmont, Sr., old General Winfield Scott, and Ward McAllister, have sat in those rather gloomy windows, viewing the after-



THE LIBRARY OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY NINTH STREET.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.



FAÇADE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S NEW HOUSE IN WEST
FORTY FOURTH STREET.

From a drawing by the architects, Warren & Wetmore, New York.

noon parade, just as the present members do now. You will see more men in those windows in the morning, by the by, than in any other club in New York; and unless he was also a member, you couldn't treat your own grandfather to a cocktail there, or introduce him beyond the reception room. No visitors are allowed in the clubhouse, except that members' friends who live not less than fifty miles from town may be "put up," or allowed to enjoy membership privileges, for a limited number of days. A member, however, may give a dinner as often as he chooses by hiring a private dining-room, but he must have at least three men besides himself. The Union has the finest collection of French books, and, since the sale of the famous Manhattan club wines, the best



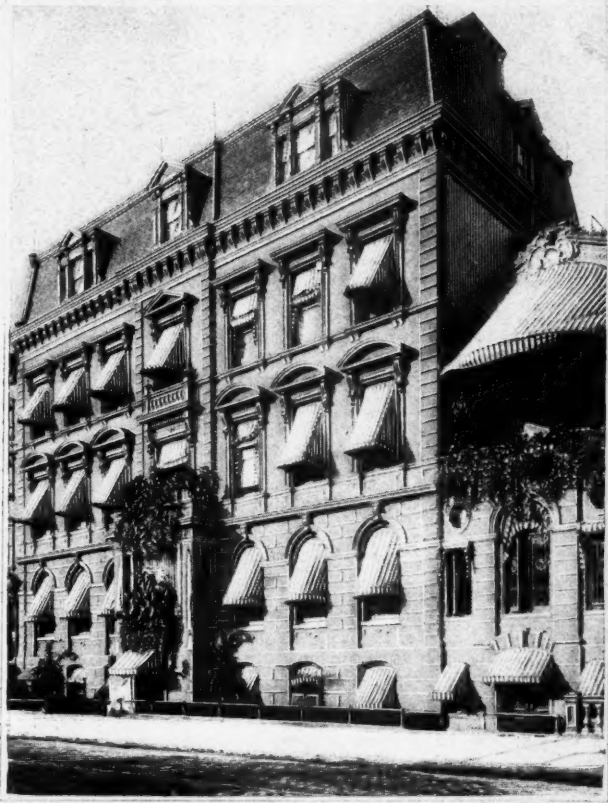
THE PALM GARDEN AT THE HARMONIE CLUB, 43 WEST FORTY SECOND STREET

From a photograph by Herbert Sidman.

stocked wine cellar in America. It is popularly supposed to be the most exclusive club in New York—though in this respect the Knickerbocker holds the palm—and I have described it in some detail because most of the others to which I have referred are modeled after its management.

The Knickerbocker is undoubtedly our most exclusive fashionable club. You may always be gratified by seeing some of the very greatest swells seated in its square bow window at Thirty Second Street, and it is as near an approach to the Travellers and the Marlborough, of London, as it is possible to attain in this deplorably democratic land. Mere membership is a passport to society, and there are men who would give a hundred thousand dollars to be able to engrave its aristocratic name in the left hand corner of their visiting cards.

The Calumet is the cosy home of the younger social element; the Metropolitan's nickname of the "Millionaires" is sufficiently adequate to render description useless. The Union League, the eminently dignified representation of all that is best in Republicanism, commerce, and finance, was organized, as everybody knows, to assist the Union cause during the Civil War, and it has always been true to its honorable heritage. It is not so exclusive, socially, as the clubs we have been speaking of, but it is unquestionably one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world. The St. Nicholas is limited to men who are of Dutch descent, and unless you can prove a prerevolutionary ancestor you will knock in vain at that little oaken door behind which is so much pleas-



THE HARMONIE CLUB, 43 WEST FORTY SECOND STREET.

From a photograph by Herbert Sidman.

ant cheer and good fellowship. The Manhattan is simply "a good all round club" of Democratic political proclivities, and the New York is supposed to be representative of Wall Street. Both of these are excellent establishments, which, like the green baytree, have renewed their youth for many years; and any well placed business man may aspire to membership in either of them.

Nothing, I suppose, is more indicative of the fact that New York is a great big, grown up, cosmopolitan city than the increase in clubs in the last dozen years. The church, the state, the arts, the professions, and business have now their representative establishments, and it would be difficult to discover a man whose tastes were so singular that he couldn't find a congenial club in which to gratify them. Politically, the Republicans have the Union League and the Republican; the



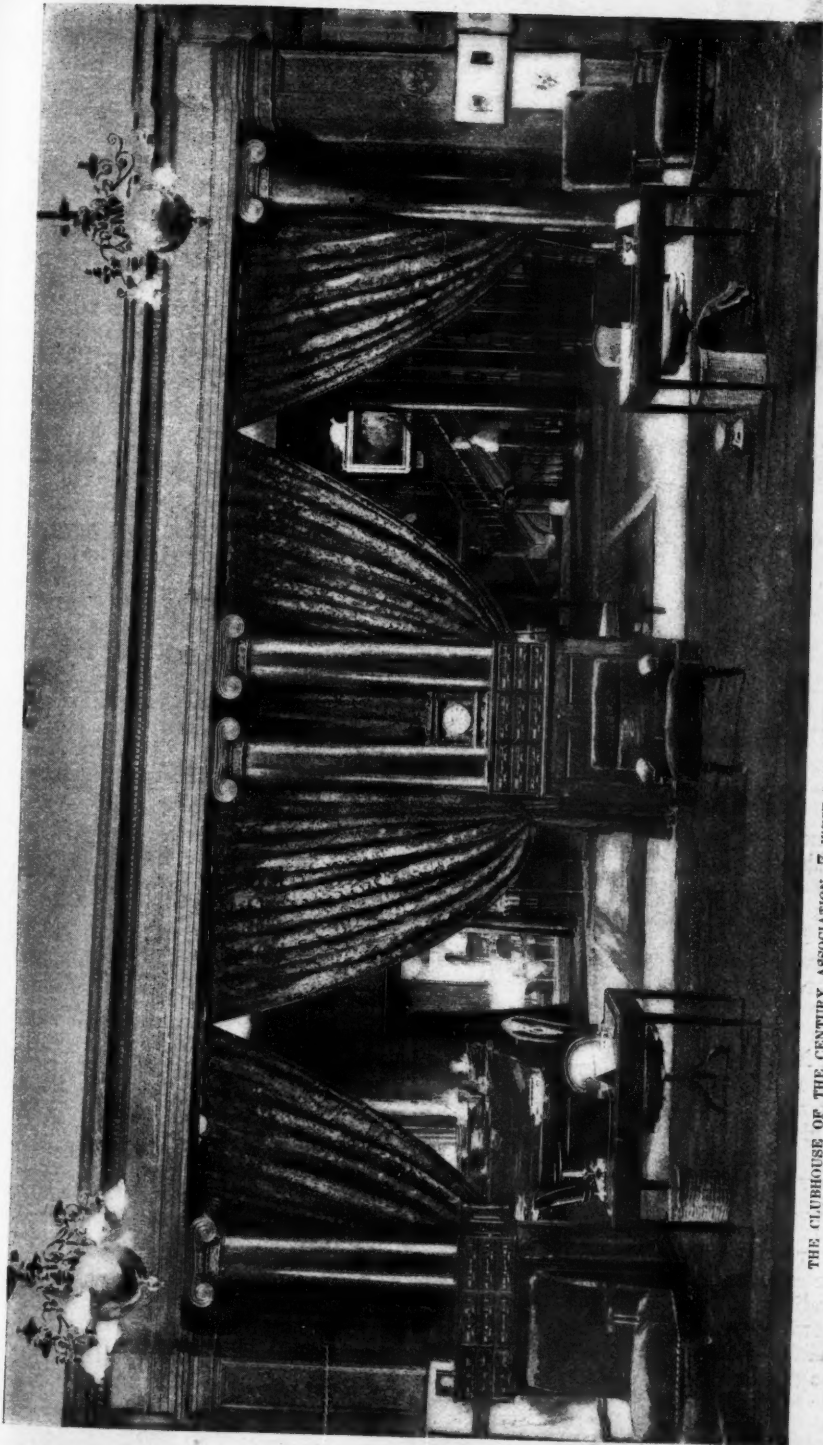
THE ARION CLUB, PARK AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.

Drawn by J. Conagher from a photograph by Johnston, New York.



THE READING ROOM OF THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, 16 WEST THIRTY FIRST STREET.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.



THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION, 7 WEST FORTY THIRD STREET—INTERIOR VIEW, LOOKING OUT OF THE LIBRARY
From a photograph by Herbert Sittman—Copyrighted by the American Architect and Building News, Boston.



THE PROGRESS CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY THIRD STREET.

Drawn from a copyrighted photograph by Johnston, New York.

eral colleges society clubs; sports by the New York Yacht Club, the Racquet Club, the New York Athletic, and the Manhattan Athletic Clubs; religion by the Catholic Club and the Church Club, besides the Hebrew Harmonie and Progress Clubs. The "upper West Side," which is our New York Belgravia, has the very charming Colonial Club, which was the first institution to welcome ladies within its walls, and to provide a special diningroom for the families of members. The Germans also have the German Club, the Liederkranz, and the Arion, and there are half a dozen luncheon clubs, the most prominent of which are the Down Town Association, the Lawyers' Club, the new Stock Exchange Club, the Hardware Club, and

Democrats the Manhattan and the Democratic; the mugwumps the Reform; and those peculiarly interested in the city government the City Club. Professionally, there are the Bar Association, the Engineers, and the Army and Navy. Literature and the arts are represented by the Century, the Players, the Grolier, the Authors', the Lotos, and the Lambs; the colleges by the University, the Harvard, the Yale, and the sev-



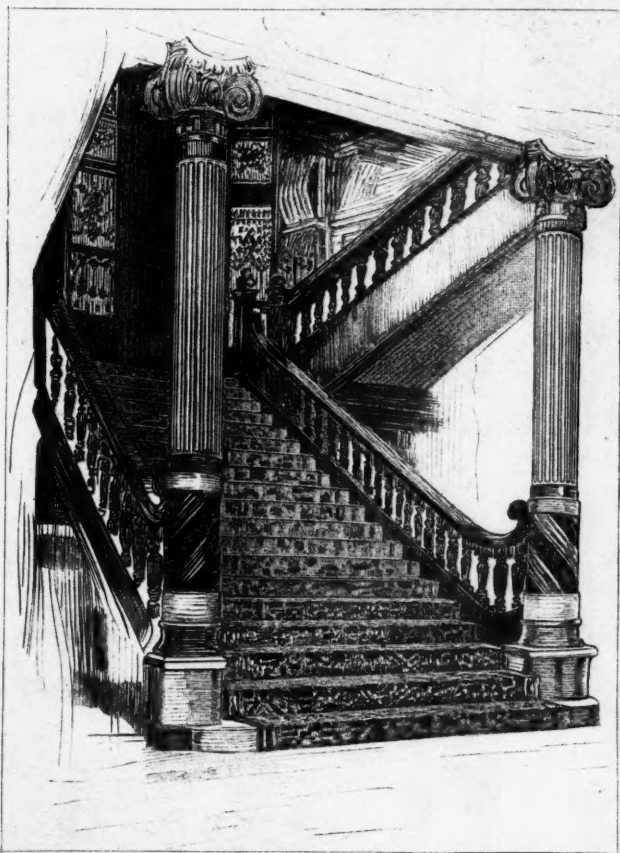
THE GRILL ROOM OF THE LOTOS CLUB, 558 FIFTH AVENUE.

Drawn from a photograph by Byron, New York.

the Merchants' Club. Besides all of which, if one should mention the societies that have meeting rooms, and the country clubs organized in the interest of athletics, "the world itself could not contain the books that would be written."

There was a time, and one doesn't have

years the world has grown wiser and more charitable, and clubs, I am glad to say, are no longer regarded as a recruiting agency for the kingdom of darkness. But club life, having ceased to be secret and exclusive, has lost its interest pictorially, and one club is practically as much



THE MAIN STAIRWAY OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY NINTH STREET.

to be an old foggy to remember it, when to be called a club man by a lady was not a moral compliment. Thackeray once said, in the preface of "Pendennis," that nobody wrote club talk fully because it wasn't decent, and it must be admitted that when men are alone they occasionally relate anecdotes which are not ethical in intent. Still, such things happen even in offices and about court rooms, and I confess to have heard a suspicious sniggle, once or twice, from behind a five o'clock tea table. In the last score of

like another as two street cars. Each has its peculiar charm, however, and perhaps the most adequate idea of club life in New York will be gained by describing the distinctive métier of a few of the representative organizations.

As the Union, the Knickerbocker, the Calumet, and so on, were organized by men of pleasure for men of pleasure, and the luncheon clubs (which are merely restaurants where you are supposed to obtain a good meal moderately and quickly) by men of business for men of business,



THE "ALT-DEUTSCHE WEINSTUBE" OF THE ARION CLUB, PARK AVENUE AND FIFTY NINTH STREET.

Drawn by H. G. Dart from a photograph.

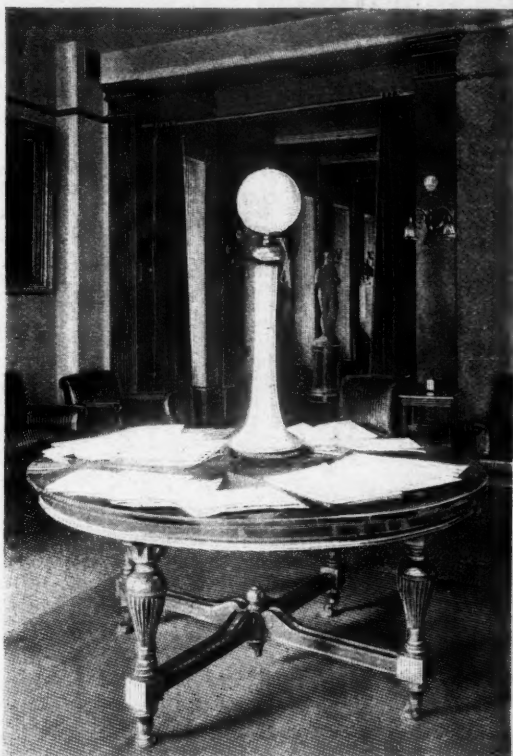


THE MUSIC ROOM OF THE COLONIAL CLUB, BROADWAY AND WEST SEVENTY SECOND STREET.

Drawn by J. Conagher from a photograph.

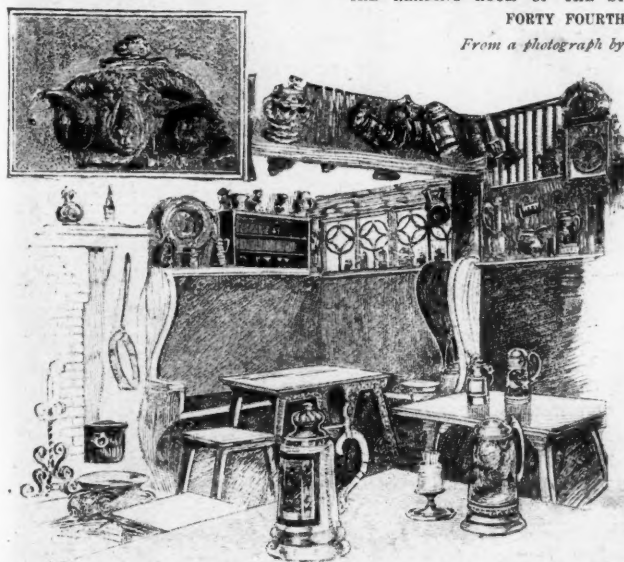
so the art clubs are intended primarily, of course, for artists. To my mind they are the most delightful clubs of all to visit, and from the dignified Century to the wakeful little Lambs you enjoy a quite distinctive atmosphere and companionship.

The Century, which I think is the most attractive club in America, has for some years inhabited a beautiful white marble house in Forty Third Street. It contains a salon in the back where receptions are held, and where members who are painters may hang their pictures on certain Saturday nights to get the benefit of light, comparison, criticism, and so forth. The Saturday night dinners of the Century are famous the world over, and that long table, where sits everybody who wishes to sit there, and where introduction is not necessary, has dined more distinguished men of letters, artists, and statesmen, and has occasioned more bril-



THE READING ROOM OF THE ST. NICHOLAS CLUB, 7 WEST FORTY FOURTH STREET.

From a photograph by R. F. Turnbull.



A CORNER IN THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUBHOUSE, 70 WEST THIRTY SIXTH STREET.

liant conversation, than any other long table I know. Saturday is the night when the club entertains, so to speak, and there is a light supper served to members and their guests later on. They sit about and smoke and talk and "have things" till one o'clock, when the bar closes, and the younger men perhaps move on to finish the night at the more frivolous Players, in Gramercy Square, where Mr. Booth's room is preserved just as he left it—his cigar box half



THE LAMBS' CLUBHOUSE, 70 WEST THIRTY SIXTH STREET.

From a photograph by Byron, New York.

filled, his slippers by his bed, his small knickknacks and the little touching mementos of his life. He founded the club, gave it its house, and endowed it as a home for actors and artists.

Evening clothes are not essential at either of these clubs, and even at their entertainments men wear them or not as they choose. They give a ladies' day each winter, and the New Year's Eve frolic of the Players is the jolliest comedy I ever attended.

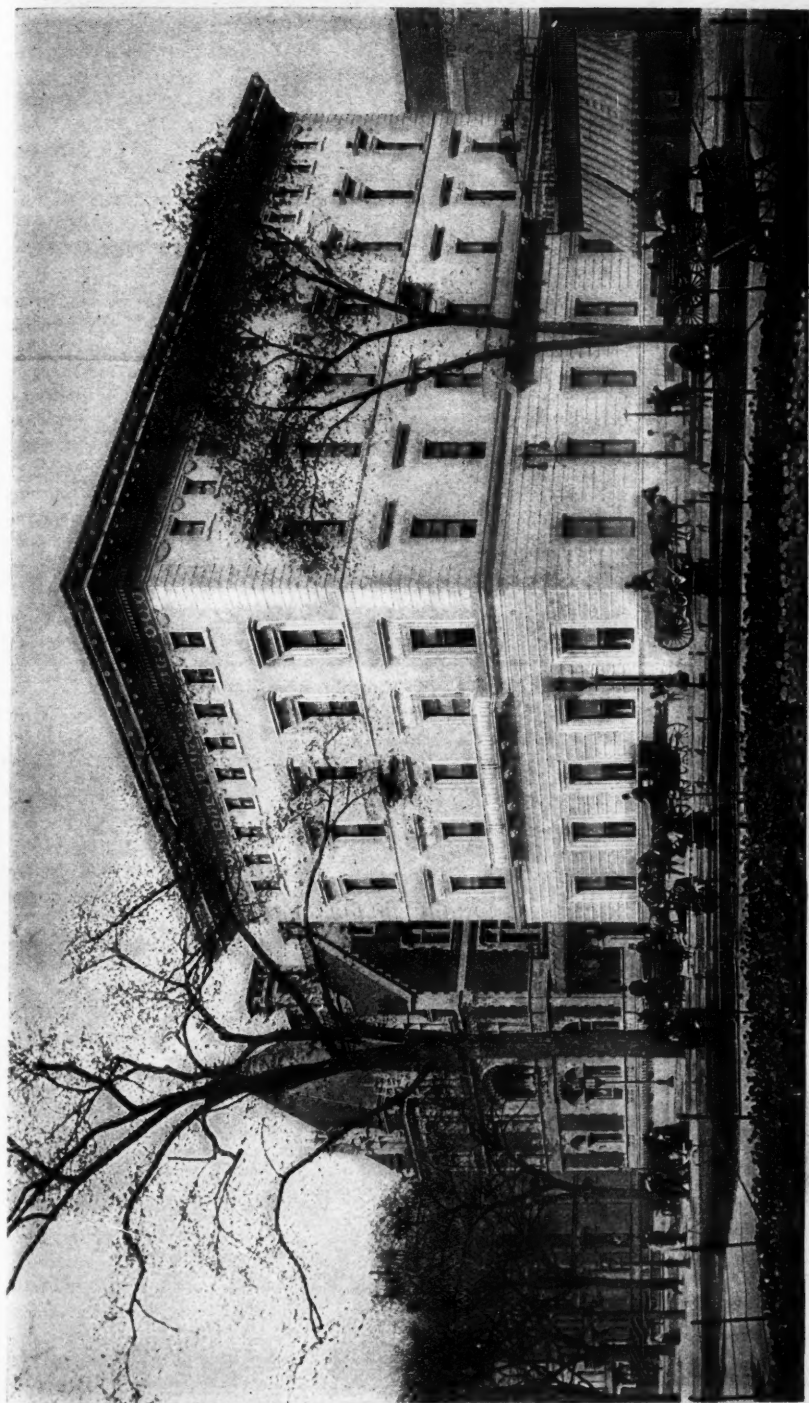
The Lambs, however, is really the

actors' club, and although I never have had the pleasure of being in their new house, their old one was one of the most seductively pleasant ones I ever entered. They dine early and sup late at the Lambs, sing the merriest songs, tell the drollest stories, and talk the most fascinating stage talk, until long after stupider folks are tucked away in bed. I have not referred especially to the Lotos Club in this connection, not because it is not both artistic and influential to a high degree, but because it has become so widely social in its purposes and membership as to take it somewhat without the limits of an artists' club.

Of the political organizations, the two best known clubs are, of course, the Union League and the Democratic. The



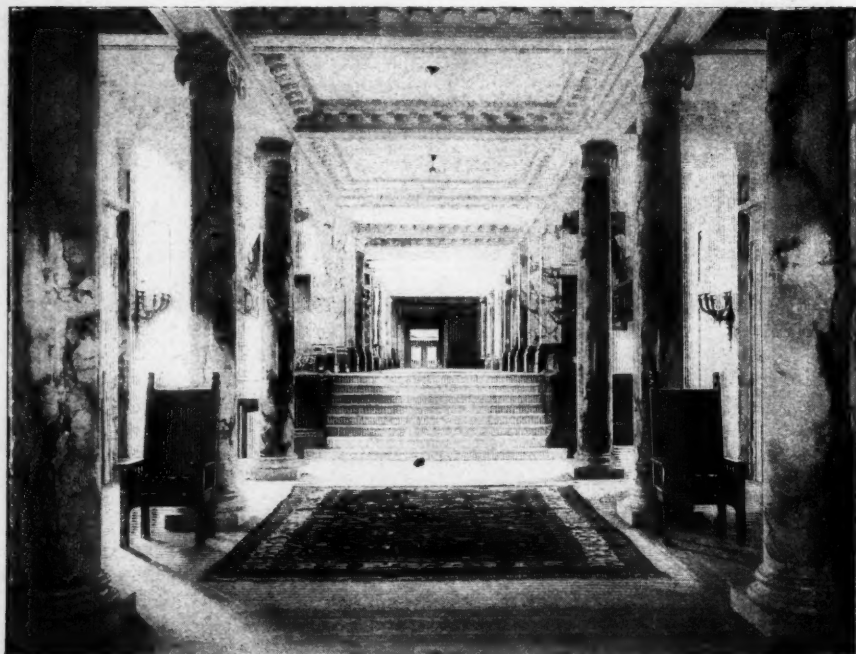
IN THE LADIES' PARLOR AT THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB, 617 FIFTH AVENUE.



THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTIETH STREET. THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT IS THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ELBRIDGE CERRY.
From a copyrighted photograph by Johnston, New York.



THE LIBRARY OF THE PLAYERS' CLUBHOUSE, 16 GRAMERCY PARK.

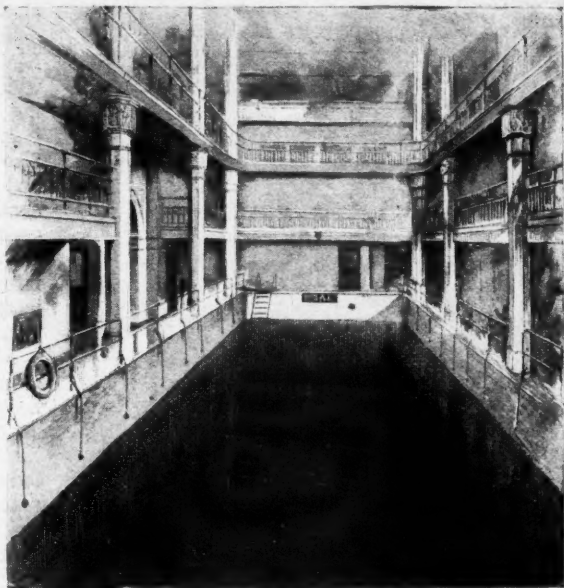


THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE BAR ASSOCIATION'S CLUBHOUSE, 42 WEST FORTY FOURTH STREET.

From a photograph by Wurts, New York.

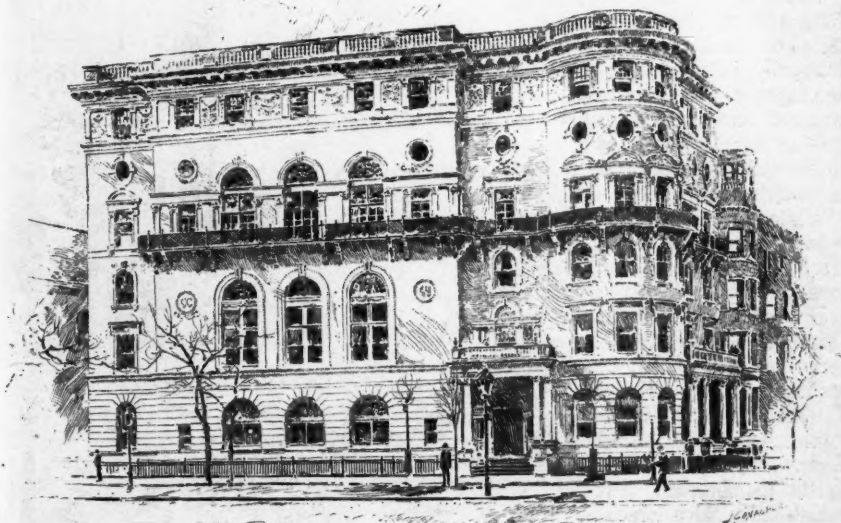
Union League is managed with the strict care of the Union, and though they each year invite ladies to come and admire an exhibition of paintings, no local visitors are allowed in the house. The Union League windows are usually decorated with a row of white whiskered old gentlemen, who look so rich and respectable that I always like to walk a stranger past them to show him what we produce in the way of hale and dignified elderly men.

The Democratic Club, on the contrary, is an avowedly political institution. It has a vast membership, and its rehabilitation, within a few months, is a marvelous expression of the organic power of the society it represents. Its handsome clubhouse is thronged nightly with men whose names are on everybody's lips, and at election seasons its halls and parlors are as crowded as Broadway of a Saturday



THE SWIMMING TANK AT THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, CENTRAL PARK SOUTH.

afternoon. It has the finest ladies' drawingroom of any club in New York, and last winter it extended the privileges of the restaurant, between eleven and five in the afternoon, to the wives and



THE COLONIAL CLUB, BROADWAY AND WEST SEVENTY SECOND STREET.



THE ENGINEERS' CLUB, 374 FIFTH AVENUE.

From a photograph by Wurts, New York.

friends of members. It is the home of Mr. Richard Croker, who, when in New York, occupies a suite of rooms on the third floor, facing Fifth Avenue. Whatever one's opinions may be politically, it is only justice to say of this brutally satirized man that in his club, at least, he is one of the quietest and most unassuming of men.

While the Racquet Club—named, like Pall Mall, after the game which used to be played in the near by park of St. James, and possessing a great hall specially built for its exercise—is really an athletic club, it is much more like the social clubs. It is so exclusive in its membership that athletically the New York Athletic Club is far more representative. This

club has recently moved into a handsome new house in Fifty Ninth Street, facing the park, in which opportunities for becoming proficient in every kind of game are afforded. There are also Turkish baths, bedrooms, and every possible luxury and comfort that any man could ask, even to a room for storing bicycles. The restaurant, I am informed, is excellent, and I can't imagine a better place for "our young barbarians at play."

Although each of our three great colleges has its own club home, the University, which recently moved into a fine new house in Fifth Avenue, is the largest and best known. Any man who has been entitled to write "B. A." after his name for three years is eligible for membership, and the army and navy are considered as college men. The club has a very large membership, but it is extremely con-



CLUBHOUSE OF THE BAR ASSOCIATION, 42 WEST FORTY FOURTH STREET

From a drawing by the architect, L. W. Eiditz.

servative, and, like a modest, well bred gentleman, is seldom heard from publicly.

The Army and Navy Club is a capital place to see warlike trophies and fine old soldiers, and if anybody is fond of old bindings and a very surprising good punch, I would refer to his most respectful consideration the next invitation he

chairs and prints and plain furniture, more like a quiet English club than any other here. The engineers have a house where they can dine and draw maps to their hearts' content. Thank heaven, since the demise of the Turf Club, there is not today a club in New York where, as an old sinner once mournfully put it to



THE NEW CLUBHOUSE OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY FOURTH STREET.

gets to the Grolier. The quaint, small clubhouse itself is worthy of a visit. The great Arion and Liederkrantz clubs are entirely German in their personnel and amusements. The Arion is especially a musical society, and its concerts are always Wagnerian and classical and excellent.

The Hebrews have three flourishing clubs of their own, of which the Harmonie, in Forty Second Street, is the oldest and most distinguished. The Roman Catholics have a fine clubhouse in Fifty Ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue. Yachtsmen have a well justified affection for the New York Yacht Club, which is about to leave its present house in Madison Avenue, just above Twenty Fifth Street—a house that always seemed to me, with its leather

me, a man can go and lose his money like a gentleman—in other words, a professed gaming club. Whatever may be the vices of New Yorkers, high play and hard drinking are not common among us, and the London all night clubs, made excusable by the early closing of their restaurants and cafés, have no counterparts here.

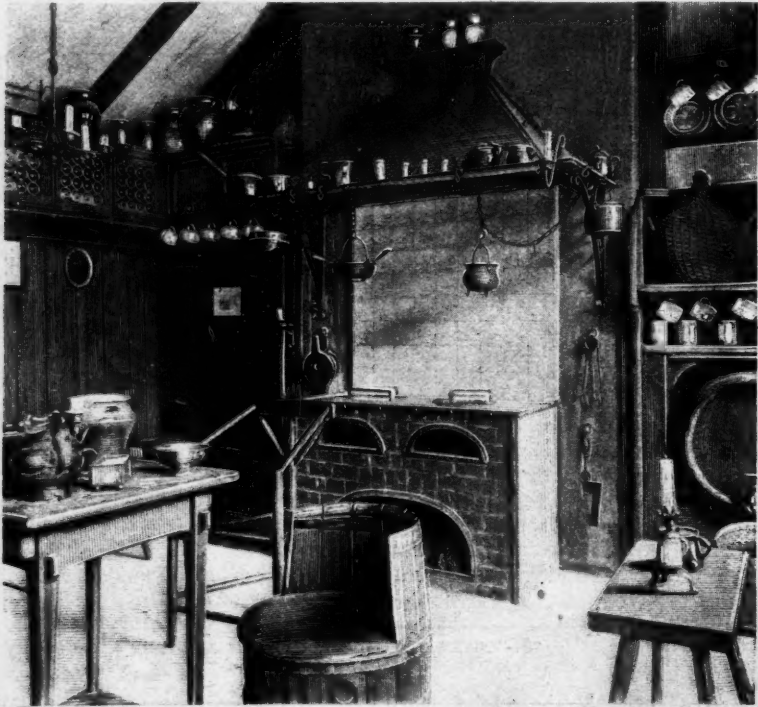
We are still rather a busy people, practising the habit of early rising, and our clubs are pretty well closed up by one o'clock. Five in the afternoon is morning in clubland, and ten at night is high noon. I have noticed that in other American cities men lunch in their clubs more, and dine in them less. Many of our clubs make a feature of a table d'hôte dinner, and a number of the newer ones have smoking

concerts, with vaudeville, to which members and their guests are invited at the club's expense.

Blackballing, about which we read every now and then in the newspapers, I may incidentally remark, is a discontinued custom, unless the proposed member forces the issue. If he is considered for some reason or other ineligible, his friends are

on the bulletin board, and, after certain days, his credit is stopped until the amount is settled. Out of town members, as a rule, pay only half the regular initiation fee and annual dues, but they have no vote and are practically guests who pay their way.

Are there any more clubs, I wonder? Haven't we visited enough? There is a very



THE DUTCH ROOM AT THE GROLIER CLUB, 29 EAST THIRTY SECOND STREET.

From a photograph by R. F. Turbull.

quietly advised to withdraw his name, and nobody is any wiser.

The expenses attendant to belonging to our clubs vary, according to the prominence of the organization, from three hundred dollars initiation fee and a hundred dollars a year dues, as in the Metropolitan, down to almost nominal sums. The restaurant charges are about those of any first class hotel, though liquors and cigars are much cheaper. Tipping servants is punishable with suspension. Bills for house charges are rendered on the 1st of each month, and must be paid by the 15th, or the delinquent is posted

good one called the Harlem, where we might stop for a moment and receive, I am sure, a cordial welcome, but we are down by Madison Square, and Central Park lies between, and a damp cab; the theaters are all out, and it's getting to be time for even such resolute club men as you and me to wend our way to home and slippers. May you have a kind voice there to welcome you, friend, and may you never know what it is to wander forth from all those lights and cheerful manly faces with a melancholy heart, or to the midnight loneliness of a solitary lodging.



TWO WOMEN.

FREDERIC DERING, for about six months of his life, had been in the habit of assuring himself that he was one man who could be simply "friends" with a woman; in fact, that he could be friends with two women.

One of them he saw only once a month or so, taking a four hours' railway journey for that purpose; but other whiles he received, as a general thing, at least two

stress of business or of pleasure had kept him from answering one of her letters, but he always regretted these omissions, because the next week he received but one letter from her.

He thought, with an injured feeling, that she might at least write to inquire if he were ill; but that was one of her little peculiarities. She never did.

When he had returned from his last visit, he had brought with him a photo-



DERING WAS IN THE HABIT OF ASSURING HIMSELF THAT HE COULD BE "FRIENDS" WITH TWO WOMEN.

letters a week from her: gay, bright, girlish letters, yet with quite an unusual undertone of thoughtfulness and seriousness. She was always saying quaint and unexpected things, and this was what made him value the correspondence with such keen enjoyment. On several occasions

graph and set it up on his desk, in its silver paper covering. When he slipped it out of its envelope, as he did very often, the brown eyes looked straight into his. She had done no mincing or grimacing before the camera. He saw the unsmiling mouth, and dwelt upon it,



SHE WAS DOWN ON THE RUG, WITH HER FACE IN HER HANDS.

remembering that when it did smile there were little dimples that played about the corners. Sometimes he remembered this at great length, and was surprised to find that he had wasted a number of minutes gazing at a mere photograph. Then he turned the picture over, looked at the "Bertha" written on the back, and so slipped it again into its silver paper covering.

After which he generally went to call on the other girl.

He saw her very often indeed. He spent long evenings with her. He took her to lectures, to the theater, the opera—even, sometimes, to church; but then he felt that he was making a distinct sacrifice. She was inclined to be quiet, but he always found her appreciative and responsive, and she never bored one. He often told her that she was the ideal friend for a man to have; that she understood him so well, and that there was never any need for him to explain himself to her.

He had never chanced to mention his other ideal friend of the letters to this

ideal friend of the discreet understanding. And he had omitted to tell the Bertha of the photograph that he had any other friend in the world.

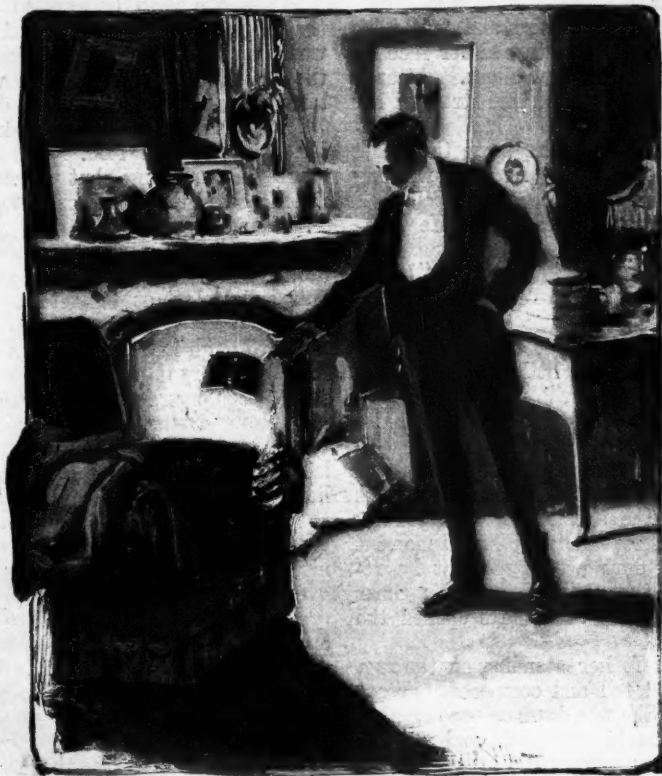
But there came a time when something in the large, smooth order of his creation went wrong. True, he had written but one letter last week, but, then, he should have received at least one this week. When he went on to Thursday night without a line, he wrote a formal note, suggesting that he was expecting a letter. When the week further advanced as far as Saturday evening, he sent a carefully worded telegram. When he returned from his office on Monday evening and once again found no letter awaiting him, he put a favorite little volume of Omar Khayyam into his pocket, and went to see the other girl.

For the first time she found him difficult. He was too moody and too gay, too silent and too talkative. He pulled at his mustache and gazed at the grate, and when, after a while, she spoke to him, he rallied and laughed more than his custom was. He read aloud from the Persian

poet, and seemed by some instinct to select the hardest and most cynical of all the utterances of that most cynical of poets. If our lives were not as they should be, who was to blame but the potter who had fashioned the clay? And when you make your round among the guests where I made one, turn down an empty glass!

She tried to talk of something else,

"Nonsense! You don't believe in that?" he retorted, with quite unexpected bitterness. "It is chance that makes marriages, I tell you—chance and nothing else. A man goes to a party and is introduced to a girl and falls in love with her, and they are married, and people charge it to Heaven. There may be a dozen women in the same room any one of whom is better suited to him and



DERING THREW SOMETHING ELSE UPON THE GLOWING MASS.

and he put the book down upon the table beside him.

"I suppose you were at the Fayne-Morse wedding?" he rattled on desperately. "The bride was a friend of yours, I believe."

"Oh, yes," she answered brightly. "And it was such a happy wedding! They have known each other so long—ever since they were little boy and girl neighbors. It has always seemed to me as though Heaven had destined them for each other."

would make him happier. But it was chance that took him there, for he happened to get an invitation, and his new suit chanced to come home in time, and the wheel of the cab just missed the stone that would have turned the vehicle over and kept the passenger from attending the party. If any of these things had turned a hairbreadth the other way, he would not have gone, and he would not have met that girl, and he would have married some one else, and people would still have called it Heaven!"

The girl was leaning forward, looking at him, her hands clasped tight in her lap. Her eyes were wide, her face had lost some of its color.

"Do you think that is all there is of it?" she asked.

"Everything in the world. It is simply a question of invitations and dress suits and cabs; of going on trips or staying at home; of walking down town or going in a street car."

He stared at the fire and pulled his mustache. She, too, turned her face toward the fire and was silent. After a while she said, with a timid stress in her voice:

"I have thought for some time that you do not seem well. Are you working too hard?"

The question roused him. He stood up.

"Yes, that is it!" he cried. "I have overworked myself. I have not been eating or sleeping well for some time—for several days. I think I will go off somewhere and take a little rest. If you shouldn't see me for a week or two"—and he held out his hand—"you'll know what has become of me."

He went out into the hall, closing the door after him, and began drawing on his overcoat. The accident of a ripped lining in the sleeve delayed him a moment longer, and during that moment he remembered that he had left his Omar Khayyam on the table. He opened the door again.

He had left her standing on the rug, straight and tall and composed. What was this? She was down on the rug now, with her face in her hands, and weeping as though her heart would break.

In an instant he was beside her, lifting her up. The touch of her round arms, the drooping of her head as he tried to look into her face, sent over him a fiery flood of impassioned tenderness that he had never felt before.

"Why, little girl, little girl!" he murmured over her, "tell me what it is!"

She was attempting to struggle away, but he knew—he knew! Perhaps in his secret soul he had known for a long time. Perhaps it was because he felt lonely and wounded and deserted that suddenly, without thought or purpose, he took the weeping girl into his arms and laid his face against her perfumed hair.

"You are mine!" he whispered. "We understand each other at last!"

Then she raised her face, wet with tears, blushing and smiling and shy, and looked at him.

"Is it a question of dress suits and cabs?" she asked.

He kissed her for answer, but she saw him presently take a little book from the table and put it into his pocket.

It was late when he went to his room that night—late and cold, and the fire was almost burned down. He was stirring the coals into a brighter glow when the landlady put her head in at the door.

"There's a letter on your desk for you, Mr. Dering," she said. "It was put there this morning, but it must have fallen behind the desk some way, and I just found it by chance."

Dering sat down with his elbows on the desk and his fingers thrust among his hair and looked at the letter. Just behind it was the photograph, showing dimly through its silver veil. Alert, fleet footed memory dragged him through all these past months. He recalled, with painful persistence, all her quaint little turns of expression that had made him laugh. He remembered how artfully and how often he had tried to call up a smile to her serious lips, so that he could watch the fleeting dimples at the corners of her mouth.

Suddenly he gathered up the photograph, the letter—all her letters—and, crossing the room swiftly, he laid them among the glowing coals. The flames instantly clasped them and set them curling and crackling.

Presently a quick revulsion came over him. He wanted to read that last letter, and grappled for it desperately, and dragged the mass hither and thither, but could not find it. Then he sat dully and watched little fragments of the burned paper curl away and float lightly up the chimney.

"Is it a question of dress suits and cabs?"

He heard an arch voice asking it through the silence, and felt again the touch of her light, perfumed hair against his face.

"If I had not gone back after the book!" he said at last.

When he moved again, with the painful motion of an old man, it was to throw

something else upon the glowing mass that was turning black on the outer edges.

That something was a little silver and gold copy of Omar Khayyam.

Julia Truitt Bishop.

FINNEY.

It didn't take the boys long to find out that Finney was ostentatious. The very first day after he enlisted, when he had

Among those who had observed the recruit's antics was the boy of the regiment, a grinning urchin known to his associates as "The Soul"—a sobriquet which owed its origin to a pointed and not particularly complimentary allusion to that young man's soul, made by "Tenderfoot" one day after enduring a long siege of chaffing—and it was "The Soul" who furnished the unhappy Finney with a nickname.



"EXCUSE ME FOR PAPIN' THROUGH THE WINDER, SOR."

discarded his baggy jean trousers, his short backed, rusty coat, and his relic of a silk hat for a spotless blue uniform, such as Uncle Sam's soldiers wear, the jaunty, springy movements of his knees gave him away.

When he first stepped out to drill, several of the men nearest him, having had the good fortune to be humble and observant during a similar ordeal, indulged in smiles at the sobriety and earnestness with which Finney perfected his high stepping; and two there were who flushed at this illustration of a fatal weakness of their own, which at their first drill had earned one the nickname of "Springheels" and the other that of "Tenderfoot."

"Say, fellers, the greenie thinks he's steppin' on eggshells!" he cried. And from that day Finney was Finney no longer, but "Eggshells."

When his comrades first addressed him in this manner he ignored it. Then he uttered a mild protest.

"If yez are spakin' to me, me name's Finney—Patrick Finney," he said with dignity. When this proved unavailing he remained doggedly silent when the hated appellation was applied to him.

It took him three months before he became sufficiently reconciled to his pseudonym to reply to it. Then one morning the soap was missing. "Didn't you have it last, Eggshells?" some one asked.

"Oi did, Buckles," was the hearty response. Finney had at last entered into the spirit of the place.

* * * * *

One wintry night three officers were lounging around a fire, talking, when a slight crunching of the snow without attracted their attention, and one went to the window and looked out. Close to the glass a face was pressed.

"Is it you, Eggshells? Come around to the door and tell us what in the devil you're after."

The doctor had elevated his feet to the back of a chair near the red hot stove, when Eggshells stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me fur papin' through the winder, sor, but I wanted to make sure where the docthor was afore I disturbed yez."

"Well, don't keep that door open and let in all the cold outdoors!" roared the colonel. "Either come in or get out."

Eggshells made a sign to the doctor and then hurriedly retreated, closing the door.

"The man's insane," the colonel said impatiently; and the three men resumed their interrupted conversation.

After a while the doctor stood up.

"I can't help thinking of that infernal idiot," he said. "He evidently means something. Eggshells' eyes don't always speak such an eloquent dead language. I'm going to hunt him up."

So saying, he buttoned up his coat and went out. Just outside the door Eggshells confronted him.

"What is it, man?" he demanded.

Eggshells, leaning forward, whispered something. Then the two men strode off abruptly, side by side.

"When did you notice this?" the doctor asked presently. "And why in

Heaven's name didn't you come to me at once?"

"Oi did, sor," was the reply. And the doctor groaned as he thought of the long delay since Eggshells had beckoned him out.

When they went in, the boy of the regiment, "The Soul," lay tossing uneasily.

* * * * *

The men were standing in groups, listening to the doctor, who had been authorized to speak.

"He is isolated, and I think there is no possible chance of contagion," he was saying; "but he ought to have a nurse. Have any of you had the small-pox?"

There was none, and for a moment the doctor's appeal brought forth no response. Then one of the men in blue stepped out with jaunty, springy steps, and volunteered his services.

The doctor turned to him.

"You realize what you are doing, having never had the disease?" he said.

Eggshells bowed ostentatiously, but

his usually ruddy face was very pale. Yes, he realized.

Days passed. "The Soul," the imp of mischief, who had endeared himself to all by his very devilry, was battling with death far out on the prairie, where a flag fluttered in the breeze; and there was not a man in the regiment who did not regard his nurse as a hero. Then one day a gun boomed, and the men knew that "The Soul" had crossed the waters that divide time and eternity; that he had left his mischief, his deviltry, his heartlessness, and gone where the soul takes on ways that are not of earth.

When the news came that Eggshells, his faithful nurse, was stricken with the



THE TWO MEN STRODE OFF SIDE BY SIDE.

dread disease, a dozen men—"without families," they said—volunteered to take care of him; but the doctor had procured a nurse who had had the smallpox, and for whom, in consequence, there was no danger.

One day the doctor stopped to exchange a few words with a group of men who were off duty.

"Very bad," he answered in response to their eager questioning as to Eggshells' condition. "He's delirious. I listened last night. He was saying——"

"What was he saying, sir?" Buckles asked as the doctor hesitated.

"He was saying: 'May the Lord save me! Is it "Eggshells" they'll be after callin' me, whin Oi thought to be a man and a soldier? Is it "Eggshells" Oi must answer to, an' be known by? May the Lord help me to bear the shame and disgrace of it, an' fergive the blackguard that first called me that!'" And the doctor went on his way, leaving a very silent group behind him.

Everybody knew who had first applied the hated epithet to Finney. It was the boy whose life Eggshells had so generously, though vainly, risked his own to save.

The quarantine was over, and Eggshells had been driven in under cover of night, at his own request. When the time for drill came he appeared before his commandant trembling.

"Must Oi go, sor?"

"Certainly you must," the captain said. "Why not?"

The man's response was almost sobbed forth:

"Oi am ashamed."

"Ashamed of what?" the captain asked brusquely. "Because your beauty's spoiled? Oh, you—you vain coward!"

Then he wrung the man's hand with a fervor that belied his words, and gently pushed him out.

The men were already drawn up in line when a soldier with blue and livid face,

with eyelids scarred into hideous irregularities, staggered to his place in the ranks. For an instant there was a profound silence, then cheer after cheer rang out, and the men passed in a long line to grasp his hand. He could not but feel



FOR AN INSTANT THERE WAS A PROFOUND SILENCE, THEN CHEER AFTER CHEER RANG OUT, AND THE MEN PASSED IN A LONG LINE TO GRASP HIS HAND.

their earnestness, and he realized suddenly that he had in some way merited their respect. He forgot his scarred face and assumed his old, jaunty, ostentatious manner; for in passing each man had called him *Finney*.

Terres Fox.

FOR NO REASON WHATEVER.

"If ever I marry," said Lucia decidedly, "it will be for the sake of a decent last name. I'm tired of being burdened with a cheap joke like Pinkerton. It has spoiled my whole life."

The man lounging in the hammock sat up straight and stopped swinging.

"I call that abominably unfair," he exclaimed. "Men can't help being named such things as Griggsby, can they?"

"No; but I can help marrying them," said Lucia, studying the porch ceiling. "You've no idea, Sam, how that name has taken the romance out of everything. I can make up the most thrilling letters, but I can never write them, because the Pinkerton at the end is such a terrible anticlimax. If a man says interesting, devoted things, that absurd 'Miss Pinkerton' turns them into ridicule—I feel he is making fun of me. When I visit, and dinners and teas are given me, they're all spoiled by that ludicrous 'To meet Miss Pinkerton' on the invitations. Imagine wanting to meet a Miss Pinkerton!"

"But you have the dearest first name in the world. One could be as romantic as possible over Lucia."

"But the Pinkerton would be back of it, and we'd both know it," she protested. "There is no comfort in wearing a beautiful false front with ugly, drabby little back hair showing behind it."

"I think you're ungrateful," he said, lying down again. "If you had had to live between an utterly unspeakable first name like mine and a bad last name, too, there would be some excuse

for you. Do you realize that I am condemned all my life to a nickname? No one could ever call a man Samuel, except to guy him. Yet I don't mind in the least. I can write impassioned notes, and sign them Samuel Griggsby without a qualm. And some day I shall very possibly invite a nice girl to go halves on it with me."

"I couldn't do that with Pinkerton—no matter how I cared," said Lucia. "Has she a pretty name? If she has, she doesn't know what it means to be caricatured day and night by an absurdity."

Sam put a lazy foot against the porch railing and set the hammock swaying.

"I didn't refer to any particular nice girl," he said. "By the way, I know a fellow named Vivian Delancey. Would you like to meet him?"

"U—m, too fancy," she decided. "That

would be all right by moonlight, but a little incongruous at breakfast."

"How about Carrol Howard?"

"Weak. Isn't he dissipated?"

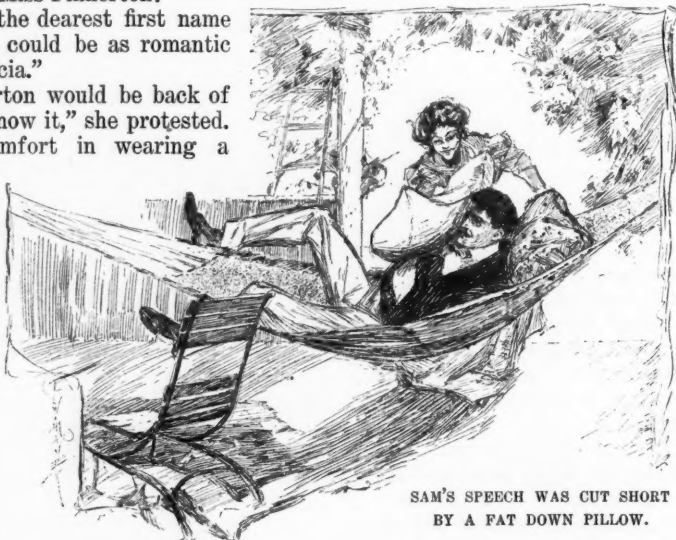
"Oh, I don't know; he hasn't much chin. Rather a little scrub. But I thought only the name mattered."

"Oh, I should consider one or two things besides."

"How do you like Paul Lorrimer?"

"Why, rather well. Yes, I think I do. What's he like?"

"Good looking, strong face, six feet or so, no vices that I know of, moderately



SAM'S SPEECH WAS CUT SHORT
BY A FAT DOWN PILLOW.

well off, and sincerely beloved by all who know him."

"And named Paul Lorrimer? It's too good to be true. When can I see him?"

"I'll bring him over some night when he's equal to it."

"Equal to it?"

"Well, when a man gets to be sixty eight, you know, he's not always up to——" Sam's speech was cut short by a fat down pillow. Lucia heard smothered laughter behind it. Presently he emerged, quite serious.

"If a man made an ugly name famous, I suppose you wouldn't mind taking it," he suggested. "Even Boggs and Binks lose their absurdity when a popular hero wears them."

"I suppose so"—dubiously; "he would have to be very famous, though, so that butcher boys and shop girls would know

about him. I've had to make myself say, 'Send it up to Miss Pinkerton,' all my life—in a whisper, so that the other shoppers around me wouldn't hear. I want a name I can say right out and enjoy."

"Then heaven send it to you," he said gravely, and they both fell silent. Presently he shrugged and pulled himself out of the hammock with a businesslike air. "Come, let's go for a walk," he said lightly; "I want to find a runaway horse to stop or a mad bull to catch. Glory may be right around that next corner."

"Very well. Get me my parasol out of the hall; that will do for a hat. Is my hair very mussy?"

"You look altogether charming—Miss Pinkerton."

"Ugh! How hateful of you! Do you know, I sometimes let people call me by my first name a great deal sooner than I really want to, as a choice between two evils?"

"I'll tell you: you choose the prettiest name you know, and I'll call you by it all the time we're walking. Wouldn't you like that?"

Lucia grew suddenly quite cross.

"You needn't make fun of me," she said. "I hate to be ostentatiously humored. You think it's only a toy grievance, but just the same it counts. It forces me to be commonplace. Why, do you suppose I'd stump prosaically along beside you like this if my name were Desmond or St. John or Hawthorne or Braithwaite?"



—SCRAPS OF CHEERFUL AND BRACING CONVERSATION AS HE STRAIGHTENED OUT THE SMALL GIRL.



FROM THE TOP OF THE BANK LUCIA COULD HEAR—

"What would you do? Skirt dance in front of me? Climb an occasional tree?"

"Mentally, yes. I'd make it interesting for you. I'd look at you the way my mood dictated rather than according to my sense of the ridiculous."

"I like you better—stumping," he protested. "Girls who haven't any Pinkerton to balance their Lucia—oh, I don't know. I'd rather have you look at me the way you do, I think. There are some bully asters. Will you have them?"

The sun was pointing long golden fingers underneath the maple leaves when they strolled back with their asters an hour later. Suddenly from the road beneath there came an ominous bumping, followed by a long wail of distress. A dozen feet below them lay a melancholy wreck—a small iron velocipede on its side, and, very much mixed up in it, a bruised and frightened little girl.

"Wait a minute, kid; I'll pick you up," called Sam, and in a moment he was down the steep and dirty bank. Lucia could hear scraps of cheerful and bracing conversation as he straightened out the small girl, then pulled the velocipede out of the shallow ditch. One wheel was badly bent, and he sat down and fell to tinkering it with absorbed interest, while the child, scratched and dirty and still panting with tears, leaned confidently against his arm.

and watched him with absolute faith in his skill.

"There, young woman, I think that will take you home now," Lucia heard him say. "Jiminy, but you've scratched that poor little leg! Why, it's all bluggy. You watch me tie it up with my handkerchief—there, isn't that better? Now you'd better trot home. Don't seorch, mind!" He started her safely off, then climbed back up the bank.

"Must have hurt her like sixty," he said. Lucia did not answer. She went home very silently, her eyes on her flowers. At her steps he paused and laid his hand over hers.

"Well, the name of Griggsby is still as inglorious as it is ugly," he said, looking up at her wistfully. "I'm afraid I shall never be able to make it anything else, Lucia."

She lifted her eyes; then, before he had really seen into them, she dropped her flowers and put her hands on his shoulders.

"But, dear, I don't think it's an ugly name at all," she said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

A FORMAL AFFAIR.

"THE match is a desirable one in every way," my father said.

The carriage jolted over a stone just then, so I said nothing. This, sometimes, is wise. He went on:

"She is young, very rich, extremely pretty, and her social position is excellent."

"Perhaps," I suggested hopefully, "she has a bad temper."

"On the contrary," said my father, "her disposition is charming."

"Does she wear glasses?" I asked eagerly. I hate near sighted women.

"How absurd you are!" said he. "Certainly not."

I sometimes think my aversion to women who wear glasses is inherited.

"I do hope you are not going to be sentimental and spoil this affair," he went on. "Her father and I have taken the matter greatly to heart. There is much to be said in favor of the match."

"Neither of us has a mother; we should escape the mother in law problem," I said flippantly.

"I do not think marriage is a matter

to jest about," my father said stiffly, after a moment of dignified silence.

"Few people find it so," I answered.

"Is the young person dark or fair?"

"She is not a 'young person,'" said my father indignantly. "She is a very charming girl. There is no reason why you should not fall in love with her."

"But you said that the match was desirable in every way," I urged. "Has there ever been any talk—any little affair—er—that might—"

"This is her first season," my father interrupted. "She is a young woman of the most perfect manners."

"I wasn't speaking of manners," I explained.

"I don't understand you," replied my father stonily.

Just then the carriage stopped. The house was certainly all that one could expect. Having been abroad so long, I was unacquainted with the new part of the city. This was certainly an attractive neighborhood.

The room into which we were shown was entirely out of the ordinary. In the first place, it was light. I had grown weary of dimly lighted rooms, with heavy hangings and divans and sofa cushions. There was a refreshing absence of these things.

She came into the room quietly. Her skirts did not rustle. This attracted my attention at once. She walked directly to my father and shook hands with him cordially; then looked at me and laughed a little shyly. I still think she was the prettiest girl I have ever seen.

"I suppose," she said finally, "that we ought to be introduced."

"Please, let's avoid it," I suggested as we shook hands. She gave me a most unexpected smile, but she looked a little puzzled.

"Father," I said finally, "if you went to your club and ordered luncheon, it would save time for me."

"But——" he began.

"I know," said I; "you are very much interested in us; but there are some things which you should not know."

"You won't——" he began anxiously.

"I will behave in the most proper manner," I replied.

"How long will you be?" he asked. I turned to the girl.

"Can you stand me for half an hour?" I asked.

"I'll try," she said; then added with a laugh: "It will be good practice."

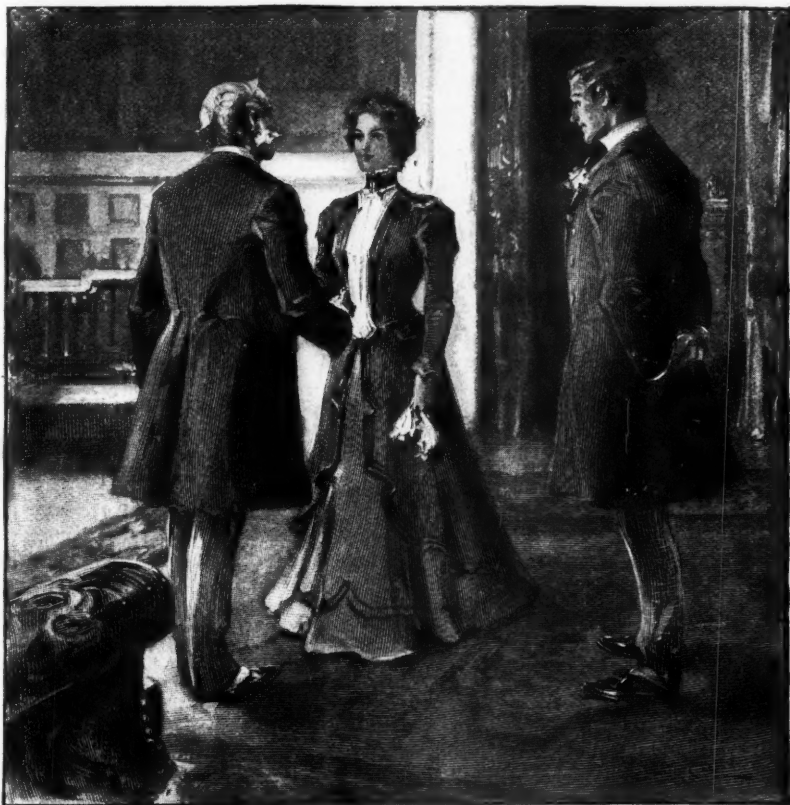
When my father had gone, we looked at each other for a moment.

"He's a dear old thing," she said.

"I am said to be like him," I remarked.

seemed to me that she not only discovered everything I had ever done, but that she divined those things that I would some day do. Then I took her hand. I am afraid I held it a little longer than good form prescribes.

"We may as well be perfectly frank with each other," I began. "Our fathers



SHE WALKED DIRECTLY TO MY FATHER AND SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM CORDIALLY.

"There are many points of difference," she replied.

There was another pause. I could think of nothing particularly brilliant to say. She looked at me. It was a most embarrassing moment. She began at my feet. I had always been under the impression that my feet were of a good shape and not too large, but just at that moment they felt a yard long. Finally her eyes rested on mine. It was the first time I had ever felt a young woman really reading my character. She kept her eyes on mine for a full minute, and it

are anxious that you and I marry. We may as well come to an understanding."

"It would be the wisest thing to do," she replied.

"There seems to be no good reason why we shouldn't marry," I said.

"No," she replied disconsolately; "it's manifestly the right thing to do."

"Perhaps," I suggested hopefully, "you have some reason why we shouldn't?"

She shook her head.

"Now that you have seen me——" I went on.

"No," she said hopelessly; "you are extremely handsome."

"I am awfully indolent," I urged.

"I hate men who are always wanting to do things," said she.

"I should smoke about the house continually."

"I love the smell of tobacco."

"I am never content to remain in one place," I urged. "I like to be here today and there tomorrow."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I'm not in the least domestic, either."

"I read a great deal. You might think me rather unsociable." I was bent on telling her the worst.

"I have written a book myself," she confessed. "I am quite literary."

I must admit I hesitated at this. Finally I went on bravely: "I don't play golf."

"I think it's a silly game," she said.

Again we came to a full stop. I was wishing we had met in some other way, or that there was some reason why we should not marry. I felt that we could be so tremendously happy together. She was really a charming girl.

"There are one or two things I should like to know," she said finally. "You won't think me inquisitive?"

"Certainly not. A pig in a poke has never been considered a wise bargain," I replied.

She flushed uncomfortably.

"There are things I ought to know," she persisted. "I am somewhat interested."

"Of course," I assented; "your interest is quite proper under the circumstances."

"Have you any—er—er——" She flushed hotly. "I mean, are you in love with any woman?"

"I have no entanglements," I replied. I was not sure whether or not I was in

love with any woman. "Have you?"

"How dare you?" she cried. "I am not one of those horrid new women."

"How was I to know?" I pleaded.

"I think you are extremely stupid!" she said hotly.

"Our little affair is very formal, isn't it?" I went on pleasantly. "My first name is Archibald. I trust you don't object to it?"

"I suppose I could call you Archie," she suggested, after considering the matter. "How funny it all seems!" she added. "My name is Mary."

"It shall be Molly," I announced.

Again we paused. There seemed to be nothing else to say. Then I suddenly remembered the object of my visit.

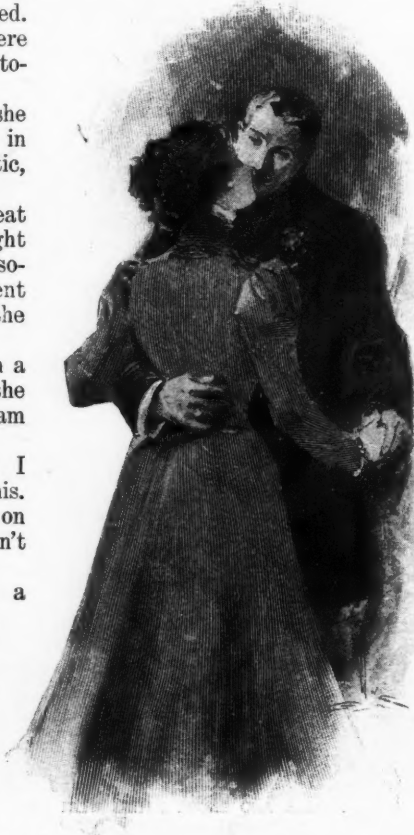
"I trust," said I, "that you will do me the great honor to become my wife. I will try to make you happy."

This last was an after thought. I thought—I still think—it was a particularly felicitous thing to say. The girl flushed angrily, and snatched her hand away.

"No!" she cried, rising. "I will not marry you."

"But——" I began.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "I know all that you would say. But I won't marry you, and that's all there is about it."



SHE SAID NOTHING AT ALL, SO I KISSED HER AGAIN.

Just at that moment I was unfortunate enough to fall in love with her.

"But our fathers——" I urged.

"That for our fathers," she cried, snapping her fingers.

At least, she tried to snap her fingers. She failed ignominiously. We both laughed.

"We can at least be friends," I said finally, holding out my hand.

"Yes—friends," she repeated, a little sadly, leaving her hand in mine.

"Now that everything is over between us," I said, "I may as well tell you that you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

I noticed that there had crept into my voice an unusual amount of fervor. I think she noticed it, too. I could not account for it. I think she could. I know she smiled brilliantly, and I think she came a little closer to me.

"Would you mind telling me why you refused me?" I asked, after another pause, which was not at all an uncomfortable one.

"I won't be sold like a lot of stocks, or given away like a pound of tea," she explained.

"If——" I began.

"There's no use urging me," she interrupted. "I won't marry you. Nothing could induce me to."

"But——" I said. This was not a very strong argument, but at the moment I could think of nothing better to say.

"Oh, it's all so cut and dried!" she cried. "Your father ties a string to you and brings you here——"

"He does nothing of the sort," I interrupted hotly. "I came entirely of my own accord."

"And I am here to meet you, and they arrange when we are to be married, and

we say yes, and they do everything. I won't have it. I don't expect to be married but once, and I have a right to be wooed and won, not—not thrown at a man's head." She ended in a sob.

I lost my head at this, and did something I had no business to do. I seized her in my arms and kissed her on the mouth. She was so astonished that she said nothing at all, so I kissed her again.

"How dare you?" she gasped finally. Somehow she did not seem as angry as she should have been. "Say you are sorry."

"I won't," I replied shamelessly. "I'm glad. I'd do it again if I had the chance. It's nothing to you," I went on bitterly; "but you've made me fall in love with you, and now you won't marry me. I love you better than anything else in the world."

"If they hadn't expected so much of us—if it wasn't all cut and dried——" she said. My arm was about her waist, but she did not seem to notice it. "If there was only something unusual about it——"

"Will you run away and marry me now?" I cried.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, coming closer to me.

In reply I kissed her.

"Oh, Archie!" she cried with a little laugh, "wouldn't they be furious?"

"Will you come?" I urged.

"I haven't any clothes," she objected.

"We'll get some in Paris," I explained.

"We really ought not," she began.

"We've got just an hour to get married and catch a steamer," said I, looking at my watch.

"Well, wait till I get my hat," she cried, running out of the room.

Bayard Veiller.



THE STAGE

LONDON THEATERS FROM AN AMERICAN VIEW-POINT.

English plays promise to be as thick upon the American stage this season as they were last. The importation of a success is a short cut to certainty for the managers, and native audiences have long ago grown accustomed to the British brand of drama.

The chief difference between an American theater and an English one is in the arrangement of the auditorium. The pit, as it flourishes in the London houses, is of course familiar by hearsay, but the first view of it is certain to make an odd impression on the visitor. He sees, say, six to ten rows of orchestra chairs, stretching in an unbroken line from side to side of the house, and occupied exclusively by men and women in evening dress, all the ladies being attired as for a box at the opera. Then, on exactly the same level, and reaching to the extreme rear, separated by a barrier of the same height as the fauteuils, are rows of scantily covered benches, unnumbered, the best of them awaiting the first comers, who stand in line patiently, sometimes for hours, on the chance of obtaining for sixty cents a seat immediately behind one in the stalls, for which the occupant has paid two dollars and a half.

An oddity about the arrangement which the casual visitor will not note is the fact that in the event of a big hit the rates are not advanced, but the number of stalls is increased, while the pit is correspondingly diminished in size. The entrances assigned respectively to the sheep of the stalls and the goats of the pit are separated as widely as in America the gallery gods of the family circle are from the patrons of the parquet. This necessitates boxing in the auditorium in a manner that causes wonderment at the leniency of British fire laws.

Most of the London theaters have three circles, even the small houses, which brings the galleries very close together and engenders a more or less stifling state of atmosphere. In the first of these, called the dress circle, good places for seeing may be obtained for \$1.75 each.

All the English theaters have a bar attached, to which a general exit is made after the second act. There being no central aisles, except in one or two houses, men are forced to clamber past their neighbors; but it is to be noted that the rows are not quite so close together as with us. There is a separate refreshment stand for the pit, and the female

attendants, who take the place of ushers, bring ices and coffee to the ladies in the stalls. It is from these maids that one buys his program on entering, at a cost of twelve cents. This is the only fee that need be given unless the cloak room is used, and as cab hire is only twenty five cents for a two mile drive, ladies can leave their hats at home. It should be added that a few houses make a feature of furnishing the program free.

A peculiarity of the London playhouse is the fact that one enters on a level with the first balcony, and is obliged to descend one or more flights of stairs to reach the orchestra stalls. No return checks are given out between the acts, and it would seem a simple matter for any one in evening dress to mingle with the crowd in the lobbies and enter the auditorium after the first intermission. As there is no space for standing, however, such an expedient might not avail the Londoner intent on beating his way.

IRVING AND TERRY IN "ROBESPIERRE."

As seen at the London Lyceum, the newest play of the leading English actor impressed the writer forcibly in two ways—as being episodic rather than cumulative in the interest it inspired, and as bearing on the face of its dialogue the evidences of translation not altogether skilfully done. And yet it is easy to understand why this drama, written by Sardou expressly for the English boards, should have been the chief feature of the last West End season.

The first act is undeniably slow, there being much talk and scarcely any action, but this is more than atoned for by the first scene of act second, which shows a courtyard in the prison of Port Libre. Pathetically humorous and full of dramatic effect is the piling of chairs on a table that the prisoners may practise mounting the guillotine without awkwardness, and the contrasted fashion in which, a little later, the victims for that day receive their summons to the tumbrils. The fame of the second scene in this act, the great pageant in Robespierre's honor on the Place de la Concorde, is likely to induce a sense of disappointment in seeing the thing itself. But this in no wise detracts from the admirable art with which the spectacle is managed.

A much more interesting episode occurs in the first scene of act three, where Irving and Terry watch in turn from a window the passing of the carts to the guillotine, fearing



ISABEL IRVING, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN DREW IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

to behold in each the form of their son. The variety of expression put into the exhibition of one supreme dread could only be compassed by two such artists as these.

The son *Olivier*, enacted by Kyrle Bellew, is the third important rôle in the piece, and the praise Mr. Bellew has received for his in-

occurs at the close of the fourth act, laid in the prison of the Conciergerie.

THE NEW JONES AND PINERO COMEDIES.

London society has set its seal of approval upon two plays which New York is to see in



GRACE GEORGE, A WELL KNOWN ACTRESS WHO IS THE WIFE OF WILLIAM A. BRADY, THE MANAGER.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

terpretation of it has been justly bestowed. Nothing short of remarkable, too, is the art with which he has succeeded in making himself look the youth of twenty. At the London performance the acme of enthusiasm is displayed after Robespierre's encounter with the ghosts of those he has condemned, which

due course, and in both of which there is more to be taken into account than the cleverness of the plot and the smartness of the dialogue. In "The Maneuvers of Jane," by Henry Arthur Jones, which ran the season out at the Haymarket, we have a heroine who deliberately sets aside convention's laws,



MARY MOORE, LEADING WOMAN WITH CHARLES WYNDHAM IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."



LETTY LIND AS SHE RECENTLY APPEARED AT THE LONDON DALY'S IN "A GREEK SLAVE."



IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX."



CARLOTTA NILSSON IN "THE AMBASSADOR."

FOUR LONDON STAGE FAVORITES OF THE DAY.

From photographs by Ellis & Walery, London.

and, without doing anything that would put her without the pale of virtue, sneaks, contrives, and overrides parental counsel in a manner more befitting a soubrette than a leading woman. But changes have been rung incessantly on old themes, so Mr. Jones went daringly afield with his *Jane*, and though the critics chided, the public laughed.

Norris, recently seen as the *Secretary* in "His Excellency the Governor," might do better than most in the rôle.

"The Gay Lord Quex," the Pinero piece which America is not to have until the autumn of 1900, is of a more serious nature, and roused the clergy to denounce the audacity with which it showed the curtained



MAXINE ELLIOTT (MRS. N. C. GOODWIN), WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING WITH HER HUSBAND AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S IN LONDON.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Rockwood, New York.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, SISTER OF MAXINE ELLIOTT, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING WITH THE GOODWIN COMPANY IN LONDON.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Rockwood, New York.

To be sure, the piece owes much to its London performance by the company that was seen at the same house in "The Little Minister." Mary Mannering can doubtless equal Winifred Emery in the name part, but it will be more difficult for Mr. Frohman to find a duplicate for Cyril Maude's *Lord Bapchild*, a near sighted young nobleman of small mind and vacillating intentions. William

side of fashionable life. And herein lies a peculiarity of the play. At one period it bids fair to be so very daring that the liberal minded spectator is inclined to wonder whither the censor has wandered; then, by the time the curtain falls, his emotions are touched by an appeal to the best and most chivalrous instincts of his nature. No social law has been broken, the mimic personages



"WILT THOU BE GONE? IT IS NOT YET NEAR DAY"—WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND MAUDE ADAMS
IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

From a photograph by Byron, New York.



WILLIAM GILLETTE, WHOSE NEXT NEW CHARACTER IS TO BE "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

have been merely playing with fire, and the dexterity with which they have been brought through, without even a scorched reputation, challenges admiration for the dramatist's art rather than censure for his audacity.

Pinero has written many plays, many great plays, as the reckoning goes today, but in none of them has he so adroitly mingled clever talk with bristling action. The third act is one incessant series of situation following on situation, the two leading personages checkmating each other with one unexpected move after another.

As *Lord Quer*, John Hare gives a finished performance, admirable for its self repression. He is less made up than we are wont to see him. He has found a capital second in Irene Vanbrugh, who as the manicurist, once a nurse maid, throws just the proper shading of the cockneyism into her accent, and succeeds in making an unpleasant character not only endurable but actually likable.

Certain facts were impressed upon the writer on contrasting the manner of performing these two plays with the style of presenting similar pieces in America. One was the exquisite pains taken with the minor characters. Naturalness appears to be the one end aimed at. There is not so much playing to the audience as with us.

Again, in the mounting, more attention is paid to details than in New York. In a

drawingroom set the stage is fairly crowded with bric-à-brac, and such portions as the mantelpiece, for example, appear built in to stay, from the semblance of solidity they present. And yet, notwithstanding the care all this must require, the intermissions are all surprisingly short.

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS" IN LONDON.

Haddon Chambers' newest play has only six characters, and contains improbabilities galore; yet it is a most fascinating stage entertainment, and as enacted by Charles Wyndham's company—their last production after twenty three years at the Criterion—proved the most popular piece in the English capital. Its charm depends to a certain extent upon the locale of its presentation, and might be lost in a large theater. All the people talk quietly, there is really only one situation, and the acting throughout is so free from effort that the spectator loses the sense of watching a play, and appears to be absorbing the story of the *Parbury* family tiff as if it were real life.

The dialogue is delightful. Clever things are being said all the while, and yet they do not repel by conveying the idea that Mr. Chambers stood off to admire them after they were written down. They seem to be the



CHARLES J. RICHMAN, LATE LEADING MAN AT DALY'S, NOW A MEMBER OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S FORCES.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

spontaneous utterances of the people who speak them. Of course, at the Criterion, the effect was obtained in great measure by the admirable interpretation the piece received at the hands of Mr. Wyndham and his associates. Wyndham himself has perhaps no

most glaring improbabilities and inconsistencies in the play, but these are forgotten in the immense fund of dry humor the author has put into the lines of this character. Maude Millett, its London impersonator, strikes one as looking somewhat old for the



MARCIA VAN DRESSER, LATE OF DALY'S, NOW LEADING WOMAN OF THE BOSTONIANS.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

equal for scoring with work that is continually in the minor key. His method is altogether diverse from that of Mr. Drew, who has the piece for America.

Mary Moore, as the lacrymose wife, is evidently playing a rôle not particularly congenial to her. The other woman's part, that of the secretary, must be far more alluring to an actress. To be sure, it embodied the

rôle, but it would be hard to find a woman who could answer to its contradictory requirements.

In leaving the Criterion, a theater that is almost entirely underground, Mr. Wyndham goes to occupy a new house, one of the handsomest in London, situated not far away, on Charing Cross Road. It will probably bear his own name.



WINIFRED EMERY, LEADING WOMAN AT THE
LONDON HAYMARKET.



ELLEN TERRY AS "CLARISSE" IN "ROBESPIERRE,"
AT THE LONDON LYCEUM.



ELLALINE TERRISS, OF CHARLES FROHMAN'S COM-
PANY AT THE CRITERION IN LONDON.



ETHEL HAYDON, WHO CREATED "DOROTHY STANLEY"
IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL" AT THE LONDON GAIETY.

A QUARTET OF LEADING ENGLISH PLAYERS.

Appropriately enough, the play chosen for the final performance in the old home, July 21, was "Rosemary" with its refrain of "That's for remembrance." The occasion was made much of in London, the Prince of Wales attended, the prices for seats were advanced, with the proceeds given to charity, and after the final curtain Mr. Wyndham made a particularly felicitous speech, which he closed with the following rather quaint figure:

"If I have found the road to your hearts, if I still live there, it can matter little what house I occupy on that road. Twenty three years of devoted service to you I ask to be credited to my account. As, on the railroad of life, I look out on the landscape of the past, I see those twenty three years receding more and more swiftly, I think of the companions of my journey; I recall sadly the junctions where some got off to travel on other lines, and I think more sadly still of those who disembarked, never to travel on earthly road again. Then I turn with affection and hope towards those who remain. With them, with you, let me enter on the next stage of my journey. For my part, I mean, in the pursuit of my vocation, to travel as long as there's steam to travel with. But not one mile can I go without your consent. Give me that in the future as generously as you have in the past, and I shall jog along wearing my rosemary with invincible gaiety, knowing all the sweetness and none of the bitterness that lies in that word, Remembrance."

"A RUNAWAY GIRL" AT HOME.

To one who has seen the performance of this merry musical play at Daly's, its representation at the Gaiety in London must come as a distinct disappointment. There are a lack of snap and sparkle in the interpretation, a dinginess in the outfitting, and a cramping of the settings that serve to make comparisons odious. Mr. Louis Bradfield, undeniably clever artist as he is, as was shown on his visit to America two years ago with "In Town," appears to think *Guy Stanley* too trivial a part to take pains with, and although he has a better singing voice than Cyril Scott, he is wholly lacking in the latter's grace and earnestness. Edmund Payne's *Flipper* is too indistinct to strike American ears as supremely funny, while the *Alice* of Katie Seymour is far and away behind the spirit and verve imparted to the rôle by Mabelle Gillman. The English *Pietro*, moreover, makes no attempt to talk with the broken Italian that added so much picturesqueness to George Lesoir's rendering of the bloodthirsty minstrel.

Violet Lloyd, who will be remembered for

her hit at Daly's in "The Geisha," now replaces Ellaline Terriss as *Winifred Gray*, and comes nearer to the excellence of Virginia Earl than one dared to hope after noting the shortcomings of the others. But in the new edition of the piece, now in its second year at the Gaiety, "The Boy Guessed Right" has been replaced by a song about "A Naughty Little Girl," culled from "A Greek Slave," which is pretty, but not so prone to stick in the memory. The *Carmenita* of Connie Ediss is all right, and her added song, "I Felt Called Upon to Say So," is built directly upon the lines of the popular "High Society," with words equally clever. As *Dorothy Stanley*, Grace Palotta has much less to do than her American prototype, but she is good to look at, and infuses an extra amount of dash into "Soldiers in the Park" which puts some of the ladies of the touring party into blazing British uniforms.

The "Runaway Girl" music is every whit as popular in England as in America. One hears it played everywhere, and on the strength of it the piece will doubtless run until winter. George Edwardes, its proprietor, has the distinction of managing one of the oldest and one of the newest theaters in London, for, besides the Gaiety, he has Daly's, which may be set down as the prettiest playhouse in the English capital. Its decorations, of rather a unique stamp, are all in good taste. The foyer is adorned with three portraits of Ada Rehan in "The Country Girl." "A Greek Slave" ran here for a year, followed by a revival of "The Gaiety Girl," and if Mr. Edwardes wins his lawsuit with the Daly estate, "San Toy," the successor to "The Geisha," will be brought out during the present autumn.

AMERICAN PLAYS IN LONDON.

Since the English hit of "Secret Service," two years ago, there has been a lot of talk, a good deal of it nonsensical, about the popularity of the American style of entertainment on British boards. Here are some facts in the matter:

"Too Much Johnson," presented in 1898, did not duplicate the hit of Mr. Gillette's other play, nor did "The Heart of Maryland" have a very lengthy London run. But as an offset to these disappointments "What Happened to Jones" lasted a whole year. The season of 1899 witnessed the advent of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, who chose "The Cowboy and the Lady" in which to make their West End bow, but found only a frosty welcome for that play. They went back in their repertoire to "An American Citizen," and fortune forthwith smiled upon them from the Duke of York's stalls. "What Happened to Jones" gave place to "Why Smith Left

Home" and scored a hundred performances at the Strand Theater.

But all these are double discounted by the phenomenal career of "The Belle of New York," which counts to its credit more than five hundred consecutive performances at the Shaftesbury Theater, with no prospect of a limit being set. This beats the run of both "A Runaway Girl" and "A Greek Slave," London's home made articles, and the music is even more popular than that of the first named piece, which is saying a great deal.

"The Belle" is given exactly as it was in New York, where, by the way, it did not meet with much favor, and three of the principals who appeared in it on the first night at the Casino are still in the bill—Edna May, as the Salvation Army lass; George K. Fortescue, as the rotund father of the "queen of comic opera," and George A. Schiller as *Kenneth Mugg*, the low comedian.

Our English cousins, it should be added, have taken a great fancy to the *Polite Lunatic* as impersonated by J. E. Sullivan. For a year now *Harry Bronson*, the leading juvenile, has been played by W. P. Carlton, a son of the William T. Carlton who was so intimately associated with Casino successes in the eighties, and who lately appeared with Francis Wilson in "Erminie."

Early in July De Wolf Hopper tried "El Capitan" on London, and although the press was kind and the public fairly so, the opera did not create a furore. In point of fact, it was too heavy for the Englishman, who, when he goes in for that sort of thing, prefers to take it at Covent Garden with fashionable garniture. Moreover, when an American comes forth to amuse them, our cousins across the sea seem to want samples of the American life with which they are most familiar, at any rate by hearsay. The scene of "El Capitan" is laid in Peru, and, by the same token, justice as set forth in "The Cowboy and the Lady" is not so readily understood by the Britisher as is the talk about cocktails and Wall Street of an *American Citizen*, whose counterpart it is to be seen in the flesh along Regent Street.

America is very much to the fore at the London music halls. At the Palace the "American biograph," with its invention credited to a New Yorker, forms the chief feature of the program, while American "tramps," jugglers, negro impersonators, dancers, and sketch artists go to fill out the remainder of the bill. The so called American bar is a feature in all the music halls, while the Stars and Stripes is fully as prominent in stage groupings as the English Jack.

In "Wheels within Wheels," R. C. Carton has departed widely from his methods of the "Liberty Hall" period, and there is little to remind one of the man who wrote "Lord and

Lady Algy" except the cleverness of the dialogue. The play opens with the detection of a society woman stealing a letter from a man's rooms, and turns on this same woman's efforts to save her sister in law from an act of folly. In short, the rôle is a feminine "squire of dames," and if John Drew were a woman he could play it to perfection. In the London production Miss Compton scores heavily, but her peculiar intonation might militate against her success in New York, where Charles Frohman intends to produce the piece during the present season.

* * *

So many British plays are now given in New York that an English review of the season, in the style prevalent at the Casino, might profitably be imported with but slight alterations.

London had its first taste of this sort of thing last summer in "Pot Pourri," which was done at the Avenue Theater, and very neatly done, too. Several members of the cast disguised themselves as personages of current interest to the public, and the music was engagingly "catchy." To be sure, there was not much comeliness or life in the chorus, but real ability in the principals went far in the way of atonement.

* * *

The frequency with which one hears nowadays of clerical indorsements of plays would seem to indicate that the antipathy of the cloth to the theater is abating. But now opposition arises in a new quarter. A French journal announces, on high medical authority, that attendance at the play, instead of distracting people to their physical benefit, has a tendency to do them positive injury by unduly exciting their nervous system. It is asserted that not only the mind but the stomach is affected, from which we are led to conclude that the facts on which the new theory is based were gathered in Norway, where Ibsen reigns supreme.

* * *

It was said of the late Fanny Davenport that she was one of the very few players who permit nothing to distract their mind from the work in hand during the progress of a performance, even forbidding her manager to address her on business matters until after the final curtain. This strictness is in sharp contrast to the practice of receiving callers in dressing rooms, an excuse for which is found in the fact that an actor's friends are at least certain of finding him in. When one star visits the theater where another is playing, the manager regards it as a very proper courtesy to take the guest "back" between the acts for an exchange of social greetings during an exchange of costume. And ordinarily the host seems to suffer no lapse from the spirit of his impersonation.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A FORTUNE?

BY J. FREDERICK WINDOLPH.

HOW RICH MUST ONE BE TO BE RICH?—HOW THE STANDARD OF WEALTH HAS VARIED IN DIFFERENT AGES AND COUNTRIES, AND EVEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF ONE MAN'S LIFE.

"MY fortune is made!" exclaimed George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, when, at the age of thirty, he was appointed enginewright at the Killingworth colliery at a salary of five hundred dollars per year.

This seems a paltry notion of a fortune at this end of the century, when hardly a week goes by but that some newspaper chronicles the expenditure of thousands of dollars by some of our men of wealth upon a dinner, a ball, a racehorse, or a famous painting; but to that struggling mechanic it seemed that fortune had indeed smiled upon him.

Stephenson had been born in circumstances of great poverty; his first employment had been herding cows at twopence per day, from which he was promoted to digging turnips at double that pay; subsequently he became an engine boy in the colliery, and at fifteen rejoiced in a weekly salary of twelve shillings. Thus it was but natural that fifteen years later, when he had secured a position paying almost ten dollars per week the year round, he should exult and feel that his future was safe.

Five hundred dollars a year was his idea of a fortune at thirty; was it so thirty years later? It is safe to say that it was not. Circumstances had changed in that time, and his ideas of wealth must have expanded with the enlarged sphere of his ambitions and desires.

He had slowly and steadily risen in grade as a workman, until his latent genius flashed out in those splendid achievements that gained for him the title of "the father of railways." He was eagerly sought after by men of rank and wealth, and for the services of his later years he received munificent remuneration. If he gave the subject any thought in his declining years, he must have multiplied a hundredfold his former estimate of what constituted a fortune.

If, therefore, an individual's conception of a fortune suffers such a radical change by the passing of time, how shall we frame a definition which will reconcile the conflicting views of many minds?

Perhaps it cannot be done. The lexicographers help us but little. With them a fortune is "riches" or "great wealth"—elastic terms that may include much or rela-

tively little, depending upon the mood or point of view of the individual.

But however much opinions may differ as to what constitutes a fortune, mankind in all ages has pretty generally agreed that the possession of wealth is highly desirable. We persistently refuse to consider "money the root of all evil," as the proverb has it, but on the contrary look upon it as the source of most worldly happiness. From earliest times, poets and philosophers have given expression to this thought in varying forms. With unblushing frankness, Horace advised all men to "make a fortune; by honest means if you can; if not, by any means make a fortune"; or, as Pope translated it:

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

Honest Robbie Burns gave better advice when he told his young friend Andrew Aikin:

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

But what is independence, and how much wealth is necessary to insure it? The financially independent man, we may say, is he who possesses sufficient means to provide for his present and future wants and desires; but this carries us only a step further, for men's wants and desires vary almost infinitely, according to their individual tastes and environment, and the age in which they live.

The fortunes of many of the kings and rulers of ancient days were reputed to be fabulous, and this notion has come down to us in the pages of history. Undoubtedly they were magnificent in their proportions for the times, but it would be interesting to know what they would amount to in dollars and cents if judged by modern standards of value.

The wealth of the ruling classes of those days was immeasurably greater than that of the common people, for they had it all. A king who knew his business was a money getting trust in himself. It is curious to note

that while they represented Plutus, the god of riches, as being reared in the lap of Peace, their fortunes were acquired by militarism, confiscation, and slavery.

Croesus, the last king of Lydia, was a type of this class. From his conquests, his mines, and the golden sands of the Pactolus, he accumulated so much treasure that his wealth has become proverbial. He gave himself up to a life of pleasure and sumptuous extravagance, and is said to have deemed himself the happiest man in the world. But this was not to last, for his power and possessions were wrested from him. His fortune, however, was a substantial one until a greater king, Cyrus, took it to himself.

But many of the fortunes of antiquity, robbed of the glamour that hangs as a halo about things remote, are not to be compared to the possibilities open to some of the multimillionaires of this day. Even Solomon in all his glory might be thrown in the shade by a modern Croesus, if the latter were disposed to "spread" himself.

The Scriptures give us this inventory of the possessions of one of the Biblical men of fortune: "His substance was seven thousand sheep and three thousand camels and five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred she asses; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the east." This was Job. He must have been the Vanderbilt or Astor of his day, especially at that later period when, having patiently endured all his afflictions, he was rewarded by having his herds and flocks doubled in numbers. But the possessor of "cattle on a thousand hills" must needs have many on each hill to make a respectable showing against some of the ranchmen on our Western plains.

If some of the fortunes of ancient days had been converted into the money then current, the happy plutocrat would, in many instances, have reveled in hoards of things which may now be found in any junk pile: tin in ancient Syracuse and Britain, iron in Sparta, lead in Burma, and leather among the Carthaginians.

Slaves passed as money among the Anglo Saxons, salt in Abyssinia, cowrie shells on the coast of Africa, nails in Scotland, bullets and wampum in early Massachusetts, and soap in Mexico. A well equipped modern nail factory could in a week's time turn out more nails, and better ones, too, than could have been found in all of ancient Scotland, and a soap maker, could he have had modern facilities in early Mexico, might have made himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

With the passing of those good old days, what then constituted wealth has lost its special value.

The influence of environment upon ideas of wealth is equally great. Mark Twain, in one

of his tales, illustrates this in his inimitable style. The heroine of that romance is the daughter of the richest and most influential resident of the arctic regions. His wealth did not consist, however, of the same kind of things that rank as riches in the United States. This Eskimo maiden's costume of furs—seal, otter, and silver gray fox—though it would be worth from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars in New York, was no mark of distinction, for that was the every day clothing of the commonest people.

She dwelt in a great mansion of frozen snow, fully seven feet high and three or four times as long as any others of the tribe, and its appurtenances were proportionately extraordinary. This, however, was but the outward manifestation of her father's financial ability. His real wealth consisted, as she told Mark in an awed whisper, of "twenty two fish hooks—not bone, but foreign—made of real iron!"

This leads the humorist to remark that "since a hundred million dollars in New York and twenty two fish hooks on the border of the arctic circle represent the same financial supremacy, a man in straitened circumstances is a fool to stay in New York when he can buy ten cents' worth of fish hooks and emigrate."

But if all the unemployed of New York were to take this facetious advice seriously, fish hooks would soon lose their great value in the arctic regions. What makes even trivial things of extreme value there is that they are so hard to get. Nature, it seems to us, is exceedingly unkind to the Eskimo. It deprives him almost entirely of wood and metal, and sets up its barrier of frozen plains and drifting icebergs between the poor Inuit and the meager store which would satisfy his simple wants. Mere sustenance is a matter of great toil and peril to him, with his crude implements and primitive methods, and it is therefore that a year's supply of blubber must seem a fortune to the denizen of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

For entirely different reasons, a pile of elephant tusks is great riches to many an African. Nature is here more generous with her smiles. Tropical fruits, to be had for the plucking, may supply most of his bodily wants; and the incentive to lay up means for future needs is therefore lacking.

A Hottentot chief, for instance, a mighty man among the warriors of the tribe, and basking in fortune's smile, might have oxen and sheep and show some skill in their management; but still his house in the kraal, or village, would be but a circular hut like a beehive. His dress would be a strip of the skin of some animal tied around the waist, with a sort of apron hanging down before and behind; in the summer he is almost naked, pro-

tecting his person from the sun by a covering of grease; in the winter adding a rough cloak of skin.

Such primitive notions of what constitutes a fortune do not, of course, obtain in this country. For twenty years past the United States has been the wealthiest nation in the world. It is increasing faster in wealth than any other. Its growth in wealth exceeds that in population, for while its increase in inhabitants is more rapid than that of any other nation on the globe, the proportion of money in the country is steadily gaining on it.

Where there are so many millions, there are, of course, millionaires. But it would be an error to conclude that for this reason we consider nothing below seven figures as a fortune. It is true that the millionaires hold a large share of our wealth—twenty per cent, the census of 1890 credited them with; but the same report shows that the millionaire class is but three one hundredths of one per cent of the population, or one millionaire to every 3,500 who would like to be. It is not to be expected that these 3,500 will conform in their ideas of a fortune to that held by this one man who owns, perhaps, as much as they all put together.

I have in mind a dorky who tills a few acres that he calls his own, and who considers that he is almost as wealthy as it is safe for one man to be. His place is mortgaged to the limit; if that lien were only removed, he would feel that he was ready to take his stand beside the Vanderbilts and Goulds of the country. As it is, he toils hard for a bare subsistence, his clothes are ragged and patched, and a raw boned horse nearly as old as himself draws him to town occasionally in a rickety wagon of about the same age. Still, when, once every six months, the accumulated savings of that period go to pay the interest on his mortgage, he feels that he is a man of independent means. And his dusky brethren, who are simply day laborers, albeit better housed and better fed, look on in envy and say amen to it.

The varying standards that obtain for the estimation of a fortune are perhaps best illustrated by the family history brought to public notice by the death of a New York millionaire, James G. Armstrong, five or six years ago. He was one of five brothers who were born on a farm in Pennsylvania. At the father's death, it was found that his estates had been willed to his eldest son. The four younger brothers accepted the situation philosophically, and set out to seek their fortunes; and in the estimation of themselves and their neighbors they all succeeded.

The eldest son already had his fortune, for the estates were large for those parts and considered valuable. He lived in a state befitting a man of wealth in a rural community,

although by many standards this was far from extravagant. But after a time the land became less and less productive, demands for ready money could not be met, and he reached that condition familiarly known as "land poor." Mortgage after mortgage followed, and piece after piece of land was sold to supply needed funds; and yet when he finally died, on familiar terms with duns, but a stranger to ready cash, it was generally believed that one of the wealthy men of that section had passed away.

The second son drifted to a nearby village, serving first as a clerk in a general store, and later becoming the proprietor. His tastes were simple, he was thrifty, and his humdrum existence as the sole merchant of that sleepy hamlet filled out his life and gave him the means to secure a comfortable little cottage of his own. He was by all odds the most important man in that place, but his fortune, real and personal, at no time amounted to more than five thousand dollars.

Another son went to the county seat, where in course of time he became a successful lawyer. Real estate speculation, money lending on farm mortgages, and "shaving" notes added to his income, and he amassed a fortune variously estimated at from twenty five to fifty thousand dollars. He dwelt in the most desirable part of the town, in a substantial brick structure surrounded by spacious grounds, employed three or four servants, took his family to the seashore or to Saratoga in the summer, and on two occasions even made short trips to Europe.

The fourth brother finally became a stockbroker in Philadelphia. His business prospered and his speculations were fortunate, and in time his fortune was rated in the hundreds of thousands. He occupied a splendid house in the city and a country place at Bryn Mawr. His family was received in the best society and entertained lavishly; they were not strangers at Newport, nor at the fashionable resorts of Europe, and every luxury that their taste demanded was fully supplied.

For a time fortune refused to smile upon James, the youngest brother, but at last in his wanderings through the West he stumbled upon a gold mine, and soon he was rated as a millionaire many times over. He came to New York and installed his family in a Fifth Avenue mansion, where he lived in a style befitting his wealth. A magnificent country house on Long Island and a palace at Newport followed, and later a house in London, for he spent much of his time abroad.

His steam yacht, the *Roselda*, cost him \$200,000, and no expense was spared in fitting it up, the appointments, both exterior and interior, being of the very highest order. When he wished to travel by rail, he had his

private car, a veritable palace on wheels, which was said to have cost seventy five thousand dollars. In short, he indulged in the luxuries possible only to the millionaire.

Wide apart as were these Armstrong brothers in the possibilities of securing what money can command, still each had a "fortune." To decide, then, what concrete sum constitutes a fortune is impossible without taking into consideration the many factors that enter into the problem. It is, after all, not how much we have, but how little

our neighbors possess, that determines our financial supremacy; not the bulk of our riches so much as the sum of our wants and whims that decides when we have secured a competency.

One need but "measure his desires by his fortune and not his fortune by his desires" to secure contentment of spirit, and this is the greatest gain.

Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

SOME PITFALLS OF JOURNALISM.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A PLAIN TALE OF THE DANGERS THAT BESET THE PATH OF THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMAN WHO HOPES TO FIND, IN NEWSPAPER WORK, THE BEGINNING OF A LITERARY CAREER.

WE are living in an age in which woman, newly awakened to a realizing sense of her own powers, is filled with an ambition to "be something." Perhaps she wants to be an actress, or if that is impossible, she wishes to write. I can understand her ambition to act, not alone because that is the natural inheritance of her sex, but because there is no easier path to distinction and a competency than that which the stage offers to a talented or beautiful woman. I cannot, however, understand why she should wish to write, because, in nine cases out of ten, she has absolutely nothing to say. I am therefore forced to the conclusion that she has been erroneously informed in regard to the emoluments of the profession of letters. Even when she does not desire either to act or to write, she is curious to know what opportunities the stage and literature can offer to her.

To the woman who desires to "be something" in literature or journalism, I would say that although the pecuniary rewards of her toil are not likely to be very large, nevertheless she may quite possibly earn more than she is worth; and, moreover, there may come to her, some time during her career, one great opportunity which may bring her fame and fortune.

It is my firm belief that every woman who has had any real experience in life, and who is possessed of any imaginative gifts whatever, has a story inside of her, the telling of which may serve to make her famous in a single night. But to tell this story properly, it is necessary for her to study, if not to master, the technique of writing; and that is something that she is not likely to accomplish if she permits herself to succumb to the meretricious influences of Park Row, with its

slushy "home page," its worthless personal gossip, and its even more demoralizing Sunday sensationalism.

I often wonder what literary form "Jane Eyre" would have assumed had its author learned how to write in the office of a modern "yellow" journal. Had Beatrice Harraden spent a year or two in a feverish "city room," what sort of a "Ships that Pass in the Night" would she have given us? I should advise any woman who feels that she has a story which she must give to the world, to study the craft of the pen anywhere except in a newspaper office.

And while I firmly believe that nearly every woman is capable of producing one story, very few indeed can tell more than one. She who can tell three can go on writing to the end of her days.

But nearly every woman who wishes to "be something" in letters needs a trusty guide to walk beside her and prevent her from stumbling into the many pitfalls that lie in the path of the beginner. The first of these pitfalls is that which may be called the "teetering" style, and many there be who are floundering helplessly in it at this very moment.

The woman who falls into this pitfall wishes to write in what she calls a "snappy" or "bright" style, which she fancies will be mistaken for wit and humor. She does not comprehend that real wit is a sacred and beautiful quality which is vouchsafed to us in very small quantities at a time, and is something to be carefully husbanded and developed, as it possesses a high value in the literary market. "Teetering" is an offensive imitation of this sacred gift; and the reader will probably understand what I

mean by the term when I say that it sounds something like this:

What a shout arose when Carrie threw open the door of the studio and looked in upon the jolly cigarette smoking, banjo playing, rag time singing group that was assembled there.

"Come in and shut the door before we're all frozen into graven images!" screamed Fan, shuddering as she felt the draft of cold air.

"Yes, or brass monkeys," cried Lil, and then there was a roar of laughter.

"You people are just the greatest that ever happened," said Carrie, as she dropped into a chair; "but isn't there any beer in the can? I've got a thirst like the Sahara desert."

Rupert Montague watched her as she took a tall glass and drained its amber contents to the last drop. It was his first introduction to Bohemian society, and he had already become completely infatuated with the wit and sparkle of the bright young artists and writers who composed the exclusive circle into which he had gained admittance.

"Heard the latest?" demanded Carrie mischievously, as she placed the glass on the floor beside her and bade one of her admirers to "set 'em up again."

"No, let's have it!" came the jolly chorus.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the bright young newspaper woman, sitting up very straight, while the others leaned forward with expectant smiles, for Carrie was famous for her bons mots.

"By the way," she remarked demurely, "this has been quite a fine day for the race, hasn't it?"

"What race?" inquired Montague innocently.

"The human race," retorted Carrie, with a perfectly sober face, and the company fairly howled with merriment.

"But what is the latest? You haven't told us yet," said Billy Spacerayte, wiping the tears of mirth from his eyes.

"The latest?" said Carrie inquiringly. "Why, it isn't out yet; and once more the rafters echoed the peals of laughter."

"How bright and clever all these people are!" said Herbert Montague to himself, and then he thought sadly of the cold splendor of his mother's home on Fifth Avenue, of the solemn butler and noiseless liveried footmen, and the champagne and terrapin of which he would be forced to partake if he wished a light midnight supper. He tried to imagine the brilliant, irrepressible Carrie taking part in one of the fashionable functions in which his mother's soul delighted. What a sensation she would make, with her wit and powers of repartee, among the stately belles of Murray Hill and the perfumed clubmen who nightly thronged his mother's drawingroom. . . .

Another pitfall which the young writer should shun as if it were a veritable plague spot is that which is dug expressly for her by the celebrated actress or opera singer whom she is called upon to interview at an early stage in her career. This artist, if she knows her business—and most of the women who are prominently before the public do—will do her best to win the affection of the shy, inexperienced young woman who is awed by the presence of any person whose picture has been printed in the newspapers, and whose heart is touched by what seems to her dis-

interested, womanly kindness on the part of the celebrated singer.

"My child, how sweet of you to come to me!" cries the warm hearted soprano, who sees with clear vision a column of gratuitous puffery. "You wish to know something about my daily life and habits? Well, I will gladly tell you if it will help you in any way. Ah, my heart often aches for you beautiful young women who must live by writing for the papers. Sit there by the fire. Shall I make you a cup of tea with my own hands? This teapot is beautiful, and it may well be, because it was given me by the Czar of Russia when I sang *Lucia* in St. Petersburg. Was I successful in the rôle? Why, would you believe it?—at the end of the performance I was called before the curtain fifteen times, and even then the audience refused to disperse without seeing me once more. Really, I must tell you of a funny thing that happened on my last night there, for it will make such a nice little story for you to write some time. After leaving the theater, the entire audience, including even one or two members of the imperial family, went around to the stage door to see me come out. There they assembled in such a vast crowd that a police official, who happened to be driving home in his droshky, saw them, and believed that it was an uprising of Nihilists. He telegraphed at once to the barracks, and in less than fifteen minutes a squadron of cavalry came thundering down the street with drawn swords for the purpose of dispersing the mob. Was it not droll? To think of having part of the Russian army ordered out in the middle of the night, all on account of poor little me!"

"Do I know Mme. Dorafa, the soprano who is to sing here later in the season? Very well indeed, and in her time she was an artist, but her voice is all gone now, poor thing! And I am sorry for her, although she has never forgiven me for the furore I created at Covent Garden."

"And so you are really going to write something about me!" The soprano who knows her business usually claps her hands ecstatically at this point. "Oh, how anxious I shall be to see it! But do come and see me again before I leave for the West. Here is my photograph, and won't you take two or three of these roses? No, I shan't tell you who sent them to me, because you'd put it in the paper if I did. Good by, my dear child. Come soon again."

Then the warm hearted soprano resumes her afternoon task of snarling at her maid and cursing the American climate and public, while the young newspaper woman goes away with her heart bubbling over with love for the wonderful singer who has given her the signed photograph and the beautiful flowers and the affectionate conversation. The fact that not one of the civilities that she offered

her cost her a single cent does not enter the young writer's mind. That afternoon call will live in her memory for many a day as a bright spot in the routine of her hard daily work. Filled with grateful and loving thoughts, she will set about the work of describing her interview, and so intent will she be on praising the woman whose photograph lies before her that she is likely to forget that she owes anything to the paper that employs her. From that time on, she will be the willing slave of the warm hearted operatic artist who was shrewd enough to cast upon the waters a portion of bread so pitifully small and inexpensive that we wonder how it could ever find its way back to her. From that time forth, the young woman will drag into everything that she writes some complimentary allusions to the soprano, who is already under the deepest obligations to her for the column of puffery.

Perhaps she will carry her adulation to such absurd lengths that the city editor will discharge her from the paper, or else tell her sharply that he does not want any further references to opera singers. Then the good little woman will go off in tears over the injustice that has been done to her when she tried so hard to please. She is certain that everything she has written about the opera singer has been in perfectly good taste and of value to the newspaper, because the soprano herself told her so, in an effusive, sprawly little note; and, besides, it is her duty to repay kindness whenever she can.

All of which brings me to another pitfall—and a very wide and deep one, too—into which nearly every woman stumbles while she is groping her way toward the great white light of literary fame. This is what I may call the pitfall of "playing with other people's chips."

The young woman is perfectly sincere in her belief that when she takes every opportunity to puff the soprano in the columns of her employer's newspaper she is merely yielding to a generous and praiseworthy impulse. It is extremely difficult to make her understand that she is really paying what she considers a debt of gratitude with space which she steals from her employer, and to which she is no more entitled than she is to the loose change in the cash drawer. As a general thing, it is only through bitter experience and mortification that a woman learns to appreciate what seems to her an absurdly fine point in morals, but what is after all merely the difference between *meum* and *tuum*—her employer's stack of chips and her own. And at the same time that she learns this she may be expected to learn also that the actress or singer about whose "sweet home life" she prates so gushingly, and oftentimes at the risk of her own undoing, is not the generous, loving friend that

she imagined her to be, and—most disheartening of all—that she has at least a dozen other credulous young newspaper women "on her string." The moon looks upon many brooks, the brook sees but one moon.

Perhaps the deepest and most dangerous of all pitfalls is the temptation to write insincerely and to speak pleasantly of utterly worthless people. The young woman who goes into Park Row must have recourse to every particle of principle and moral fiber that she possesses to keep from falling into what she will find to be an almost universal habit. In no department of a newspaper is the pernicious practice of speaking favorably of people who ought to be in jail carried to such a disgusting length as it is in the journalistic slush bucket known as the "woman's home page." Personally, I have ceased to believe anything that I see printed under this caption in the daily press. I have long known that most of the women whose portraits and biographies are set forth there deserve to be publicly execrated, and I am firmly convinced that the recipes and directions for making things are as mendacious as the biographies. I would not try to crochet a tidy from newspaper directions, because I should probably find myself with a pair of overalls on my hands; nor would I attempt to dabble with any of the dainty desserts, unless I wanted a plate of sauerkraut or beans. The instructions in regard to "what shall be done in the nursery" might do for a stockyard, but I should be afraid to apply them any nearer home. In short, I have absolutely no faith in the "woman's page." I do not mind saying that my suspicions were first awakened when I saw a man with long gray whiskers presiding at a much advertised "mothers' congress."

To the young woman who is beginning her literary career in Park Row I would say: Do not yield to that kindly impulse which prompts you to gloss over the faults of those concerning whom you write. Be careful not to speak highly of any one except under strong provocation. Do not let the fact that so many others of your sex are guilty of this fault lead you also into the slough of pleasant and genial sin. And if the interests of your newspaper forbid your speaking the truth, at least do not deceive yourself. If the famous woman whom you have exploited overwhelms you with a generosity that finds expression in a cup of tea or a rosebud or a signed photograph, make a calm, dispassionate estimate of the value of those trifles as compared with that of the renown that you have given her. Then, if you still feel that you owe her something, send her one of your own photographs or a package of tea and two or three lumps of sugar. It is more honest to do that than to pay your personal debts with space in your employer's newspaper.

LITERARY CHAT

"RICHARD CARVEL."

Not often is the highest compliment which can be paid a book at the same time its harshest criticism. That is the case, however, with "Richard Carvel," by Mr. Winston Churchill. It is the story of the adventures of a young gentleman of the Colony of Maryland, at the time of the Revolution, and it is so good that one wishes it might have been written by a master of fiction—by Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, among the later chiefs of the story tellers, or, remembering "The Virginians," by Thackeray.

Mr. Churchill's novel, though it strikes no new note in fiction—for it deals in the long accepted way with long accepted situations, adventure, comradeship, fraternal intrigue, and love—might have been great but for one lack. That is the vivifying touch which would have wrought the miracle of transforming pen and ink characters into men and women of flesh and blood. Had it succeeded in that, one would have forgotten that Thackeray, fifty two years ago, had created a stalwart, generous young gentleman of the Colonies, who visited London, was known to "Horry" Walpole, played high, made the acquaintance of bailiffs, and came home again to don the blue and buff of the Continental army, and by and by to be high in the councils of General Washington. Nor would one have longed for Stevenson to paint the pirate chief, the long days at sea, and the impressive figure of the Scotch merchant marine captain who became the American naval leader, John Paul Jones.

However, it is not a small achievement, even if it is a dangerous one, to challenge comparison with giants. Mr. Churchill has done that, and "Richard Carvel" is a finer, more conscientious, and more promising novel of adventure than most of those we have been reading and praising and promptly forgetting during the past few years. It gives a detailed, if not a vivid, picture of life in the prosperous colony Lord Baltimore established beside the Chesapeake, and in the London of a century and a quarter ago, extravagant and profligate. The love story, what there is of it, is sweet, if not madly interesting. It is difficult to be excited over the possibility of romantic catastrophes to lovers when the first chapters introduce us to their grandchildren. There is plenty of action, with the hero always where well regulated heroes should be—fighting with great éclat for the right, and winning glorious victory. If he had been a little less sure on his horse, a little less at home upon the sea, and a little

less dexterous with the sword, he might have seemed a little more of a real being and a little less Mr. Winston Churchill's creature. Then the novel, instead of being a conscientious study and a moderately entertaining tale, might have taken rank with the great novels, and not been merely the superior of the adventure fiction of the day.

Even as it is, "Richard Carvel" is so good and honest a piece of work, and its merits are so little of the sensational or ephemeral order, that it is rather a pleasing surprise to learn that it has been one of the best selling books of the year.

THOMAS HARDY'S VERSES.

At a literary gathering in New York, recently, Thomas Hardy's volume of verse was the theme of an animated discussion. Some of those present admired it, others were puzzled by it, and a few declared they had found in it almost nothing to attract them.

"It's extraordinary," said a literary critic who was present, "that a writer of such simple prose should write such verse, which is frequently almost Browningsque in its obscurity."

A young author, who overheard the remark, at once exclaimed: "But, after all, how strongly the Hardy spirit that we find in the novels has stamped itself on the work. Even if I hadn't known that Hardy was the author of the volume, I believe I could have detected his trend of thought, especially his pessimism. Several of the poems are simply intensified Hardy novels. What a superb novel those verses called 'Her Death and After' would make! It would be a theme not altogether unlike 'Jude the Obscure,' only more subtle and, perhaps, of a higher moral quality. It's a wonderful book," he concluded admiringly.

"But after all," said the first speaker, shaking his head, "it isn't poetry;" and no one contradicted him.

"YOUNG LIVES."

It is not likely that in his latest book, which bears the happy title of "Young Lives," Mr. Richard Le Gallienne will make more than a mild success. It has not the sensational qualities of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," nor the intensity, the sustained interest, nor the power of "The Romance of Zion Chapel." And yet it possesses a sweetness and a charm of its own. Mr. Le Gallienne has thus far displayed no particular gift for plot making; indeed, his new story is

singularly lacking in plot. It is entertaining and pretty, however, and it gives some delightful pictures of English character and of English provincial life, as well as some charming descriptions of scenery.

The hero is, apparently, Mr. Le Gallienne himself; indeed, he seems to be the hero of all his novels. He has openly declared that "Zion Chapel" was a reflection of some interesting phases of his own life, and it is tolerably plain that "Young Lives" is an expression of other phases. The young business man of the book, who becomes a poet, has adventures that took place in the author's own youth; the young actor, *Mike Laflin*, represented as a born mummer and the most joyful of companions, is no doubt the author's brother in law, James Welch. Altogether, the story is a fresh, wholesome piece of work, and it may be taken as evidence that its writer is growing away from the morbid tendencies that injured some of his earlier performances.

CONCERNING LITERARY "BRILLIANCY."

It is doubtful if there has ever been a time since Cadmus invented letters when there has been a greater rage for so called "brilliant" or "clever" writing than there is in the English speaking world at the present day. Nor have there been many periods of the world's literary history more barren of genuine brilliancy than the present one.

It was an evil day for the craft of letters when the "realists" of the modern school began to search the gutters and sewers for local color; but it was a deplorably sad day when the gaudily painted mechanical toy, British epigram, was first wound up and let loose upon the sidewalks of literature. It certainly seemed an interesting toy then, and we greatly admired the skill displayed by Mr. Oscar Wilde and other manufacturers in its construction. There were those who took it so seriously that they believed that it would go without being wound up, and to this day one encounters from time to time some credulous person who believes that this little contrivance of wheels and springs and painted tin is imbued with immortal life.

At the time when some of these toys were constructed in the form of dramas, the number of philosophers who believed them to be immortal was very much greater than it is at the present moment, when not a single one of the "epigrammatic" plays with which the stage was burdened a few years ago has survived the test of popular criticism. And yet there were some very clever men and women engaged in the work of producing such toys. One of them—the cleverest, perhaps, of the coterie—wrote the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" from the depths of a bitter experience, and

proved to the world that he was something better than a mere toy maker.

This brummagem brilliancy met an early death when it essayed dramatic form—which is natural enough when we consider that the humor of the stage is rather the humor of situation and of action than of words. But it still runs about in our literature, and people who do not know that it is a mere clockwork toy greatly admire the bright paint with which it is daubed, and which they call its "cleverness."

Not that there is no genuine wit or satire among the English writers of today. There is nothing mechanical in the work of "Lucas Malet," perhaps the most brilliant writer of her sex in England; or in that cynicism born of deep worldly knowledge that lies hidden beneath the verbiage of George Meredith. Another who deserves to be classed with the masters of English prose is W. H. Mallock, whose last novel, "Tristram Lacy," is not only interesting but full of clever satire. Like Thackeray, Mr. Mallock does not put his witty sayings in the mouths of his characters, but gives them to us in the form of running comment. This is refreshing to one who has become accustomed to seeing dialogue distorted and twisted beyond all reason in order that the "clever" woman of the story may dazzle the dinner table with "When it is ajar," or "The ship lay to, and I got one."

Moreover, the things which Mr. Mallock says are well worth listening to, and the book is one that will bear careful and thoughtful reading. It is said that Disraeli, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sarah Grand, Mr. Balfour, and other well known personages have been caricatured in "Tristram Lacy." Now, there is but one excuse for introducing actual characters into the pages of fiction—that it adds to the entertainment of the reader. Nothing is more tedious than a book in which the author has lampooned publishers, editors, and chance acquaintances with no other motive save that of personal spite; but in "Tristram Lacy" there is not a tedious character, and we feel sure that no degree of personal feeling would induce the author to cumber his pages with men or women who were not sufficiently entertaining in themselves to have a rightful place there.

LETTERS TO AUTHORS.

At a literary reception in New York, a short time ago, a young woman was introduced to a well known author. "I'm delighted to meet you," she exclaimed, her face flushing with pleasure, "because now I can tell you how much I enjoyed your last book."

The author looked gratified and expressed his thanks, and the young woman went on:

"I wanted to write to you and tell you of the great pleasure it gave me. But I was

afraid it would bore you. You must get so many letters like that, and I should think you'd be tired at the mere sight of them."

The author shook his head. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I rarely receive a letter of that sort, and when I do I take very great satisfaction in it. In fact, it gives an author the most delightful reward he can receive." Then he added playfully, "Please don't try to resist an impulse like that again. An author's work is lonely work; it is written in solitude, and as soon as it is published he bids farewell to it. He finds it hard to realize that people are reading and enjoying it, unless, of course, it makes a sensational success. Sometimes a novel of mine will run for weeks as a serial, and no one will speak to me about it. Under those circumstances, you may imagine how much pleasure a letter from a stranger would give me."

The young woman looked astonished. "But I thought all authors received bushels of letters from strangers," she exclaimed.

"I assure you they don't," the novelist replied with a laugh. "We receive plenty of requests for autographs, and letters written from other purely selfish motives. The other day, for example, I received a copy of one of my books with the request that I should write my favorite quotation in it, with my name. I didn't mind doing the writing, but it was a great nuisance to have to wrap that book up in a paper again, to address it, and to take it to the hotel nearest my house, where it might be mailed in safety. But purely unselfish letters that come from a generous impulse of gratitude—oh, I assure you, most of us receive very few of those!"

AUTHORS AT HOME.

The late Mrs. Oliphant told of her family's mild feeling of amusement that her writings should be taken seriously by the world, and her remarks lately led a group of American authors to discuss the question whether most writers were looked up to with reverence in their own households.

"I've heard of authors who were treated by their families as if they were little gods," remarked one of the group, a successful writer of fiction, "but I have never known one. In my own case, I get very little consideration. My family read my stories, to be sure, but generally for the purpose of twitting me about them."

"Well, I don't want my family to read my books," said another author, "and, as a matter of fact, my wife hasn't read a volume of mine for several years."

"Yes, familiarity certainly does breed—not contempt, perhaps, but irreverence," said a third, with a little sad smile.

A member of the group who had kept silent then spoke up: "It isn't reverence that

I ask from my family," he said. "I don't want to be treated at home as if I were a genius. That would be a nuisance. I wish, though, that I could persuade my wife and children to treat my work with respect; but I've given up all hope of it. They have the feeling that I can work at any time; so they interrupt me at all times for the most trivial reasons. I always feel sorry when I hear of a young author who is marrying," he went on. "There is no doubt in my mind that to a literary man—the creative worker, I mean, who does his writing at home—marriage is a particularly hard trial. If I were marrying again, I'd have an antenuptial contract by which it should be agreed that I was to have a work room at the top of the house, and that during the day no one should be allowed to enter it, or even to knock on the door. Such an agreement might save many a literary career from ruin."

LITERATURE AND HOUSETOPS.

The old saying about "writing with one's head in the clouds" has a practical application to the actual situation of some modern litterateurs. On the noisy level, where the factors of life swarm around you with their distracting din, there is no chance for the digestion of facts and ideas, but only an opportunity for perception and absorption, according to the capabilities of the individual. It is from the tenth to the twentieth story, overlooking the housetops, that it is possible to comprehend the kaleidoscopic formulations of the social fabric below.

A tin roof is not supposed to be a thing of beauty, but to the elevated penman a tin roof stands as the X ray screen of all that is carried on beneath it. And between the edges of the roofs comes the diminished image of the streets with moving black dots for people and long square tops for vehicles. On the street we are confused by the crowd, but from our top story window we see the drift of the human tide—the skirt lifting army marching to the stores on the right, and the shirt sleeved brigade to the factory on the left. We appreciate the difficulties of the truckman whose struggle in threading his way we could not see on the street; we feel the loads of the hot masses of workers; we note the angle of the hat that bends towards the dainty telescoped skirt, and through the back windows of another iron building we see the elevator carrying the hidden multitudes whose transmigrations have formed a part of the throng outside. From the top story we scent the ungodly, and we catch the waves of discontent; we rejoice in the happiness of homes, and we feel the energy of progress.

Then, looking off instead of down, we see the city reaching out to all the land. We

almost seem to see the whole nation, so much does this center of its activity suggest.

All this we see and can digest, having been below, and from the eleventh story we mold our impressions into literature for the world to read. As the vision grows wider and clearer with every story we climb, we feel as if it might be possible to judge, from the amount of truth in his work, upon what floor an author lived and worked. The literary product that may be classed under the head of "sketches" comes from the second story, where the particular holds sway, the bits of existence that form the storiottes of life. Then we have the intermediate stories, where we lose the babble and miss the glance that have made our tales of "The Trials of the Paper Girl" and "The Man Who Winked." But the perspective of the crowd is not yet correct, and in trying to see the world of people we get only our opening chapters; the determining factors of our drama are but half seen till we reach the loftier levels.

We love to cry down our high buildings. We call them mechanical abortions, fatal blights upon the city's beauty, giving them but a scanty excuse on account of their usefulness. But go to the top of a skyscraper, look down and around, and you feel as if you had for the first time seen life in its proper proportions.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"What a perfectly delightful life you must lead!" remarked an enthusiastic woman to a popular New York author not long ago. "It seems to me that you must live in an ideal world. You haven't any of the cares of us ordinary mortals, and you are always wrapped in an atmosphere of romance."

"Yes," he replied, in a tone that had in it a suggestion of bitterness, "I suppose in many ways an author's life does seem ideal. But there are some very serious drawbacks in it, I assure you."

"Such as what?" asked the lady, still smiling.

The author looked at the books that covered one side of the room and littered the mantelpiece and the tables; then he walked over to a set of the "Men of Letters" series, and took down Henry James' life of Hawthorne. "Let me find the passage," he said, glancing over the earlier pages. "This must be it, on page 30. Speaking of Hawthorne, Henry James says: 'He was poor, he was solitary, and he undertook to devote himself to literature in a community in which the interest in literature was as yet of the smallest. It is not too much to say that even to the present day it is a considerable discomfort in the United States not to be "in business." The young man who attempts to launch himself in a career that does not belong to the so

called practical order; the young man who has not, in a word, an office in the business quarter of the town, with his name painted on the door, has but a limited place in the social system, finds no particular bough to perch upon. . . . The best things come, as a general thing, from the talents that are members of a group; every man works better when he has companions working in the same line, and yielding the stimulus of suggestion, comparison, emulation.'

"Now for the first part of that question," the author went on. "In it Henry James has touched upon the dark side of the literary career in this country, on the lack of position that an author feels. Even the most successful of us are regarded, perhaps not exactly as non producers, but as men who earn a livelihood by dilettante and rather effeminate means. In other words, we are 'out of the procession,' and most of us miss the invigorating experience of marching shoulder to shoulder with our fellow men."

The enthusiasm faded out of the face of the lady. "How strange!" she murmured. Then she added more briskly: "Why, instead of feeling 'out of it,' as you say, I thought that all authors felt quite superior to ordinary mortals."

"I dare say some do; but I should be very much surprised if the most conceited author in the world did not feel as I have suggested, if he did not have at times the sense that the world was moving steadily past him, that he had dropped out of the stream of humanity into a little stagnant pool. There have been times in my career when I have had this feeling so strongly that I've been tempted to give up authorship and undertake some active form of work."

"Give up authorship!" the lady cried in a horror stricken voice. "But the public wouldn't let you!"

"Oh, I don't think the public would care much. There are too many writers nowadays for one to be missed. But to tell the truth, much as I chafe under the drawbacks of a literary career, I couldn't give it up. I've been in it too long. The desire to write has become an instinct. Why, when I let a couple of days pass without putting something on paper I become wretched. So what would be my state of mind if I neglected writing for six months or a year?"

"I suppose that all geniuses feel that way," said the lady, with subtle flattery.

The author looked aside with a little gesture of impatience. "It's part of the literary temperament to be discontented," he remarked coldly. "The literary temperament is very feminine. It constantly needs sympathy and encouragement. We get plenty of praise, but very little intelligent help. I myself feel very strongly the need of sympathetic association with my fellow writers; but as

Henry James has pointed out, it is not altogether easy to find that, even in New York, which is every day becoming a greater literary center. That is why so many of our writers go abroad, I suppose. They don't feel at home here. The rush and excitement of our business life upsets them. They feel as if they ought to be in it. Such a feeling, of course, is very strongly opposed to literary work, which should be done in quiet surroundings."

The lady smiled. "I can't feel that you've made out a very strong case," she said. "Think of all that our writers have accomplished already."

"But think how much more and how much better work they would have done," he insisted, "if only the conditions had been more inspiring!"

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Two young writers of New York recently agreed to collaborate on a story. At their first meeting they began by trying to decide where to locate their plot.

"We might make New York the scene," said one. "Everybody in this country is interested in New York life."

The other shook his head. "If we make it an American story, we'll have practically no chance of selling it in England. But if we lay the scene in London, we can probably find a publisher both there and here."

"But I don't know anything about London or about English characters."

"Oh, never mind," said the other; "I'll take care of that. I once spent six weeks over there, and I know the names of the different parts of the city and a lot of streets. I'll look out for the local color."

His partner hesitated. "I can't see how such a story could possibly have any value. It would be machine made from beginning to end."

"What of it? All that readers care for nowadays is plot. If we put a lot of action into it, keep it moving, it will be a sure go."

In three months they had finished the book. But thus far they have not found an English publisher, nor one in America, either. They are beginning to wonder if, after all, they did not make a mistake in writing about a phase of life of which they knew next to nothing. They have now decided to locate their next story in their own country.

A DECAYING INDUSTRY.

When *Puck* was started, about twenty five years ago, one of the most serious difficulties that it had to contend with was that of obtaining sufficient matter to fill its columns. In those days what might be termed the trade of humor had attracted the attention of very few craftsmen. Most of the humor-

ists of the period were known by the names of the papers to which they contributed, their own identity being submerged as was that of Bailey, the "*Danbury News* man," Lewis, the "*Detroit Free Press* man," and Burdette, the "*Burlington Hawkeye* man." Very little help could be expected from men as busily engaged as were these newspaper humorists, and Sydney Rosenfeld, the first editor of *Puck*, was frequently put to his wits' end to get his paper out on time.

It is a matter of history that *Puck* had been in existence for several years before its proprietors purchased a safe in which to put its stock of manuscript. It was not until during the early eighties, when *Puck* and its competitor, *Judge*, came into the market as buyers of humorous matter, and when other weekly papers were establishing humorous departments in obedience to the demands of the times, that a number of men discovered all at once that they could earn their bread by the trade of humor. This was the beginning of the professional humorists' flush age, which continued for some years until new literary conditions, combined with the fiercest sort of competition, reduced the profits of the business to their present low ebb.

Philip Welch was one of the earliest, as well as one of the best, of the anonymous fun makers of this period. He is said to have made at least a hundred dollars a week from dialogues that scarcely ever exceeded two paragraphs in length. A few days before his death he sat up in his hospital bed and wrote a number of jokes and paragraphs, one of which ran substantially as follows:

FREE LUNCH FIEND—"Look a' here, Mr. Barkeep, them cucumbers ain't very fresh this morning."

BARKEEPER—"They was fresh enough when you began on the lunch. How long do you expect cucumbers to keep fresh this weather?"

A contemporary of Welch's was the late James S. Goodwin, who gave up commerce for humor and made an excellent living by suggestions for comic pictures—in which branch of the trade he had but few peers. John Kendrick Bangs began to devote himself to this line of work about the time of Welch's death, and probably made it yield more than either of the others, turning out an incredibly large number of paragraphs, verses, and dialogues. Exaggerated reports of the earnings of these authors of unsigned humor spread through the land, and awakened the cupidity of a vast number of persons, many of whom had previously believed themselves to be funny—not an uncommon delusion in this country. These new recruits usually made up in tireless industry and the capacity for production what they lacked in wit, and it was not long before the market, which had been steadily increasing all this

time, was deluged with their matter to such an extent that the profits of the professional writers were materially lessened. Meanwhile, the more talented of the writers had discovered, as did Mr. Bangs, that their anonymous contributions were not giving them any prestige whatever with the reading public, while the effort to evolve a constant succession of witty sayings was robbing their brains of their best thoughts without adding in any way to their reputation.

Another thing which has contributed materially to the decadence of the humor industry is the fact that the dishonest methods of a few unscrupulous persons have degraded the whole calling and unsettled the market. So many jokes and funny pictures have been published that it is impossible for any one editor to keep track of them all; and the fakir who has the bound volumes of *Puck* and *Judge* to work from can turn out an immense number of revamped or modernized jokes that will at least pass the scrutiny of the sort of man who is employed to edit the comic page in a Sunday paper.

Moreover, the peculiar school of humor in which these joke makers have been brought up has almost exhausted itself, and in a short time will be as much of a thing of the past as the goat and stovepipe school of which Bailey and his contemporaries were disciples, and of which the present is a legitimate outgrowth. One of these days a new school will arise—the eagerness with which the public has seized on *Mr. Dooley* shows the demand for novelty in humor—and then, and then only, will the trade of anonymous joke writing enjoy something of its old time prosperity.

AUTHORS IN PARTNERSHIP.

"Why is it," asked a popular writer, whose name is closely linked with that of another author, "that more of our American novelists and playwrights don't collaborate? I believe that collaboration is not only productive of good results, but one of the easiest and pleasantest ways of doing literary work. I myself have practised it for many years, and I have found it most stimulating. Literary work done by yourself is lonely, and sometimes depressing; association with another worker of the same tastes and sympathies is particularly grateful.

"I was first attracted to the idea of collaborating by an article on the subject that Scribe wrote years ago. You know that Scribe wrote many plays with other men, though so great is his fame that he gets most of the credit for them. Many other Frenchmen have collaborated; in fact, the practice is much more common in France than it is either in England or in this country, though of recent years several well known American writers have worked together. Of course,

there are some disadvantages in collaborating; perhaps one of the partners contributes more work than the other, and becomes dissatisfied with his partner. Moreover, it is hard for the writer of merit to find a sympathetic collaborator, and an unsympathetic collaborator is worse than none at all. It is said that no really great work has been done in collaboration; and this statement is probably true; for genius of the highest rank usually works alone. But in recommending the practice, I have in mind not genius, but—well, patient merit, let us say, which thrives on sympathy and companionship and coöperation."

It takes many hard knocks to teach a young author that he would better let his reviewers go unanswered and unpunished. Mr. Winston Churchill has been spluttering in print over reflections cast on the historical accuracy of "Richard Carvel," not realizing, evidently, that the public is as a whole frankly indifferent to the rights and wrongs of the case, but finds a keen and unkindly enjoyment in the sight of a rising young author very mad.

Learning to turn an indifferent shoulder to unjust criticisms is the task of years, and indifference to just ones sometimes takes a lifetime. The author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Celebrity" has his work cut out for him.

* * * *

M. Léon Bollack, of Paris, favors us with a volume of nearly five hundred pages, wherein he unfolds an elaborate scheme for a universal language. This new attempt to remedy Babel seems to be somewhat similar, in its general plan, to Volapük, which attained a certain prominence some years ago but has since, apparently, sunk into utter and innocuous desuetude. Its inventor probably considers that he has immortalized himself by christening it "Bolak." He wants us to say "dovom faru" for "half past three," "teru dovis kel" for "twenty five minutes past three," and "gabolt gab" for "six times six." We fear that this would be benefactor of mankind is wasting his time.

* * *

In all the copious output of Stevenson literature we have seen no mention of a queer mistake that occurs twice in "A Footnote to History." In Chapter XI we read that "the arms of Mataafa were '*nondum inexplatis uncta cruoribus*,' still soiled with the unexpiated blood' of German sailors." Any schoolboy who has read Horace knows that by changing *explatis* into *inexplatis* Stevenson has ruined both the sense and the meter of the familiar Latin line. It cannot be a printer's error, for the same misquotation is repeated in the motto on the title page of the book.

ETCHINGS

A LONESOME.

ACROSS the golf links' stretch of green
 A lovely figure swift is faring,
 A spot of color on the scene
 In red and brown of autumn's wearing;
En silhouette against the sky,
 With slender arms upraised for action,
 She drives with an unerring eye,
 And gauges distance to a fraction.

And I, poor tyro, far behind,
 Watch the fair distant vision vanish;
 To mediocrity resigned,
 I beat the ground and swear in Spanish.
 Commands in suavest language couched
 My caddie disregards serenely;
 Fingers my lost balls deftly pouched,
 And winks behind my shoulder meanly.

Why can I not unloose the kinks
 That fetter my rebellious muscle?
 And side by side across the links,
 We'd make our cringing caddies hustle.
 But now she will not glance aside
 Nor heed my passion strong and real,
 My dream of skill personified,
 My fair unrealized ideal.

Edith Child.

WOULD YOU?

IF you were a zephyr and I were a rose
 Beside some cottage door,
 Would you know me while in thick hedgerows
 Grew a thousand roses more?

If I were a daisy and you were the sun,
 Unfurling the dawn's sweet light,
 Would you kiss me, and me alone,
 When my sisters were all in sight?

If I were a clover and you were a bee,
 Out seeking for honey dew,
 Would you seek me when over the lea
 Myriads beckoned to you?

J. W. Walsh.

AN EVENT.

YOU see him strut along the street,
 His head is in the air;
 A wondrous thing has just occurred,
 And he has time to spare
 In which to tell, with much detail,
 This great event to you.
 "Last night," he whispers, "just at eight
 My baby said, 'Ah goo!'"

Kingdoms may totter on their base
 And in some deep abyss
 Kings fall, but all things else are naught
 Compared with news like this.
 The household gods are upside down
 And there is more ado
 Than moving time or cleaning time
 When baby says, "Ah goo!"

Tom Masson.

EN AVANT.

PICK up your burden of mistakes,
 The road of life's a long one.
 What matter though the path one takes
 To "cut off" is the wrong one?

There's many another just beyond;
 The future has surprises.
 A stone may prove a diamond;
 'Tis fortune gives the prizes.

Strap on your load of fears and cares,
 And face Miss Fortune bravely.
 She loves the man who laughs and dares—
 Not him who woos her gravely.

Tom Hall.

A PROTEST.

A STRANGER came the other day
 And begged of me to aid him
 To find a place to hide away
 From people who waylaid him.
 I pitied him, he looked so pale;
 About to faint I thought him;
 And so to me to tell his tale
 I feelingly besought him.

He wiped his brow and hove a sigh
 When safe within my villa;
 Then said, "An admiral am I,
 Come lately from Manila.
 'Twas I who sunk the Spanish fleet;
 I almost now regret it
 When thinking of the crowds I meet.
 I wish they'd please forget it.

At first, I own, I was well pleased,
 Although it did surprise me
 The way the women my hand squeezed,
 And sought to Hobsonize me.
 The fairs and functions numberless
 At which I have been fêted
 Have seemed a million, more or less,
 Till now I'm satiated.

The patriotic speeches pall,
 I'm weary of handshaking;
 I frankly own I'm bored with all
 This stupid merrymaking.
 I want a chance for peace and rest;
 I trust that you'll believe me;
 Ah, had I these I'd feel well blest!
 Pray, cannot you relieve me?"

I sympathize with him so much,
 Dear Public, in your blindness,
 I take this means your heart to touch.
 Don't kill this man with kindness!

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

THE SONG OF NEW YORK.

MENE, mene, tekel upharsin—
 That is the song of New York.
 We'll weigh you, assay you,
 We will not delay you—
 You rise in the scales as a cork;
 So lacking, our views we will plainly express—
 We only have time for success
 In New York.

We've weighed you and found you are want-
 ing, young man—
 Oh, such of New York is the song!
 We'll take you and make you,
 Or else we will break you;
 We want but the brave and the strong.
 Our market is open to each who appears,
 We buy everything except failure and fears,
 But we're not in the business of wiping your
 tears

In New York.

William Wallace Whitelock.

HUNTING SONG.

Who would linger now?
 Who would dally with sleep?
 There's a flush on the granite brow
 Of the mountain stark and steep!
 You on the roan,
 My own,
 And I on the striding bay,
 Oh, the autumn rose of the morn has
 blown,
 And the hunt's up and away!

Who would hold aloof?
 Who would drag on the rein?
 Hark to the rhythmic ring of the hoof—
 To the beat of the old refrain!
 Never a fear,
 My dear,
 And never a look behind;
 The sky is blue as an autumn mere,
 And the hunt cries down the wind!

Neck and neck we fare;
 Neck and neck we race;
 With never a turn of a shining hair
 Our horses keep the pace.
 Steady and fleet,
 My sweet,
 And it's oh, to ride with you
 Through the brake and brush and
 stubble wheat
 In the autumn dawn and dew!

List, the echoes' bell!
 Hark, the gathering pack!
 Down by the ferry dip in the dell
 They're hard on the fox's track.
 We are alone,
 My own;
 There, we must give them breath—
 Our gallant bay and our gallant
 roan!
 And see, we are in at the death!

Clinton Scollard.

THE GALLERY GODS.

FAR over the pit and balcony,
 Dress circle or parquet,
 The deities of the gallery,
 We look upon the play.
 Here's never a sign of satin gown,
 No diamonds bright are seen,
 Yet many an actor fears the frown
 Of our displeasure keen.

There's "Reddy" McGuire and "Swipes" and
 Pat
 And "Banty" Mike and "Slim,"
 With "Frenchy" and "Gipsy" Liz and "Fat,"
 "Big" Pete and "Pegleg" Jim;
 Democracy of the city's street,
 We hail the hero's fight;
 And seeing the villain vengeance meet,
 We cheer the march of right.

What critics so true and merciless
 As we who sit on high?
 To favor nor bribe do we confess,
 With wealth nor fame ally.
 No squalor and degradation shown
 But worse at home have we,
 And tinsel and paste and tawdry throne
 To us are reality.

The gallery gods—a truth more plain
 Was never coined for speech;
 For here is a place where cold and rain
 And cursings do not reach.
 A mimic world is beneath our eyes,
 With life and death and love;
 And ours to adjudicate the prize—
 The careless crowd above.

Edwin L. Sabin.